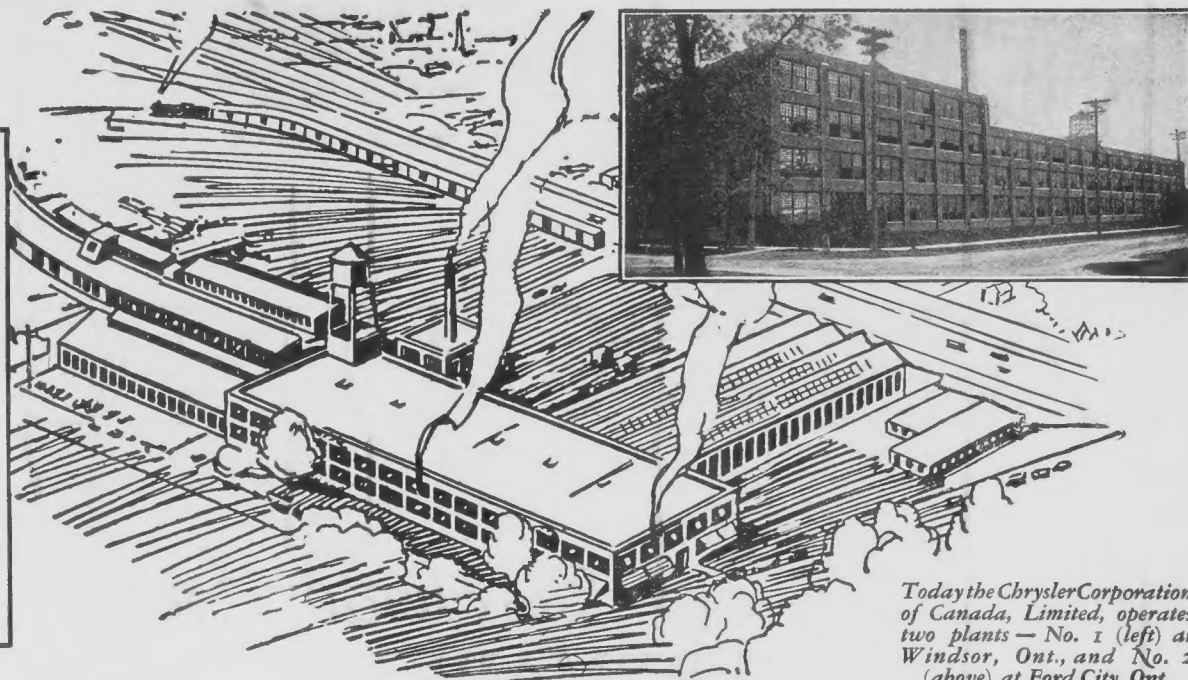
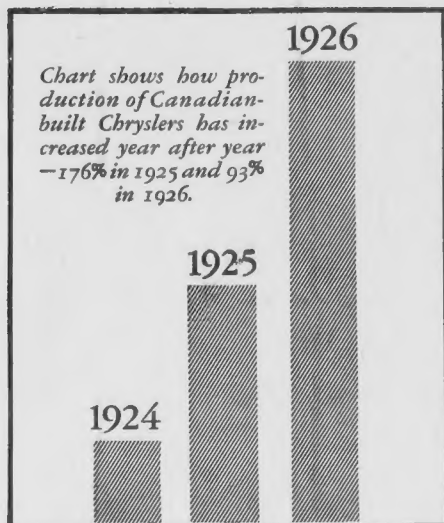


More Canadian-Built Chryslers

delivered in One Month of 1927 than in the Entire Year of 1924



Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates two plants—No. 1 (left) at Windsor, Ont., and No. 2 (above) at Ford City, Ont.

SWIFT—remarkably swift—has been the advancement of the Canadian-built Chrysler in the esteem of Canadians.

In three years, people have shown such an eagerness for Chrysler ownership that Chrysler growth is registered in a sharply ascending line, while older concerns of large production have steadily given way.

Every year has witnessed an important increase in the volume of Chrysler production—176 per cent increase in 1925; 93 per cent increase in 1926. In March, 1927, there were actually more Chryslers produced in Canada than

during the entire year of 1924 when Chrysler upset all precedents.

This increase is so tremendous and so impressive—so clearly an expression of public choice—so directly due to the discernment of the average Canadian on finer appearance, performance and value—that there is no need to draw a moral.

In order to meet Canadian requirements even more exactly and to keep pace with this constantly increasing demand, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada took over in January, 1927, an additional plant—securing 300% increased facilities and realizing the long cherished dream of having Chryslers built largely of

Canadian materials in Canadian factories by Canadian workers.

In this expansion which contributes to the expansion of many and various industries throughout the country, Chrysler is proud to have a hand—proud and appreciative of the privilege to assist in creating a greater and more prosperous Canada.

It is Chrysler's determination to continue deserving the widespread confidence which Canadians have already evinced for Chrysler cars—to apply so rigidly the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality that each succeeding year will find Chryslers still higher and higher in the esteem of the Canadian public.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, Chairman of the Board

CHRYSLER

Chrysler "50"
SIX BODY STYLES

\$1045 to \$1220

50 miles and more per hour

Chrysler "60"
SIX BODY STYLES

\$1470 to \$1770

60 miles plus—with ease

Chrysler "70"
NINE BODY STYLES

\$2010 to \$2590

70 miles plus

Chrysler Imperial "80"
ELEVEN BODY STYLES

\$3635 to \$5225

80 miles plus—92 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added), including all taxes and complete equipment.



DEPENDABLE

ANNOUNCING

The Senior Line A REMARKABLE NEW SIX by DODGE BROTHERS

A NEW line of Sixes by Dodge Brothers is presented to the public today.

It has been rumored, and hoped, for years that Dodge Brothers would ultimately produce such a line—more refined, and, of course, higher in cost than their present car.

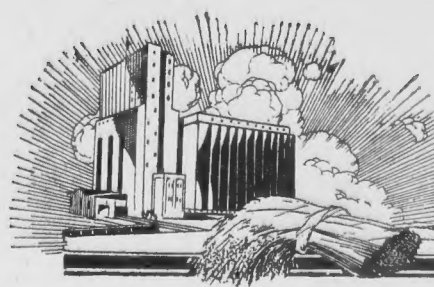
The public felt, and with good reason, that if Dodge Brothers should ever build such a car, it would meet a wide demand and fill a genuine need.

To combine the sturdy worth of Dodge Brothers standard product with those refinements which greater cost permits, could not fail, it was conceded, to produce a motor car of unique distinction and fineness.

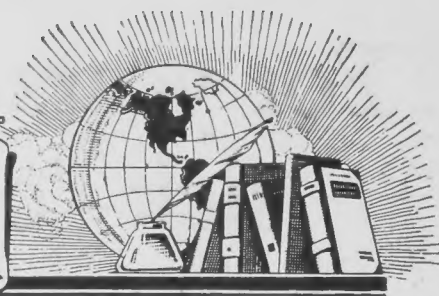
The "Senior Six" is Dodge Brothers answer to this demand—and Dodge Brothers have answered well.

"These are remarkable cars." Brilliantly vital and alive—surprisingly quiet—impressively smart. And built, like all Dodge Brothers motor cars, for years of dependable service.

Dodge Brothers Dealers everywhere are now "prepared to show the new 'Senior Six'" and will gladly arrange demonstrations upon request.



EDITORIAL



A Blessing in Disguise

BECAUSE of the continued rainfall there are some who have turned joy into mourning. They have lost hope. Let us remember that our two years of over-production were 1907 and 1915 and that in both years the seeding was later than this by almost two weeks.

Perhaps Providence has been kinder to us than we deserve. We have been placing too much dependence on wheat alone. And there is no doubt but that some will have to turn to other grains. This is all to the good. The Prairie Provinces are capable of producing more than wheat and it is well that their attention should be called to that fact. In the early days it was natural to emphasize wheat production but no country in the world can keep to that alone. If, therefore, the late season compels the growing of coarser grains and attention to stock-raising it may not in the end be to our disadvantage.

Two scientific discoveries of late will assist Western farmers in broadening their field of activities. The most important of these is the discovery of a means for preventing milk from getting sour. If as predicted the milk can be treated in the homes at little cost it will be possible to ship it any distance. This means that all farmers will be within the reach of market towns. We see the day when the Prairie Provinces will be not only the granary of the world, but the base of all food supplies. So we must not become pessimistic.

Sovietism

NO ONE will wish to justify the government of Russia under the czars, and no one can justify the misgovernment under Soviet rule. The bad has given way to the worse, and the end is not yet.

The outstanding weakness in Sovietism is not that it is an autocracy, cruel and relentless, but that it is rooted in dishonesty and dishonor. It thrives only by plotting and by encouraging treasurable practices in countries other than its own. It is no wonder that Great Britain has taken strong action. China, the United States, Mexico, all have the same story to tell—intrigue, treachery, untruthfulness.

With labor, in its claims for reasonable recognition, everyone must have sympathy, but there is nothing in common between labor and Sovietism. It is only poor deluded extremists in the labor group who will listen to the approaches of Communism.

Communism claiming to champion the cause of freedom is the greatest enemy of freedom in the world today. The only law it recognizes is force. It derides goodness, laughs at reverence, refuses to sanction any code of morals. It rules God out of account. It is not to be expected that those who have higher ideals and richer experiences will submit to dictation of a group of men who are as unprincipled in action as they are inconsistent in their theory of government.

As for Canada, there is only one course open. It is to fight this new tyranny as it would the plague. Better anything than moral leprosy, and as we see it today, that is about all regnant Sovietism has to offer.

Leisure Time

IT HAS been said that the real measure of one's character is his manner of spending his leisure time. An examination of the customs of people in this regard is extremely interesting and instructive. Without going into details it is only necessary to refer to a few common practices: reading, attending the movies, card-playing, enjoying music. These are typical.

To begin with card-playing: It is undoubtedly a great relaxation for a busy man to engage in a game of cards, and of all games that have been invented none is so satisfying as the popular game of bridge. It is not altogether nor mainly a chance game, but one requiring on the part of the player knowledge, skill, and a high degree of reasoning power. Unfortunately even when there is no betting connected with it, the game takes hold of one,

so that he can think of nothing else. He becomes a "bridge fiend." Women are perhaps more open to this weakness than men, and not a few have sacrificed home and fortune and reputation because of their inability to play in moderation. Without disparaging the game, it might be said that life has too noble and serious a possibility to be frittered away in such a small occupation as shuffling and matching cards.

To those who spend their time in reading there is possibility of just as great abuse. All reading does not make for uplift—intellectual or moral. It does not even provide relaxation. Yet, to him who chooses wisely, reading is the simplest means of genuine culture. It is not true that all good literature was produced in the olden days, but there is more trash along with the good today than ever before. So, selection is the most important consideration. A book that does not refresh the soul because of its humor, its moral tone, its intellectual challenge, is not worth reading. Most books for young people have too much that is highly-flavored both in thought and language. The effect of reading them is to lower the taste and deaden the moral sense. As for older people, it does not matter so much what they read provided they keep away from semi-philosophy.

As to the movies, there is good ground for alarm. Everybody recognizes the improvement in photography and picture-making generally, but it is also apparent that very many cinema patrons have had their morals corrupted and their ideals lowered, by witnessing what has been offered to them in the name of art. It has come to this: that if Canada is to remain Canadian it must exercise close supervision, particularly over the so-called "comics" which often, instead of being funny, are disgusting. And yet, the moving picture used legitimately may become one of the most powerful agents in education for both young and old. As yet it is something that controls us. We must look to the day when we can control it. A "bridge fiend" may squander his time, a "reading addict" may make himself an idle dreamer, but a movie-patron may reduce himself to the lowest intellectual plane by continually subjecting himself to the thrills which his soul learns to crave. There is no dope so captivating as that which is furnished by the film-producers. The solution is certainly not in doing away with the moving picture, but in improving it so that while it retains its attractiveness it will not be lacking in fidelity to truth, and in loyalty to our most cherished traditions.

The recent festivals in Western Canada have called attention to music as a form of recreation. Even here there is a possibility of wrong choice, but there is no reason that in these days wrong choice should be made. Even if all cannot sing and play they can learn to appreciate, and there is no means of culture more satisfying than that derived from listening to good music. It is gratifying to know that Western Canada has an enviable reputation in this regard.

Wind and Flood

THE sympathies of the world go out to the sufferers in the Mississippi valley and to all those who have had their homes and property ruined by tornadoes. We who live farther north are not so open to the latter calamity, though we have troubles peculiar to our own climate. Naturally people inquire if there is no way to escape from troubles occasioned by wind and flood, and this suggests the further question: as to whether man is not destined because of his nature to bring all the forces in the world into subjection to his will.

Year by year witnesses great gains. For centuries men were afraid of wild animals—it was the age of fear. Then came the use of weapons and of fire and the wild creatures fled before the brain-endowed two-legged creature. Man was afraid of the sea, but he invented a boat and thus converted an enemy into a friend. He was afraid of the air, and envied the birds in their rapid flight. Now

the swallow and the pigeon are left behind. Even so he has conquered the ether waves, he has combated the pests that destroy higher life, he has conquered distance by invention of the telescope, and has investigated the infinitely small by means of the magnifying glass, and by his power of calculation. And the conquest has but begun.

So it may be that floods and storms will not terrorize for aye. Indeed, now it is known that the destruction of forests is the cause of most of the spring freshets and of the dried-up summer streams. The cause of wind-storms is known in a general way, and prediction is sometimes possible. Control is another thing. We must be content to wait a while.

It is interesting to note that the Mississippi flood is due in part to the water introduced by the tapping of the Great Lakes at Chicago. Maybe justice to Canada in this matter will come in another way than by international disputation. Though Canadian sympathy does not go out to Chicago in its giant steal, it does go out wholeheartedly to the Mississippi sufferers. May there never be a repetition of the trouble.

Neighborliness

THOSE who lived in Ontario in the earlier days remember the neighborly practices illustrated in the logging bees, picking bees, paring bees, quilting bees, threshing bees, and in the sharing of worldly possessions in times of need. It was these old practices coupled with the church attendance and common interest in the public school that united people despite their religious and political differences. The fact that there is today little occasion in town and country for occupational "bees," that church attendance no longer brings together all the people, that so many nationalities are represented in every district and so many languages spoken, leaves to the school and the grocery store the opportunity of promoting goodwill and understanding.

Too much cannot be said for the farm women who have recognized the need, and who have opened rest-rooms in many towns. These are not only a personal convenience to women but the means of social culture. In their own free-and-easy way farm men always manage to work up an acquaintance.

As for the city, the lodges, clubs and unions unite in a sectional way, but there is still room for intelligent action that will end in common understanding. It is only the cultivation of a neighborly feeling that will eliminate all differences and promote the good-will which is essential to prosperity.

Jubilee

NEXT month Canada is to celebrate her diamond jubilee. Citizens may prepare themselves to enter into the celebration by considering what progress has been made since 1867, and what qualities should be developed in her people in order that even greater progress be made during the next sixty years. Clearly we want clean business, clean politics, clean private behavior, clean sport, clean reading, clean entertainment. There is only one road to greatness. It is the pure way.

The British Way

IT NOW seems that the trouble in China is likely to be settled by conciliation. That is the wise way to proceed towards settlement. This standing on dignity in international disputes is altogether indefensible. Nations can settle their quarrels just as individuals can, if they are only wise enough. Down in our hearts we all have a form of contempt for the man who is so haughty that he seems to have a ramrod up his back. It is men like Gordon and Havelock, men like Grey and even Chamberlain, who, through exercising common sense and avoiding every appearance of formalism and outward dignity, have maintained peace with honor.

"For years— sick—'old'

—Now I feel as young
as my daughter"

"My story is a pleasure to tell.

"I suffered so badly from constipation that the pains actually kept me awake at night. Bad headaches, fainting spells—yet in spite of the small fortune I spent in medicines, I simply could not find relief.

"That was ten months ago. One day my wife said, 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast cakes? They say they are good.'

"I started taking them, and I'll tell the world I am now completely well. They say you can buy anything but Health, but thanks to Yeast you can buy even that today! . . . I am still taking two cakes a day—in the morning in a glass of water and at night between soda biscuits."

GEORGE RANDS, Halifax, N. S.

MR. RANDS' DAUGHTER WRITES, "I, too, am eating Yeast. I had a bad case of pimples—hated to be seen by my friends. I had tried everything—salves, ointments—but until I started eating Yeast my face did not improve.

"Today, after eating Yeast regularly, my face and chest are free of pimples."

MARJORIE RANDS

PHYSICIANS today are prescribing fewer and fewer drugs and medicines. Drugs merely stimulate the bodily functions into temporary, abnormal activity.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine. It is a fresh, corrective food. In every cake are millions upon millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain.

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast is the easy natural way to feel yourself again. That is because it keeps the body internally clean. And



MR. GEORGE RANDS and his daughter Marjorie of Halifax, N. S.

because it keeps it healthily active. It cleanses the whole digestive and intestinal tract, checking the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It actually strengthens the weakened muscles of elimination, gradually bringing release from constipation.

In Canada and the United States an average of one person out of every third family is an enthusiastic user of this truly amazing food for health. Start to eat it today! Your digestion will become normal and healthy, your skin will clear—and with these improvements you will feel a joy in living you have not known for years!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. S-6 The Fleischmann Co., 185 James Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

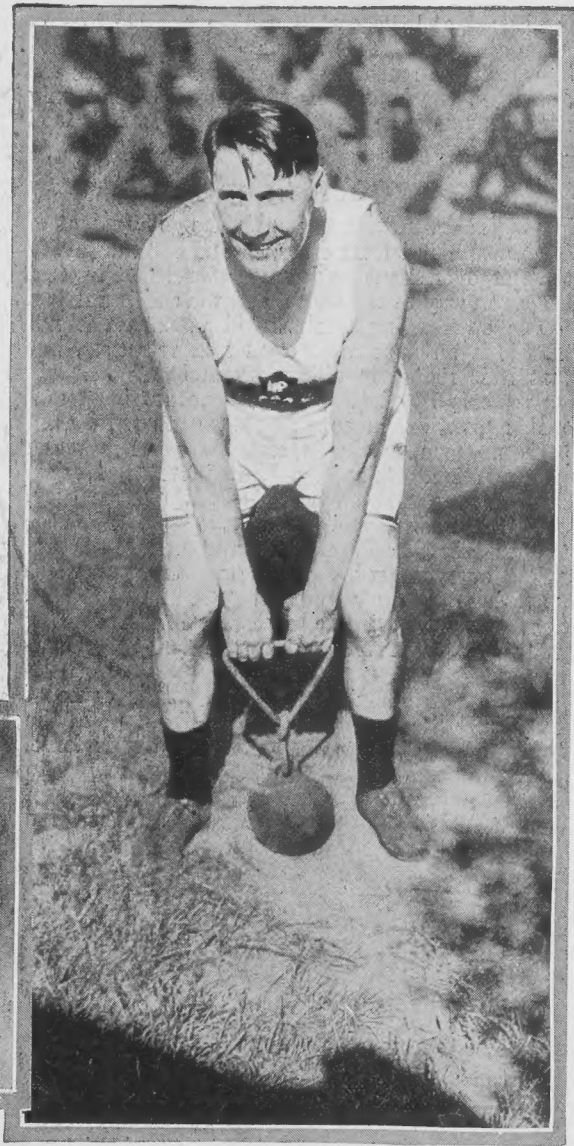
So simple and easy! . . .
this new way to feel yourself

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



LEFT
"AN OLD FRIEND who came often to our home was always praising Fleischmann's Yeast. He finally persuaded me to try it—I was suffering from chronic constipation, which caused severe pains. So I made some little sandwiches of Fleischmann's Yeast and crackers and ate one every day before each meal. Inside of six weeks the pains had disappeared, and I was no longer troubled with constipation. I found Fleischmann's Yeast a perfect stimulant, also. It certainly does give you pep."
SIMONE DELISLE, Quebec, P. Q.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IS MADE IN CANADA



MR. F. EDDENDEN is a frequent participator in track meets, as a hammer and weight thrower. Possessed of a splendid constitution, he was nevertheless troubled, about three years ago, with nervous indigestion. "It was a big handicap to me in my training," he writes. "But since I have been following a friend's advice and eating Yeast every day I have had none of my old trouble. The Yeast relieved me entirely. Fleischmann's Yeast is a great asset to me every spring and fall in my athletic training."

F. EDDENDEN, Hamilton, Ont.





"You laugh at de lady?" he questioned, "Listen ver careful I say lady, because, Monsieur, I could kill fer her"

Jules Frambeau

By Clarence B. Benjamin

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

AS I sit, with pen in hand, and think back about the peculiar incidents of Jules Frambeau's courtship with Joan Salent, and of their actions on that particular night in February, nineteen hundred and one—even now, they seem ridiculous to me. And yet—when Jules visits me, as he often does, being a silent member in my firm, and he and I chat together, that feeling wears off at once. For, knowing Jules and his wife as I do now, explains many things.

I first met him while travelling from Vancouver to Montreal. I happened to be the only passenger in the first class coach when we left Vancouver, and continued to be so until we reached North Bend. Then Jules got on.

I can still see him, as he pushed through the door and sauntered up the aisle. A pack that must have weighed at least sixty pounds was carelessly slung over one shoulder. He was smiling happily.

He was clad in the garb of the British Columbia woodsman or trapper, though he looked something better. His green-checked mackinaw shirt and well creased grey tweed trousers were evidently newly purchased, though the hat he held in his hand looked somewhat the worse for wear. The wonderful physique of the man first caught my attention; that and his handsome features, and the fact that he looked—well, so immaculately clean. He was something over six feet in height, broad of shoulder and erect, and his every movement was as graceful as that of the panther. His light brown hair and dark blue eyes made a striking contrast to his wonderfully white skin. This in itself was unusual, for the outdoors man of the West is usually tanned to a dark brown. Veritably here was a Greek god, thought I, and began making conjectures as to what nationality he claimed. As he approached, he merely nodded to me, and smiled a 'how do you do,' and throwing his pack

lightly to the floor, he chose a seat nearly opposite to mine.

Settling comfortably back on the cushions, he produced a large roll of bills from his shirt pocket, and began counting his money. I wondered then if he had been on a celebration or spree of some kind, but glancing at the usually tell-tale eyes, I could discern no puffiness there. "No," I thought, he has probably been to town, to sell his catch of furs."

It was while he was counting his roll, for the second time, that he happened to look up, and incidentally caught me watching him. For the moment, I was rather confused, and to hide it I picked up a magazine and began to read; that is, I pretended to read, but instead, stretched low down in my seat and peeping over the book, I continued to watch him. Somehow or other, this man interested me.

He had just taken pencil and paper and was jotting down some figures, when the end door opened and in walked a remarkably attractive girl. She, evidently, was just passing through the cars, to break that terrible monotony of train-travelling, for she had neither coat nor hat with her. Probably she belonged to one of the cars ahead.

Going over to one of the windows, she tried to peer into the blackness of the night; then deciding, evidently, that it was useless, came back to the aisle. As she did so, I took notice of her appearance and instantly changed my mind as to her being merely a remarkably attractive girl. She was much more than that; she was beautiful.

Her golden hair covered her head in a mass of close little ringlets, which gave her the appearance

of being a very young girl; though, I imagine her age was probably between twenty-one and twenty-two. Large, brown eyes, shaded with long, black eyelashes, added to her attractiveness.

She smiled to herself, as she looked about the car; no doubt at the scarcity of passengers in that coach; and the warmth of her smile had a tendency to make one think of the beautiful things in life—Happiness, Home, Love—all these things ran through my mind, as I peeped at her from behind my magazine, and, old bachelor that I was, I could not help wishing that the smile could have been for me. I did not know then, that from where she had stood she could not have seen me.

As she strolled down the aisle, Jules, for some reason or other, moved across to his other seat and as he did so, he looked up and saw her for the first time. I shall never forget the look of absolute amazement which passed over his face, as he stood there petrified, with his roll of bills tightly clasped in one hand. In an instant that look softened to one of adoration at her loveliness. One could not mistake it, for it spelled love at first sight—and openly declared. It seemed to say: "My soul mate, I have searched the world over for you, and at last you have come to me."

The girl, feeling the keenness of his gaze, turned in his direction, and as she looked into his eyes, I saw her give a quick start and catch her breath, then—her expression was that of the man's personified.

I used to laugh, years ago, at "love at first sight" but since that night, I know better.

For the moment, neither one nor the other could control nor conceal that openly declared love. They were alone—just one with the other—the time, place, and the whole world in that moment were obliterated and I in my corner watched and—yes, old careworn man that I was—felt a new warmth pulse through my veins. At the time it struck me

that these two were either sweethearts or man and wife, and something of envy seemed to tug at my heartstrings.

A deep red suffused her face, neck and throat, but when he opened his arms to her, the red turned to a deathly white, as with a cry she slipped into his arms, and their lips met.

IT WAS all over in a few seconds, and then, for the first time, I began to realize that these two were not man and wife, nor sweethearts, nor friends even, for she suddenly drew back with a start, as if realizing for the first time that she did not even know this man. Breaking away from him, she put her hand over her heart and stood beside him as if in a stupor, and stared a long noticeable moment at the money which he still held in his hand. It was as if she were wondering what the money was doing there, and probably what it might mean. Putting both hands to her head, she pressed her temples, trying to think clearly; then looked again at his money. This time he put out an arm, and tried to draw her to him again, but she stepped back, and, raising her eyes to his, she cried out in a low voice, full of anguish: "Oh, God—don't!"

At this, he dropped his arms to his sides, and his head fell. She stumbled into the aisle, stood there a moment as if undecided what to do next, looked once again at the money in his hand, and, as her eyes filled with tears, cried out: "Oh—oh! what have I done?" Sobbing brokenly, she rushed from the car.

Looking at the man, I saw that he was watching the way she had gone in a sort of delicious stupor. I gazed at him a few seconds, and then something, I know not what, made me laugh out loud. At that he turned, and that look of wonderment changed to one of cold fury. In an instant he was at my side, and, looking at his face I saw danger ahead and a little cold shiver went up and down my spine. When he spoke, his voice, though threatening, was cool and steady, as he simply queried: "You laugh at me, Monsieur?" Ah, he was of French descent. I might have known!

I was so taken aback by his quick movement to my side that I did not speak for the moment; and he continued in the same even voice: "Because eef you are, be ver' care-fu-l. Because for dat—" Here he paused, and reaching to the upholstered arm of the car seat with his left hand, he tore it from its glued upright, and held it suspended in the air; and, incidentally, very close to my head. I thought for the moment that he was going to brain me, but instead he casually brought his right hand around, and grasping the other end of the arm, he snapped it in two as if it had been a match, and finished his sentence with: "I could break you, like dat." The words, coming from him, did not sound like a boast, but as if he were simply stating a fact.

When I saw that he had no intention of striking me, I must have regained some of my composure, for I shook my head and mumbled, "Not at you, surely." But, idiot that I was, I still kept on smiling.

"Den—at de lady?" he questioned. "Listen ver' careful. I say 'Lady,' because, Monsieur, I could kill for her."

The deadly intent of the man's words took that damnable smile from my face, and meeting his gaze frankly, I said, "No, my friend, I sincerely beg your pardon. I'm positive that I was not smiling at either the young lady nor at you."

He shrugged his shoulders at that. "Den, for what you smile, Monsieur?" He had me there again and I stammered, "Why—why I really don't know. Unless it was

because I figured that you and the young lady had never met before. I—"

He interrupted me again with: "We have not met before, Monsieur."

"Then I apologize, once more, if I have given offence. I assure you none was meant. An old man like me should have known better."

"Ah, but pardon me, Monsieur." Looking at my grey hairs and wrinkled brow, he continued: "I did not see that you were not young. I have los' my tempaire, and should not have spoken so."

"Oh, that's all right," I assured him, glad enough to let the matter rest there. "I expect I had it coming to me. We do funny things, sometimes, do we not?"

"Oui. Dat is so. I may sit and speak wit' you, Monsieur? Perhaps I can make you understand, eh? I nodded and moved over in my seat to give him room.

HE DID not come directly to the point, and I admit that I was disappointed, but questioned me of where I was going, and what my profession or following was. I told him that I was owner of a large pulp mill in Montreal, and that I had been to the Coast on a rather important business deal, which I had been successful in putting through. I thought that I heard him sigh, but was not sure. "And you, my friend, what is your trade or profession?" I asked.

He shook his head at this, and smiled: "Not yet am I much, Monsieur. But—" Here he shrugged his shoulders and added: "Soon my chance, she's come. Perhaps, some day Jules Frambeau will be beeg man like yourself, er?"

"But what do you do for a living, I mean?"

"Trap, hunt, pack a little—" again he shrugged.

"You like it?" I asked.

"Ah, Monsieur, I love it—she's beeg outdare—" and he threw an arm, wide, to indicate the open spaces.

"And do you find this work—well, profitable?"

"Sometam she's ver' good—sometam not so good—but all de tam', she's gran', Monsieur. To live, to work, to dream of better t'ings. To love, Monsieur," he added softly.

"Then you find your work interesting?" I questioned, wishing to lead him on and hear more of his life in the wilderness.

"All work we love mus' be. Is it not so?"

I agreed with him in this, and then asked him where he was located at the present time. He told me that he had sixty miles of trap-lines, all told. That they were on the mountains, some thirty miles back of Merritt, B.C., in what is known as the Highland Valley District. . . . That he had built himself a little cabin, and that he lived alone. . . . That he had just made a trip out to get another set of his traps, which he had left at North Bend. . . . That he intended going back by way of Ashcroft, this trip, over the old trail. This, he said, was the shortest route, and he wanted to be back on the trap-line by daylight.

"And how far will you have to walk tonight to get to your cabin?" I asked him.

"Oh, she's jus' a little hike, dat one. Mebbe twenty-tirty mile." Twenty or thirty miles! "Whew!" I thought, "whatever did he call a long hike?"

"But surely you find it lonesome up there?"

He nodded his head and sighed, and putting his hand to his huge chest, replied: "Sometam, she's mak' me sad in here, Monsieur. Den, I long for better t'ings. . . . To be beeg man lak yourself. . . . To boss many men. . . . To have what you call power, for Jules Frambeau have ambition! Ah, but soon she's come, I'm t'ink—I am look for beeg t'ing in lumber beezness, for I know dat's what I do. Den"—and here he lowered his voice—"dat little girl you see tonight, she's come to me soon, an' I hav to work lak hell to mak' de home, Monsieur. Is it not so?"

"But," I argued, "you said that you did not even know her?"

"No mattaire," he persisted, "Some day, soon I hope, she's come to me. If not—" and he shrugged his shoulders again, as if this fact were of no great importance at all. "Den I go for her!"

"Oh, I see, I answered, but I did not see at all. The thing seemed too far-fetched and ridiculous to me at the time. "You know her name and where she lives, then?"

He nodded, and looking about the car to see that we were still alone, he put his hand inside his mackinaw shirt, and brought forth a square little vanity case. Holding it in the palm of his hand for me to read the tiny card, which was inserted in its leather holdings on the outside I read: "Please return to: Joan Salent, 44 Cheval Street, Montreal, Quebec."



ABOUT this time, a brakeman came through the car calling out the name of some station, and Jules hurriedly shoved the little vanity case into his pocket. When the man had gone, he turned to me once more: "You see, Monsieur, by name she is French, and dat is good, for I can write to her in my own tongue—jus' w'at is here," and he laid a hand over his heart.

"But," I exclaimed, "if you firmly believe all that you tell me, why not go to the young lady herself and tell her all this. Why write to her at all?"

He smiled and shook his head. "No, Monsieur. If I do dat t'ing, I mak' one gran' meestake. Sure-lee you onderstan' how she mus' feel. She look at dat dam' money so hard—she mus' feel so ashame, herself. "And me, Monsieur, mebee she's t'ink I'm not good man, eh? For hol' dat money out lak dat, when I'm forget it ees dere. Mon Dieu, I'm hope she's not t'ink dat."

Of course he was right, I reasoned. No gentleman would wish to embarrass her, by putting in an appearance that evening. As I began to know him better, I also began to admire him, and thought then of how it must have hurt his pride to have had to tell me all this to gain his point. I had not a doubt but that he had some motive in doing so.

I was not to be left long in the dark, for suddenly he stood up, and with entreaty written in his eyes, asked me, softly: "And you, Monsieur? You will tak' dis letter to Joan Salent for me? You will speak wit' her—not tonight, but tomorrow—You will tell her dat I'm one good man—dat she does not onderstan' about dat dam' money, I'm hol' in my hand—You will not tell her dat you were in de car? Monsieur, you are a beeg man, an' you can arrange dis t'ing—to speak to her for me?" And he held out his hand.

"But, man," I said, "I hardly know you. You may be—"

"Ah, Monsieur"—again he interrupted me—"Do you believe I'm not one good man—in here?" and he touched his chest. Looking at his face I felt ashamed, for I was always a good character reader, and I knew this man to be what he claimed. After all, he was not asking much of me, and it evidently meant a good deal to him.

"Well, my friend," I said, as I shook his proffered hand, "I'll do what you ask, gladly, if it will be of any service to you. I think that it can be arranged that I shall meet Miss Salent, and deliver your message for you, without letting her know that I saw what happened this evening. I'll frame up some story of having met you tonight, and I'll give her my true impression of you. Will that do?"

"Oui, Monsieur. Tonight an' tomorrow on de long trail, I'm happy, an' I'm dream once more. An' in my dream, Monsieur, I'm t'ink of w'at you—one good man—do for me, an' I'm ver' glad. For," he added, and here he proudly threw back his head, "Jules Frambeau always pays hees debt." With that, he quietly slipped back to his seat.

While glancing across the aisle, I saw and remembered the broken seat. Picking up the two pieces I camouflaged them together, put my bag on the outer edge of the cushions, and threw my overcoat over the broken arm. I determined, then and there, that before letting any of the train crew see the damage, I'd wait until Jules had reached his destination.

Glancing his way, I saw that he was already busy with fountain pen and paper.

AT THE next stop two or three people got on the train and came into our coach. I remember one of them, a rather stout man, was decidedly drunk, and rather loud in his conversation with the others. I imagined that this would annoy Jules, but he seemed so absorbed in his work that I doubt if he even heard them. However, I soon grew tired of the newcomer's silly chatter, and made for the smoking-car.

Fate played into my hands, for just outside the smoker in the narrow passage, I almost collided with the girl of the evening. She seemed to be searching for something on the floor—the vanity case, I surmised. She had her head bent, and did not see me at once. When she did look up, a flush spread over her face and crept down to her beautiful, white throat. No doubt, I thought, she had been afraid that it was Jules. Straightening, she walked past me, stood a second, undecided whether to go on with her search through the car ahead, or turn back. At this moment a loud curse sounded from within the coach, and this gave me an idea.

Stepping up to her, I took off my hat. "Excuse me, Miss," I said, "unless it's absolutely necessary, I wouldn't go through this car if I were you. One of its occupants, who just now got on the train, is rather the worse for liquor. You might find it embarrassing. You were searching for something?" I added.

"Yes. I—I—dropped my vanity case. I——"

"Couldn't I get it for you?"

"Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed, and I caught a sigh of relief. "If you find it, would you mind giving it to the porter? I'm in the car just behind. That is, if it won't be too much trouble."

I told her that I'd be only too glad to be of any

service, and thanking me again, she went back to her car. I knew well enough where the vanity case was, but I left Jules alone for the time, and sat in the smoking car for an hour or so, consuming innumerable cigarettes.

I must have slept for a time, for presently I was awakened with a start, to see a brakeman stick his head through the door, and shout: "Basque, next station!" I was about to return to my coach, when Jules suddenly appeared. He had his pack over his shoulder.

"I thought you were going to get off at Ashcroft," I enquired.

"Next station, Monsieur. 'Bout five miles from here. Train just slow down at Basque, to t'row de mail off. But you have not change your min', Monsieur? Mebee you t'ink I'm ver' foolish, eh?"

I laughed heartily at his way of putting it, and thought of the wonderful creature I had just met, looking for her vanity case. "No Jules. Perhaps it's a trifle odd, all this, but not foolish. I do not blame you, my friend, for wanting her, for I think that she is the loveliest thing I have ever seen. If I weren't quite so old . . ." and I laughed again.

"Ah, den mebee you know somet'ing? Sure-lee you have not met her already," he questioned in the same serious voice.

I nodded and related what had happened, and though he had no further comment to make, his face lit up with a happy smile.

We stood and chatted of other things, for a time, and, strange to say, he never thought once of asking my name, and I never thought of giving it.

As the train drew into the little town of Ashcroft, I followed him to the station platform, and asked him which way his trail led. He threw an arm towards the west, and looking in that direction, could only discern bleak hills, covered with snow. Indeed, it was certainly a desolate-looking country, I thought, for there did not seem to be much sign of growth anywhere, and the thought of his journey into these cold-looking hills did not, in the least, appeal to me. But Jules was light of heart, and he had said that he loved his mountains, so I came to the conclusion that perhaps back of those hills was a more likely-looking country. Since that night, I have had many trips with

Jules in that vicinity; now I know that travellers or tourists should never judge the surrounding country, when passing through any town by rail. The very least I can say is that the country surrounding the little, dried-up town of Ashcroft is truly wonderful, and its beauty spots are numerous. But to get back to my story:

With the conductors' "All aboard!" Jules firmly grasped my hand and said, simply: "I t'ank you, Monsieur." I swung aboard, and standing on the steps of the car, I waved goodbye. The last I saw of him, he was standing bareheaded, fur cap in hand and scanning the windows of the coaches, as they glided by, for one last glimpse of his loved one. His mate was there, and now—he was alone. Foolish, you say? Aye, but sad, too.

I SLEPT very poorly the rest of the night, and consequently it was after eight in the morning before I made my way to the dining car for breakfast.

While passing through the train, I discovered Joan Salent in a seat by herself, which made me remember the vanity case in my pocket. As I approached her, she gave me a look of recognition, and then smiled her thanks as I handed her the case.

"Oh, I am so glad you found it!" she exclaimed. "You see, it was a gift from my mother—her last one to me, and I treasure it as a keepsake. I'm afraid that you've put me very much in your debt."

"In that case," I replied, "to square accounts, will you do me the honor of dining with me today? Dare I hope that you, like myself, haven't had your breakfast?"

"To tell the truth I have been very lazy this morning, Mr.—a—er——"

"Knight of the Vanity Case," I supplied, and made a pretense of a sweeping bow. "But pray take the treasure along, or it may be stolen. Though for the life of me, I can't see why such an attractive girl should have need of such a thing."

A faint pink crept into her cheeks, and to hide her confusion she laughed and said: "Oh, I powder my nose occasionally like the rest of my sex, I'm afraid."

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"A faint pink crept into her cheeks, and to hide her confusion she laughed and said. 'Oh, I powder my nose occasionally like the rest of my sex, I am afraid.'"

"With the ardour of youth, he took to this, his first attraction to the opposite sex, all the idealism of an armoured knight for his lady-love"

THERE is nothing very spectacular about Jack Maguire's come-back, in fact, there are still a goodly number of his acquaintances who shrug an eloquent shoulder, or arch a mean eyebrow, when his name is mentioned. Others murmur tolerantly:

"Poor Jack! Very sad! Nice lad like him to be tied up to a breed."

As for Jack, with the "tough living" creases being ironed from his still youthful face by the fullness of health, and hard work well done, he is content with life, blissfully so. If sheer happiness counts for anything in this vale of tears, then Ranger Jack Maguire is a man to be envied, not pitied nor scorned. On reading his story, you may even find room in your judgment for admiration.

I had heard of Jack Maguire long before I turned up with a lame pony at the little ranger cabin on the Bluegrass, and was welcomed by the dusky lady with the glowing eyes and slow, almost sad smile. I said "lady." That stands—though she is a breed.

The unseen sun was shooting salmon-pink streaks across the top of the Limestones, edging the fluffy clouds with now a rich gold, now a deeper mauve, as I came within sight of the cabin, nestling in the fairy pine grove. A beautiful scene, A calm, serene beauty, yet so majestic. This impression lingered as I entered the cabin, and shook hands with Jack.

The cabin was of ordinary construction, with the porch adorned with the inevitable moose horns, and I was quite unprepared for the scene within, remembering other ranger cabins I had visited. Taste, cleanliness and comfort. Painted shelves filled to the bursting with books; real books, Zola, Thackeray, Scott, the poets. Cosy chairs, a window seat facing the stretch of river valley with the gaunt limestone crags as background. Piles of



Out of the Ashes

By Frank Miell

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

papers and periodicals. A gramophone with scores of neatly-stacked records.

This was a home, a haunt of happiness, as the beaming faces and proud bearing of its owners plainly testified.

Pity such a man? You poor civilization-en-crustured mortals, fettered by your irksome, moss-bound customs, you ought to envy such a man. Loving hearts, a comfortable home set in the most gorgeous country devised by Nature, and—freedom.

This is how he earned it—fighting that hardest fight of all: one's own weaknesses. Not spectacular, perhaps, but—

"When Jack Maguire left his home back East, a high-spirited youngster of eighteen, with a harvester's ticket and a few dollars in his pocket, he figured on a quick clean-up at six dollars per day in the harvest fields of the West, and a winter at Dalhousie as a freshman intent on an Arts course.

He figured wrong.

Bad weather and an over supply of men reduced the wages. His spirit chafing under a continued wet spell, drove him in company with others of his harvest gang, to the solace of spirits stronger than his own. For the first time in his life, he got drunk, and the keen sense of degradation during the dizzy aftermath, led him on to the weakling's refuge: oblivion via the same route. Four days he stayed with the booze, each attack reacting stronger. Broke and despairing, he sought the employment agency, intent on getting as far away as possible from the scene of his debauch. A job in the bush attracted him, and he was sent in company with several others tired of

the intermittent work in the harvest field, to a lumber camp far up in the foothills.

IT WAS here he met Marie, who lived with her family in a tumbledown shack about two miles from camp. The old man was a trapper; that is, he trapped a little, but not enough to provide for his family of girls. I guess where he made one dollar out of fur, he made ten at concocting and selling a vile, quick-acting poison he misnamed "whisky." Marie's mother was a full-blooded Cree, who smoked kinni-kinnik in a short clay pipe. The four girls, aged from fifteen to twenty, while retaining undoubted Cree characteristics, favored the race of their father, who was French. They were reputed to be no better than they ought to be, but, were probably a whole lot better than their implied reputations.

Be that as it may, Jack met Marie, and went crazy over her. With the ardor of youth, he took to this, his first attraction to the opposite sex, all the idealism of an armored knight for his lady-love. He fought anyone who implied by word or action that Marie or her sisters were not pure; and there were many. He sustained black eyes, puffed ears, lost teeth, and aching bruises for her

sake. His championship became the joke of the camp, the butt of coarse witticisms, until the woods boss, partly in anger at the growing frequency of trouble, and partly out of a feeling of sympathy for this modern Sir Galahad, gave him his time, and advised him to beat it while the beating was good.

But Jack was hopelessly enmeshed. Instead of pulling out, he went over to the tumbledown shack to live, and helped the father of Marie to trap. He also acquired a taste for the poison that old Dulavelle made, and in course of time became a partner in selling the stuff to the camps.

He also became son-in-law, and built a half sod, half log dugout to shelter his wife. The poison that he vended became his staff of life, and he rapidly degenerated into a besotted, lazy brooder. He had come west with high ambitions, and here, a few months later, he was the son-in-law of a full-blooded squaw, with no more ambition than to stay drunk so he couldn't think. People who knew him about this time say that only the strongest of constitutions could have stood the amount of rot-gut poison that Jack swilled during that winter.

Before the spring was out, Jack came to his sober senses long enough to see that if he didn't pull up, his wife would soon be wearing the garb of a widow, and that he would be the father of a posthumous child. I think this latter circumstance was the deciding factor in his application to the Forestry Super, for a job on a trail crew.

The Super was a shrewd, kindly man, who had had an alcoholic chapter in his own history. He peered through his heavy brows at the miserable wreck of a promising young man, and read something of resolve in the bleary eyes that were turned hopefully upon him.

"Give you a trial, young man," he said, not unkindly. "Up to you to make good. It'll be tough."

When the ranger met his crew at the Hecla Cabin, he looked askance at Jack, but he held his peace, for he had seen men that way before. One thing he noted in Jack's favor. His clothes were more patches than original garments, his boots down at the heels and out at the toes, but Jack himself was clean, and shaven. That fact registered.

Life on a trail crew is no bed of roses, even to a

man inured to toil. To Jack, soft and flabby from his winter's "soak," palsied and nerve-shattered, his very soul craving for drink, the first two weeks was a hideous nightmare. Tortured, aching muscles, morbid sleepless nights with the blood running from lips bitten in the frantic resolve to keep from crying aloud; all this, yea, and more, for with his increasing strength came the thoughts of what might have been; the shame of what had been.

JACK stuck it in the jungles until the job was through, five weary months, and emerged in the fall with a new hold on life, lean, sunburned, and sinewy. Something of the clean fight against the obstacles that Nature had imposed during that period of trail-cutting entered into his being.

He found that he was a father of two weeks' standing, his offspring a bonny boy as blond as he himself was. This pleased him. He felt he had something more of a stake in the world to work for. Again he was taken on at the camp, and worked steadily for a couple of months, when he got into a mixup with Moran, the foreman, and was fired.

This event marked another change in his course. Why he was fired, I don't know, but Jack, brooding on alleged injustice, turned to his pa-in-law's "hooch" for consolation, and the devil entered into him and abode there long enough to send him back to camp, black murder in his heart, and tear into Moran with hands, feet and head.

Moran went to hospital, Jack to jail, where he spent three months of callous hard labor, three months of brooding on the injustice of life. That three months left him in worse mental shape than he had ever been. He felt that he had reached the bottom, been branded a criminal; nothing mattered now. But he went to his shack, biding his time when he should again meet Moran face-to-face. Back he went to the poison bottle, and booze peddling, for a living. That was a hard winter for him. Wages were down, and the loggers had little money to buy his "hooch." As living got tougher, so his outlook on life warped, and his bitter revengeful hate against Moran grew stronger, until, at length, as he himself admitted, nothing but the foreman's death would satisfy him.

Then the "flu" struck the country, and being no respecter of persons, it visited his little dugout, and laid his Billy boy low. Now, all through his mental torture and drunken debauches he had, above all else, loved this wee mite of a kiddie with his own blue eyes and dainty features. The sight of the little chap lying, moaning feebly, struck a chord in his besotted brain and sobered him instantly. Without saying a word to his anxious wife, who was acting as nurse for her own smitten family, he carefully wrapped the little chap in what blankets seemed suitable, and disregarding the rising wind and stormy sky, marched forth into the night bearing his precious burden.

STINGING snowflakes, the forerunner of a blizzard, met him at the door, but he felt them not. Just one thing he knew: he must get his Billy to camp and to the doctor right away. Before he had gone a hundred yards the storm burst, blotting out the trail. The increasing wind swept and eddied, now aiding, now retarding, whipping up big drifts, obliterating landmarks. Jack, head down, blundered on through the gale, his breath coming in choking gasps. Lost entirely was the trail; lost, almost, his sense of direction in that fierce, black night. Ever-present, that one thought—must get Billy to the doctor; ever present the determination to get him there.

Snow filled his inadequate boots, numbing his feet; his ears tingled, smarted, and numbed as the frost gripped; his burden grew leaden, yet he dared not stop to rest. Light-headed, he started crooning to little Billy, his wavering voice beaten back into his throat by the relentless wind. On, ever onward he staggered. Somewhere ahead was light, warmth, a doctor, and care for his Billy—his goal. *Goal!* The word stuck. Again he was back on the campus, his burden the ball. Thousands of voices shouted encouragement. So near and yet so far seemed that white line where stood the goal-posts. He must reach that . . . must . . . the honor of the school depended upon him. He heard the thundering of feet on the turf behind him. They were gaining . . . gaining . . . and the line was just ahead. He made one supreme effort and pitched forward to thrust the ball behind the line that meant victory . . .

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Before he had gone a hundred yards, the storm burst, blotting out the trail

Some Paris Sidelights

By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the fifth of a series of articles specially written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Mr. Dickie about France, in which new and present sidelights of the land and people are set forth by the writer who for the past twelve years has been entertaining this magazine's readers with articles and fiction.

SOME people travel and only broaden their ignorance; others actually growl their way around the world, spending their time exclaiming how much better things are in their own land; others journey with eyes wide open, viewing countries impartially, always bearing in mind the difference of customs, methods and manners, and varied modes of thought, which make it impossible to judge one country by another. Of course it is such a natural thing to believe one's own land superior, that keeping in that third kind of mood is somewhat difficult.

The most striking example of this feeling of superiority, or, to be more exact, a feeling that other nationalities should be as we are, I saw in a paragraph in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* recently in a column edited by the Reverend Cadman. In this column Doctor Cadman answers to the best of his abilities a strange and varied assortment of questions. And truly, this one was among the queerest. It ran as follows: "I have recently visited Great Britain, where I found it very difficult to follow the various dialects, especially those of Scotland. Why do not these people speak a plain speech which Americans can understand?"

As a gem of national egotism this takes first place far above anything I have ever heard. Certainly, we all admit it very inconsiderate that these benighted Scotch people forgot, or never realized, how important that their speech should be understood by visiting Americans. However, leaving quite aside this very extreme example, the fact remains that even the most level-headed foreigners when travelling in a strange country often get unnecessarily angry because their language is not understood. This is particularly true of English-speaking people, the great majority of whom are quite satisfied with their own language. Europeans, particularly Russians, Poles and Germans, are excellent linguists, and the number of French people who have a mastery of from two to five languages is astonishing.

Some of the most humorous situations do arise out of the partial command of a foreign tongue. Since I have been in France, I have heard enough stories of this kind to fill a book. There is only space here to relate one or two. Nearly every boy or girl who takes a high-school course on the North American continent is supposed to learn French. The results of this part of their education are rather amusing. A young Canadian student, recently arrived in Paris, went into a barber shop. He wanted a hair-cut, and, quite sure of his school-learned French, told the barber in French that he did not want it cut too short, the words for which are "*pas trop court*." But he said "*pas trop cuit*," the pronunciation of the last word being very similar, except that "*cuit*" means cooked. So that he asked to have his hair not cooked too much. The case of the Englishman on the French steamer travelling along the coast recently is still funnier. His knowledge of French was exceedingly rudimentary. He needed a shave, so he approached one of the stewards and, as he thought, asked for a barber; but instead of saying "*coiffeur*," asked for a chiffonier, which means rag-picker. When he saw that the man didn't understand, he went on to say in French: "I just want my face run over," a common expression in English for a light shave. But he used the word "*ecraser*," and, while the literal translation of this in English means run-over, it does not convey in French anything to do with shaving. And the steward, on hearing a man ask for a chiffonier (rag-picker) and who, in addition, asked to have his face run-over, was so convinced the man was mad he hurried and summoned



The milk Goats of Paris being driven through a narrow street

the captain. But misunderstandings over words by people who actually speak the same language also occur. The funniest of these was related to me by a Canadian who had recently been spending some time in London. The young lady went there with her mother, and after a while they were accepted into a good circle of English society. In the course of conversation one day the young Canadian lady remarked to a little circle of her English friends that her father was a lumberman. She noticed how startled all her friends were at this announcement, and was aware of a strange coolness toward her for the rest of the day. Not until some time after did she learn that in England a "lumberman" means a man of all work, a mover of furniture, and, as things go in England, a person not very high in the social scale. Shortly after this happening the young Canadian lady was dining with an English girl-friend, and the English girl in the course of conversation remarked: "Oh, yes, my father has been a housebreaker for thirty years. He is the most successful housebreaker in this part of London." The Canadian girl could

hardly believe her ears, as "housebreaker" to her meant a man who criminally entered homes, and stole things. Naturally, she could not believe this was a thing to boast about. She asked for an explanation of the word, and learned that a housebreaker in England is a very honorable calling, something like contractor. The English girl's father did a big business in clearing away old buildings.

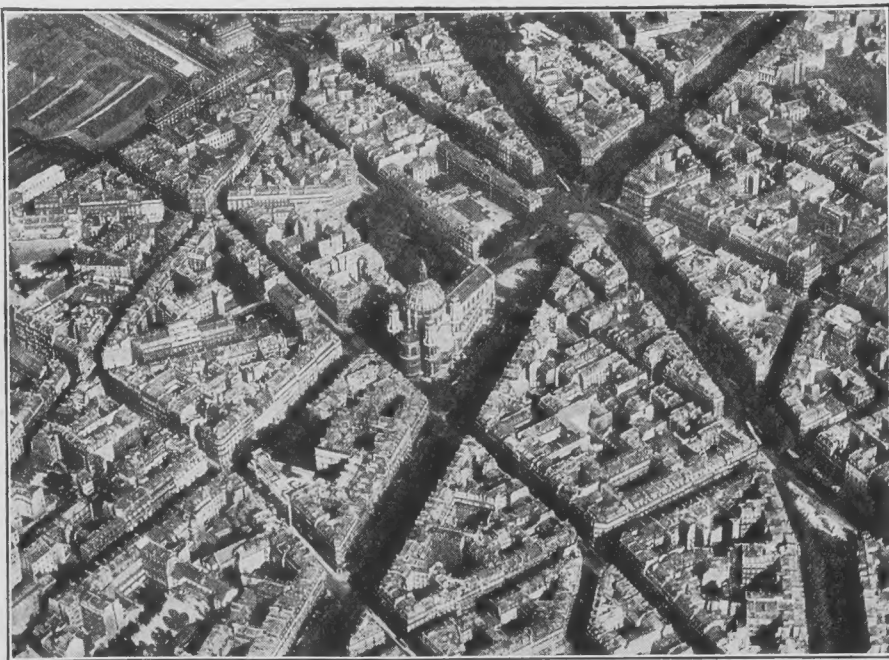
Thus, when people who speak the same language can make so widely different a use of the same words, it is not to be unexpected that English-speaking people in France make amazing mistakes when they first attempt conversing in a tongue only slightly understood.

SNOBBERY is something not confined to any one nation; but I think it is more pronounced in Europe and England than in North America. Many volumes have been written about the rich American girl who buys a title by marrying some poor nobleman of French, Italian or English birth. These marriages have been taking place for a little more than half a century now, and though it is safe to say that the majority of them have turned out badly for the woman, they still continue to be made in the year 1927. That there has been an open trade in titles is well known to many people. But that such titles should be offered in the advertising columns of a newspaper bespeaks an appeal to snobbery one could hardly believe exists. Nevertheless it does. I quote in proof the following advertisement from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*:

"Title to Knights Dominion." To transfer legally the title of an old Dutch Seignory, *pretty name, nice coat of arms*. Price \$3,000. Apply, etc."

I have italicized those words which make the advertisement so glaring in its appeal to snobbery.

IT IS strange how certain things in life affect people. For a great many years, in fact ever since I was old enough to read until I set foot on French soil on the verge of middle age in the year 1926, I thought almost with awe of any man granted the Legion of Honor. Much of that feeling has now passed, for you can hardly walk a block in Paris without meeting at least one man who bears upon his coat the red ribbon or the tiny red rose, indicating he is a member of the order. And not once to date have I seen a single individual that came up to my youthful dreams of what such men should be like. Always in my imagination they were tall and distinguished in face and manner. The chaps I mostly meet upon the street are short, generally fat and pudgy, and might easily be mistaken for accomplished bartenders or merchants in pork. Doubtless some of them are, for lately the Government has taken to a most lavish giving of this order. A few days ago Mr. E. M. Statler had the Legion of Honor conferred upon him. Now Mr. Statler operates a very fine chain of hotels in the United States. If he had inaugurated a few of his excellent and moderate-priced hotels in France, where such are badly needed, the highest rank of the Legion would not have seemed too high a reward. As he has not, truly, the great Napoleon must have turned in his grave at such giving of an honor originally intended only for the bravest. Close upon the heels of this award, Victor Breyer, a sporting editor of a Paris paper, was also made a member of the Legion. The following week Mademoiselle Bertha Puissant, a Paris telephone operator, was presented with the cross of the order in recognition to her for thirty years of faithful and efficient service in a local exchange—indeed, a record of unlimited patience. Perhaps Napoleon would not have minded quite so much this last award.



Wonderful air view of Paris. The large building in centre is the famous Church of St Augustine

FOR the future visitor to Paris who, from past reading, has looked forward to enjoying sight-seeing in the city from the "top-of-a-bus," a mode described by many famous writers, there will be one disappointment. The double-decker



Carnavalet Museum, which houses thousands of objects having to do with the history of Paris

is no more. The modern buses are prosaic green-and-white vehicles carrying 28 people seated and a dozen on the platform. Neither buses nor street cars give transfers, which makes travelling to certain portions of Paris more expensive than covering the same distance in most cities in North America. But for a straight-away journey you can traverse the length of Paris for four cents, which is the cheapest transportation I know. Though France is a Republic, and shrieks the words: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" from every public building in foot-high letters, still class distinctions are very great. This is noticeable to an extreme degree by having two classes on the buses, street cars and underground railway. In the buses there are twelve second-class wooden seats and sixteen leather-covered, and the difference in price amounts to about one cent per section of city travel. The seats in the street cars in the section devoted to second-class are straw, the first class leather. Both are equally hard and uncomfortable, the only difference the price. Each class holds twelve people seated, and four more seated in the centre of the car where the two side-opening doors are placed. Here smoking is allowed. With the exception of cars coming from the races, the conductor never packs passengers in as is done at all times in cars in North America. When the car seats are filled and the platform standing room, the conductor, usually a woman, drops a little metal sign hanging at the top of the entrance door which says "Complet." Sometimes people anxious to get on at a certain stop, obligatory for the car to make, fail to pay attention to the sign and attempt to lift one of the two thin chains which hang across the first and second-class entrances. This action calls down upon their heads a torrent of abuse from the conductor. The other day while I was riding across Paris on the d'Auteuil line, a very stout lady in a tight-fitting black dress started to board the car from the door of which swung the Complet sign. The conductress was a mite of a girl. But as the fat lady set foot upon the step, the conductress left off collecting fares, leaped to the platform and, yelling "Complet!" hit the fat lady, oh, such a punch, a dirty foul one, well below the belt. The car sped on, but I can still see the fat lady collapsing in a backward stagger, and on her red face the mingled look of amazement and anger. Truly, nowhere but in Paris would you get so laughter-provoking a spectacle.

One very pleasing thing noticeable upon both buses, tramcars and the underground railway, is the numbered places, one in each section, allotted to men mutilated in the war. If such a man comes aboard he can demand the seat if occupied by an ordinary individual. The amazing thing about the street cars is their smallness; a capacity for forty people. Yet the same amount of power would drive a car carrying three times that number. But

this bent of doing things on a small scale is typical of Paris.

Near where I dwell in the ancient Latin Quarter, a new underground railway is being constructed, and the cement is mixed by hand!

The Paris underground is the best and cheapest method of quick transportation. Again and again I use it, and emerge at that vast station beneath the Place de l'Opera, where

good subject for the next meeting of your town's debating society). While the trains of the Paris underground are not so swift and large as those in London, the air in the passages is purer. Each train consists of five coaches, four second-class, colored green or brown, and one first-class, colored red. Each coach accommodates 33 people seated and supposedly 46 standing, though in the rush hours three times this number are jammed in by the excited little guards.

Just back of the Opera House is the American Express, a huge building which is now really a notable place in Paris, looking after, as it does, much of the business of the 20,000 people from the United States residing transiently and permanently in Paris. A post office of the capacity of a good-sized town is maintained. On a pillar near the general delivery wickets is a glass case in which are posted letters and telegrams sent by various Americans to Paris, which are very funny examples of human carelessness, stupidity and the tendency to regard Paris as a small town. There is only space to quote a few of those I noticed on two occasions I was there. One telegram read: "Please hold mail. Name Baker." The American Express comment written on this was: "Which one? We have many." Another had wired: "Please send my mail to Barcelona," and forgot entirely to sign the wire. How this got through the telegraph company officials, who are usually always insistent on the name, I don't know. There were in the case several letters merely addressed with the last name of people, as: "Jones, c/o American Express, Paris."

But speaking of post offices, the most amusing and incongruous sight in Paris is in the main office of the Rue du Louvre. As you enter the enormous long room of this, signs on every side warn you: "No Smoking." Yet from the lips of almost every employee hangs a cigarette. The man who answers your query puffs a cloud of smoke in your face. Oh, yes, Paris is an amazing place.

IN PARIS you need only sit at your window and view a passing show of absorbing interest. The day is Sunday. The famed Paris spring is sadly late. Though the first week in April is drawing to a close a chill raw wind blows down the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine upon which very ancient street the two tall windows of my apartment look. Once in the middle ages a deep, wide moat ran where now lies the uneven square stone paving blocks. I sit at my window and watch. The short impasse of the Rue Clopin lies at a right angle to my view. Due to the queer forms of the buildings and the steepness of the street, the far end of this hundred-feet-long street is reached by a long flight of stairs. The other end runs into the Cardinal Lemoine. There is no wheeled traffic on the Rue Clopin. And every morning from a ground-floor room in an ancient grey stone building at the head of the street an old lady lets out two fat brown

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The first self-propelled invalid's chair built for the Countess Artois

five lines lie one beneath the other, the lowest 200 feet beneath the surface, I pay mute homage to the mighty brains who planned so perfectly this marvelous system of lines boring through the earth to every corner of this, and other huge cities of the world. Without such transportation the enormous populations of modern metropolises would be in a sad plight. Truly the men who build underground railways have done more for humanity than Shakespeare; more was demanded of their brains than his. (Here, I suggest, is a



Rear view of Rodin's Museum, Paris

The Heart of Alix

Footprints, blood stains and cigar ashes add to the inspector's bafflement.

By
Valentine
Williams

Illustrated by
James
Trembath

NODE HOUSE was steeped in the peace of warm morning. The iron railings of the Wilderness and the fringe of deep green beyond swam in the heat which rose quivering from the gaudy flower beds of the terraced gardens. The bees were busy among the roses and from the other side of the house, where the gardener was nailing up the crimson ramblers, the sharp staccato tap of a hammer rang out across the still air.

Gerry Leese's feet were noiseless in his bathing sandals as he stepped up from the rose garden to the verandah of the morning-room. The blinds had been drawn against the glare. He parted them and poked his head inquiringly into the room. Out of the green-and-white dimness two small brown hands and the back page of a newspaper confronted him.

He whistled. The newspaper did not move.

"Who's for a bathe?" he demanded.

The newspaper rustled, and there was Freckles in a black silk bathing suit.

They scampered out into the sunshine together. They ran down between high rhododendron thickets, gorgeous with blossom, chatting merrily, and plunged into the fragrant twilight of the Wilderness. Suddenly, round a turn in the mossy path, they came upon Alix.

She was standing quite still in a listening attitude. They charged down upon her, waving their towels. "Come along and bathe, Alix," Freckles panted; "you haven't been in for days!"

"Keep quiet for a minute!" she told them, raising her hand. Her tense air drove the laughter from their faces. They stood and listened with her.

OUT of the dusky depths of the wood heavy footsteps went crashing through the undergrowth. A peremptory voice called "Mallow!" several times, and was ultimately answered by a hoarse and distant hail. The rustling came nearer,

and presently, where the trees were thinner, they caught sight of a straw hat bobbing in and out of the foliage. The sounds gradually died away as the unseen pedestrian descended the slope toward the sea wall. Silence descended upon the Wilderness oncemore.

"They're like a pack of hounds," said Alix in an awed voice. "They've been beating the Wilderness all morning. What can they be looking for there?"

"You can search me!" Gerry remarked. "I guess this Manderton guy knows a lot more than he's telling; at least, that's how it strikes me. . . ."

Freckles shivered. "I think he's a most unpleasant man," she observed. "There's something . . . something sort of inevitable about him, like the hangman coming to fetch you at eight o'clock in the morning. . . ."

Alix had turned away and was listening again.

"Hark!" she said.

The trampling of feet had begun again. A distant voice shouted: "Keep up on your left, sir!" And then, as they watched, Inspector Manderton passed. Fifty paces away they saw his gray cap twinkle against the leaves. He went forward at a sort of ambling trot, stooping and moving his head sharply to right and left. Then the Wilderness swallowed him up again, and they saw him no more. A rasping voice made them all jump:

"Like a bloodhound, ain't he?"

It was Mr. Vroque, his big body loosely clad in a Palm Beach suit, a book and a pile of papers in one hand, a stick in the other. He wore no hat, and his flaxen hair stood up on his head in a tuft like the crest of a cockatoo.

"I've been waitin' to hear him bay," he went on.

Suddenly, round a turn in the path, they came upon Alix. She was standing quite still in a listening attitude.

"The well-known bell-like cry—you know, what one reads about in books. . . ."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Freckles. "Well, he's not going to do me out of my bathe. Come on, Gerry!" She linked her arm in his.

"D'you want us to wait for you, Mrs. Barleston?" asked the young American, turning back.

She started up out of a reverie. "No, Gerry, don't wait. I don't think I'll bathe this morning."

"I'll race you to the sea door, Gerry!" cried Freckles. They dashed away.

"Our Eye in Attendance ain't altogether an unmixed blessing, my dear," Vroque remarked to Alix when the young people had gone. "I've got a mass of proofs to correct, and I find that all my favorite retreats in the Wilderness are invaded. . . ."

"But what are they doing?" she demanded nervously.

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders and freed his neck from his collar in one of his characteristic contortions.

"Persistent chap, Manderton. He means to find out who killed this man. And where he was killed. . . ."

He fixed his large round eyes, green as gooseberries and as round, upon her face.

"But he was killed on the beach. . . ."

"Ah, but does Manderton think so? He doesn't seem to me to be a chap that wastes much time. . . ."

"But why are they searching the Wilderness?"

"You'd better ask Manderton," he retorted.

"I think I'll go back to the house," she said uncertainly.

Silently he watched her disappear round the bend of the path. Then he looked down toward the sea door and up the walk again toward the house. Hitching up his book and papers under his arm, he took a pace into the wood and, with a grunt, seated himself on the ground with his back to a tree. He took out a fountain pen from his pocket, opened his book and spread out his proofs upon the carpet of leaves about him. There was a quick rustling in the bushes. Mr. Manderton stepped out upon the path.

Vroque glanced up. The detective's large, red face was glistening with perspiration, and there were burrs on the sleeve of his coat.

"Huh!" Vroque grunted. "Old proverb, eh? Well, you didn't catch us that time, Inspector. Or p'raps you weren't there long enough to overhear the nice things I was sayin' about you, eh, what?"

Gazing down at him as he sat propped against the tree, his knees drawn up to his pointed and drooping chin, his splay feet incased in rough shoes of prodigious size, the detective thought he had never seen a more extraordinary looking individual. Everything about the man was exaggerated in a gigantic way; his height, which was well above the ordinary; his head, fantastically elongated, with heavy, bony face and prominent nose, jutting, high bridged, above a fleshy gash of a mouth; long,

narrow-chested torso and mighty thighs; enormous knuckly hands. He was built to scale, but so uncouth was the effect of the ogrelike traits of the face, heightened by the wry and irritable expression habitual to it, that he produced upon the detective the impression of an image reflected by a distorting mirror.

"If you mean I was eavesdropping," Manderton rejoined, "you're mistaken, sir. I lost my way in the woods and suddenly came out upon this walk here." He began to fan himself with his cap. "I'm glad to know you were giving me a good character at least. . . ."

A PUFF of wind blew one of the proofs away and landed it at Manderton's feet. The inspector picked it up, glancing at it as he handed it back.

"Greek, eh?" he remarked.

"My new edition of the plays of Sophocles. That's the Antigone. Know it?"

"Can't say I do, sir. . . ."

"Pity!" commented Vroque in his jerky fashion. "You'd agree with old Sophocles, Inspector. No crime without its punishment—that's his theme! Humph!"

"I see that you're a scholar, sir," observed Manderton, sitting down beside him.

"A humble seeker after truth." He indicated the papers spread out at his feet.

There was a moment's silence.

"Did you know Stanismore, Mr. Vroque?" the inspector asked.

Fountain pen in hand, Vroque was bending over his proofs.

"Met him once or twice," he grunted. "Heard a good deal about him too, one way and another. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said Manderton, "I know all about his career and all that, and I've had a talk with his private secretary. I was wondering what he was like as a man. . . ."

"Eminent number one," Vroque observed. "Steam-roller type. Flattened out everything in his path. Common enough figure in public life today. Don't appeal to me, though. . . ."

"That's the character of most successful men," the detective commented; "and Stanismore was very successful. . . ."

"You're right," the other agreed. "He'd have forged his way to the very top if he'd lived. There was only old Chesterham between him and the party leadership, and these attacks of *The Daily Radical* would have shunted him out in time."

"Did Stanismore have any enemies, do you know?" Manderton asked.

Vroque growled. "Does that type have any friends? Real friends, I mean? If Stanismore did business with a man, I've heard say, he'd pinch him so hard he'd leave him sore and angry. And his own party was terrified of him."

"Did you ever hear anything about his private life?" said Manderton.

"Never troubled to inquire. . . ." Vroque mumbled.

"I've heard there were stories about him—and women," the detective remarked tentatively.

"If a man of Stanismore's type wants a thing he goes and gets it," the other rejoined. "Political job, or pretty face, it's all the same."

"I'm enquiring into the matter in London," said Manderton.

Vroque growled again. "Why go so far afield?" he retorted.

The detective glanced quickly at the speaker, but Vroque's face was bowed to his work.

"You've got brains," the harsh voice spoke again suddenly. "Why don't you use 'em?"

The inspector seemed taken aback. "We do our best. But it's not all plain sailing in a case like this. Especially when the other fellow's been made a present of forty-eight hours' clear start!"

"Humph!" said Vroque. "That's the fortune of war. I ain't criticizin' the operations branch. It's your intelligence that's at fault." He raised his large green eyes to the detective's startled face, rolling them about in his head and mouthing with lolling tongue: "Ever read Poe?"

Mr. Manderton looked rather bewildered.

"Yes."

"Remember the story called 'The Purloined Letter'?"

"I think so. . . ."

"What was its theme?"

The inspector scratched his chin. "Well, it's a long time since I opened Poe's tales, but as far as I remember the yarn's about a man who successfully concealed a document by putting it up, as conspicuous as possible, on his desk."

"Quite so. The moral being that the most obvious things are the hardest to see." Vroque smoothed out the proof on his knee and inserted a missing accent in the margin. "Apply that to alibis. . . ."

"Alibis?" said Manderton. "That's the whole trouble about this case. There aren't any, except the major's. . . ."

Vroque did not raise his eyes from his task.

"And how many people, once they've gone to bed at night, can bring proof that they haven't left their rooms till morning?" he asked gruffly. "There aren't many married couples, husband or wife, especially if they're heavy sleepers, who'd go into court, did a man's life depend on it, and swear that the other didn't budge all night. Failing evidence to the contrary, I said. In the normal way, once folks have retired for the night, there can be no alibis. In the circumstances, an alibi ain't normal. And in such cases, precisely because it would be abnormal, an alibi"—he looked up for an instant, his face writhing—"would interest me."

He fell to work upon his papers once more. The inspector gazed at him thoughtfully for a moment, then turning on his heel, walked away slowly in the direction of the sea door.

LUNCH was over and the party at Node House had dispersed their different ways. Alix, who knew that Sir Harry and Vroque had retired to their rooms to rest and that the library was unoccupied, went there to finish off a long letter to Sandy.

Her nerves cried out for repose. Passionately she craved a respite from her never-ending ordeal. She felt that the waters were rising about her; that but a little more and she would be submerged.

Her sister's questions, Ronnie's aloof and doubting air—these things she could suffer; what was wearing her down was her enforced inaction while this solemn, silent man she so greatly feared was sapping and mining the very ground from beneath their feet—this and the constant necessity of turning toward him a face calm and undismayed.

So absorbed was she that she did not hear the door open or notice the entrance of Ronnie until he stood at the desk. They had not exchanged a word since their talk on the terrace on the previous evening.

"Alix," said Ronnie hurriedly—she did not fail to notice the little furrow of anxiety between his dark eyebrows—"I must speak to you a moment."

"Well?" Her voice was cold and distant. The sight of him had fanned into life again the flame of her resentment against him.

"It's about Manderton. He's discovered something. In the Wilderness."

"Probably," she returned carelessly; "they have been tramping about the grounds the whole morning."

"I know. But now they've narrowed down the search."

SHE dipped her pen in the inkstand as though she wished to resume her writing.

"Why do you come here to tell me this?"

"Because," he replied gravely, his eyes on her face, "the time has come for you to decide definitely what you intend to do. . . ."

"Why?" she queried in the same toneless voice.

"Because I believe that Manderton has discovered where Stanismore was actually killed."

On that she was, of a sudden, as still as death. There was a moment's tense silence. At last with an effort she said:

"What do you want me to do?"

He drew nearer. "Go to Manderton and make a clean breast of everything," he proposed eagerly.

"It's the only possible course now. If you let matters slide, there's unending trouble in store for you and Frankie."

She shrugged her shoulders with an affectation of indifference and said:

"My dear Ronnie, why should you suppose that I have anything to confess?"

"Oh, what's the use of talking like that to me?" he burst out. "Don't you suppose I know why Frankie was so anxious to prevent anybody from ascertaining what he did during those two hours between ten and twelve on Friday night?"

She laughed coolly. "You're welcome to any theories you choose to entertain," she said lightly, "provided you don't expect me to adopt them."

"You've got to take this thing seriously," he urged. "We haven't a moment to lose. When Manderton acts he will act swiftly!"

"Obviously I can't control Mr. Manderton's actions," she retorted carelessly. "But I don't wish anything that I may decide to influence you in any way, Ronnie. If you have anything to confess, why not take your own advice and—make a clean breast of it?"

He flushed up and looked at her reproachfully. She almost relented when she saw the pain that started into his dark eyes.

"You're angry now," he said humbly, "and you have reason. I said more than I meant to last night. I should have held my tongue."

The allusion to a memory that yet rankled in her mind stung her to lash him on the raw again.

"But why not?" she exclaimed. "Between old friends frankness is always best. This is a free country, I believe. Everybody is entitled to think what he likes," she paused deliberately and added sweetly—"and suspect whom he chooses."

"You have no pity on me," he answered miserably. "And yet I'm not going to defend myself, for we haven't the time to quarrel. Alix, I tell you again, this has got to stop. You must speak the truth. Nothing can be worse than the complications that will ensue if this detective can bring home this crime to your husband and, in doing so, convict him and you of lying. If Frankie won't go to Manderton and own up then you must. . . ."

"Well, I'll be damned. . . .!"

With a brusque movement of the arm which swept Dene aside, Frankie Barleston stepped suddenly between them.

"You're devilish free with my name, it seems to me," he said, bending his tawny eyebrows at the younger man, "almost as free with my name as you are with my

wife. . . ."

"Frankie. . . !" Alix began.

"You stop out of this!" exclaimed her husband, turning on her fiercely. "I'm going to deal with him." He faced Dene once more. "So I'm to go to Mr. Manderton and own up, am I? That would suit your book devilish well, wouldn't it?"

The young man's face was pale and set.

"Don't be a damned fool, Frankie," he said. "You know as well as I do that Manderton means to get to the bottom of this business. I was advising Alix for the best. . . ."

"Now, you listen to me, Dene," the major broke in violently. "In the first place, you can leave my Christian name out of it. In the second place, you keep your hands off my wife. . . ."

"Frankie, how dare you say such things!" cried Alix.

" . . . And in the third place, let me tell you that Manderton has got to the bottom of this business," her husband went on, ignoring her, "and he's going to nab the right man. . . .!"

Dene shrugged his shoulders.

The Story Thus Far

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, a worthless drunkard in the power of Basil Stanismore who holds notes for his debts, has been living apart from his wife for some time. There has been no divorce because of their young son.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vroque, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles; and Ronnie Dene, a young army officer, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to woo Alix. They meet in the tower room and Stanismore promises to take care of Frankie if Alix will come to him. Alix spurns him.

About midnight in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, who is worried about her. Just as he goes Frankie comes, in a seemingly desperate frame of mind, the cause of which, divulged to Alix in a whisper, frightens her so that she allows Frankie to remain in her room that night.

The next evening, on their way home from an outing, Gerry and Freckles discover outside the sea wall the dead body of Stanismore.

Next day Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard is called in and the investigation begun. Each member of the Node household seems to have a perfect alibi, though Alix and Ronnie know that Frankie is not telling the truth. He swears that he was in bed by ten o'clock the night of the murder. Alix, feeling that he is mixed up in the crime and that she must stand by him in trouble, upholds his statement. And Ronnie, for Alix's sake, swears that he did not leave his room after ten o'clock on that night. This statement starts Freckles wondering, because on going downstairs to get something to eat shortly after midnight on the fateful night she saw Ronnie standing outside Alix's door.

Manderton finds footprints and cigar and cigarette ashes in the tower room and along the path, comes to the conclusion that the murder was done inside the grounds and the body dragged over the sea wall to the beach and finds a fragment of a note written on the Node stationery by typewriter asking Stanismore to come to Node. Manderton is completely baffled to find a motive though the finger of guilt seems to point in some way toward the Barlestons.

"So much the worse for you," he retorted. "Is it?" rejoined the other, falling back a pace, his hands on his hips. "I'm not so sure about that." He signed with his thumb over his shoulder. "Manderton's back there in the study with Sir Harry. He asked for you. They sent me to find you. . . ."

Alix looked blankly from one to the other.



As soon as she was out of the detectives' presence, Alix's composure slid from her.

"What are you saying, Frankie?" she murmured. "What does he want with Ronnie?" Her husband chuckled. "You'd better ask him," he retorted, pointing at Dene. Alix turned to the young man. "Ronnie, what does it mean?" He made a contemptuous movement of the shoulders. "Nothing: Frankie's drunk again, that's all!" There came a soft tap at the door. The three of them turned round. Cantle was there.

"Sir Harry wishes Captain Dene to go to him in the study," the butler announced. "It is urgent, the master said."

Frankie swung round, triumphant, on Dene as Cantle withdrew. "Not so drunk as you think," he cried.

Alix followed them into the hall and saw them disappear into the study.

WHILE Dene was being fetched Mr. Manderton's eye absorbed, in a swift and sweeping glance, the detail of Sir Harry Fubsy's study. At length his gaze came back to the man at the desk, to Sir Harry fiddling with his fountain pen and to a large black japanned case standing on the small table at his elbow.

"Is that the only typewriter in the house?" demanded Mr. Manderton suddenly, pointing to the black case.

Sir Harry swung round in his swivel chair. "Why yes. Certainly!"

"Does anybody use it beside yourself?"

"Bless my soul, man, I can't type," replied the other testily. "Mrs. Barleston does all my work for me, my letters and so on. . . ." He raised a sheaf of typescript from the desk. "She typed out all these chapters of the book I'm writing. My reminiscences, you know. . . ."

"I see. And has Mrs. Barleston used the machine lately, do you know?"

"Not during the past few days certainly," Sir Harry rejoined. "I've had other things than letter writing to think of, Inspector, as you may imagine. She worked here most mornings last week. I haven't had any manuscript ready for her since—"

"Does anybody else in the house use the machine?"

"Certainly not. If anything goes wrong with it, it can't be repaired nearer than Portsmouth, and that entails serious interference with my correspondence. Since Vogue smashed the spacing last time he was down here I have made it an absolute rule to allow nobody but Mrs. Barleston to use my typewriter. . . ."

"Then Mr. Vogue typewrites too?"

"He knows nothing about it," retorted the old gentleman crossly. "Last time he was staying with me—at Easter, it was—he was writing a preface to his edition of *Æschylus* and he asked leave to use my machine because, he said, the printers would make a hash of the names of the authorities he quoted unless they were typewritten. You never saw such a spectacle. He has absolutely no notion of his own strength, and his idea of typewriting is to hammer the machine with forefinger and thumb with much the same force as a smith employs in beating out a horseshoe on an anvil. I had to tell him that if he wanted to typewrite at Node he'd have to bring his own machine."

Manderton laughed shortly. Then he looked at his watch.

"I wonder if Captain Dene will be long," he remarked.

An awkward pause ensued. Manderton retreated to the bow window and stood staring out at the lilac bushes planted along the wall of the house, while Sir Harry drummed with his fingers on the blotter.

So Dene discovered them when, presently, he came into the study with Frankie Barleston. Tall and lithe and sunburnt, six feet of rippling muscle, in a suit of country tweeds, he advanced to the desk while his companion lingered in the background.

"You asked for me, Sir Harry?"

DENE looked from his host to the detective. It was Manderton who answered the question:

"I wanted to see you, Captain Dene." The inspector's sonorous voice resounded from the window embrasure. "You informed me on Friday evening, the night of the murder, you went to your room soon after ten o'clock. Is that right?"

"Yes." The young man's rejoinder rang hoarse, and he cleared his throat.

Manderton had drawn a notebook from his pocket. He fluttered the leaves in his fingers until he had found the entry he wanted.

"I am quoting from your deposition to Superintendent Nolling," he said. "You confirmed that to me. This is what you stated: 'I changed into pajamas and sat for awhile smoking and looking at the sea. I put out my light soon after twelve o'clock.'" The detective closed the notebook and put it behind his back. "Is that correct?"

Dene moistened his lips. "Yes," he answered.

Mr. Manderton glanced out at the laurel bushes, a tangle of blossoms, mauve and white, beyond the window.

"There's nothing you wish to add to that statement?" he asked, turning back toward the room, while he stared down at his boots.

Sir Harry, peering up at Dene through his pince-nez, wondered why the young man paused. Dene coughed and cleared his throat again. His voice was still husky as he rejoined, on a note of inquiry: "No?"

"Nothing, eh?" said Manderton.

Dene's eyes sought out the gray and kindly face of his host. Sir Harry, who had studied human faces all his life, detected almost a look of appeal in that glance. The dark eyes were wary, but behind their wariness trembled the shadow of some stronger emotion.

"I don't think so," Dene replied.

THE detective stooped to Sir Harry. "Will you ring, sir, please?" he said. "I want to see Miss Dalglish."

"She's on the croquet lawn," Frankie's voice put in. "I'll fetch her." He darted from the room.

Sir Harry turned a worried face to the inspector.

"Haven't you better let me question her?" he suggested to the detective. "She's only a young girl, after all. What do you want me to ask her?"

"You can safely leave this to me, sir," the inspector answered; his tone was extremely mild: "I shan't frighten the young lady."

Dene was gazing from one man to the other with a puzzled expression on his handsome features. As the detective was speaking the study door opened and Frankie ushered in Freckles. The abrupt silence which greeted her entrance must have told her that she had been the subject of their talk; and, on catching sight of the grave face turned expectantly toward her from the end of the room, she stopped short in consternation, her clear young eyes bright with apprehension.

"It's all right, my dear," Sir Harry encouraged her paternally. "Sit down a moment. Inspector Manderton wishes to ask you something."

Silently she did his bidding. In mute expectation she raised her eyes to the detective. Her fingers entwined themselves in the long string of blue mummy beads hanging from her neck. Mr. Manderton gave her the briefest of glances. Then his eyes strayed out of the window.

"Do you remember last Friday night, Miss Dalglish?" he said.

"I think so," she answered rather dubiously.

"The night of the murder it was. . . ."

"Yes."

"Some time about midnight you woke up feeling hungry, I understand. . . ."

At these words her face flamed scarlet beneath its golden tan. She stared open-mouthed at the speaker.

"... And you went downstairs to find something to eat." Mr. Manderton's voice was gently ingratiating. "Now, will you please tell me what you saw on your way back to your room?"

Her host looked up sharply. Dene, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, staring on the ground, raised his head.

Freckles sat thunderstruck as though utter amazement had deprived her of the power of speech or action. Her eyes, wide with stark dismay, were riveted on the detective's face.

"Answer the inspector, my dear," Sir Harry urged her gently.

The bright eyes glistened and the sweetly curving lips began to tremble. Still she did not speak.

"Come," said Mr. Manderton suavely. "I'll prompt you. You saw the captain here. . . ."

THE words were addressed to the girl, but he might have been speaking to Dene, so narrowly did he watch the young man's face. Nor did Dene's quick and anxious frown escape the stern, bold eye.

"Oh!"

Freckles gasped, then turned and looked at Dene.

"You may as well tell me the truth," the inspector urged with a vestige of impatience in his utterance. "You saw Captain Dene here coming along the first-floor corridor from the direction of the garden stairs, didn't you?"

"Dene, my dear fellow, is this true?" Sir Harry began, in a dubious voice, but a quick cry from the girl interrupted him.

"Ronnie," she exclaimed, "I didn't tell him. Oh, I swear I didn't. You do believe me, don't you? . . ."

At that instant the study door burst open unceremoniously. Alix Barleston entered quickly. She went straight to her sister's side.

Continued on page 70



“I urge young housewives to use Fels-Naptha because it gives extra help”

“My husband tells me,” said a grocer’s wife, “that if I were in the store all day he never would sell any household soap except Fels-Naptha. I like it so much myself.

“I’ve tried almost everything in the soap line—from home-made soaps to chips, powders and what not. All of them have washing value, of course—some more than others—but not one of them gives me the *extra* washing help I get from Fels-Naptha. That’s why I urge young housewives—especially mothers—to use Fels-Naptha. I feel it my duty to give them the benefit of my experience

with this *extra* washing help.”

Millions of women wouldn’t be without Fels-Naptha in their homes. They get real downright washing value from it, for Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha—two safe cleaners combined for perfect team-work in one Golden Bar. That’s why it gives them *extra* washing help they’d hardly expect from any other soap.

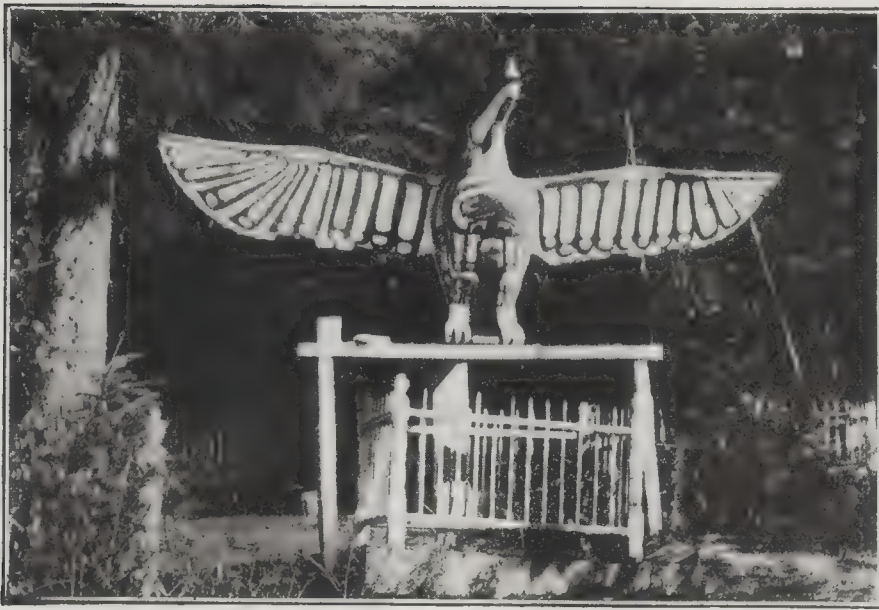
Get a bar of Fels-Naptha from your grocer. Prove, in your own way, that its *extra* help is worth many times a penny or so more a week. You then will under-

stand why “Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!”

You will want the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha when you travel or camp! It’s just the thing to loosen dirt from clothes, and grease from dishes—especially where hot water is not always handy.



FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Thunder Bird on Indian Grave, Alert Bay, B.C.

THE aristocrats among white races are not alone in their pride of family crests, mottoes and scrolls of genealogy. The North American Indians also lay proud emphasis on their family trees, their clans and their crests. Their system of registered relationship and antecedents goes by the term "Totemism," signifying "brother-sister kin."

The Indian totem is most often symbolized by a carved cedar pole or debarked tree, painted or unpainted, bearing its possessor's particular emblem, family crest or heraldic design, his clan or family record. These figures generally take the forms of animals, birds and fish, from which the Indian believes he and his forbears descended.

Many Indians claim the same totem or descent, which, of course, furnishes them immediately with a common bond, as blood kinship is their great cohesive force. This totem kinship provides a fraternity, a clan-ship, invaluable for defence and protection, an organization which often becomes influential enough to command the deposition and election of chiefs, the control of councils, the places of honor at ceremonials, religious privileges, also the right of its members to property inheritance.

Each clan is known by its particular totem—bear, wolf, buffalo, deer, hawk, eagle, swallow, killer-whale, even the humble though succulent halibut—ranking in a certain order of influence and social standing, just as do the dukes, earls, barons and knights of Great Britain and other countries.

THE Indian's clan totem is inherited, or rather acquired, and cannot be changed at will. In addition to the clan totem, the Indian has his personal totem which is generally adopted by him in his youth after a time of solitary prayer and fasting, when a dream invades his fevered or temporarily deranged mind in the shape of some animal, bird or fish. One of the particular species of living thing of which he has dreamed is then slain by him and its skin, or some other part of it—possibly a feather, a tuft of hair or a bone—is preserved by him. This becomes the Indian's most cherished possession. He looks upon his personal totem as his guardian spirit and protector. The totem is not an idol, as some are apt to think, but a monument of historical record. The Indian does not worship it nor does it become his fetish exactly, for a fetish is another thing with him, but it constitutes his tie or connection with the being or form of his spiritual vision and it cannot be discarded by him for some other. A fetish or charm, on the other hand, can be sold, purchased and discarded by him at will.

Once his personal totem is fixed, it becomes "taboo" with the Indian so far as eating or killing any of its kind is concerned, for it is his good-luck in hunting, his safety in war, his wisdom in council, his health-giver, his "medicine."

The totem is not peculiar to the North American Indian. It is common to many other countries, Greece and Egypt, as instances, while the natives of New Zealand have their totems also.

Some wooden totems are of great height and of wonderful architectural beauty. Carved columns



Chief Waikus' Grave, Alert Bay, B.C.

On the house poles are shown the crests, the stories of the owner's family's prowess, sometimes a figure of the owner himself, even the figure of some other individual held up to ridicule; while the totems on the grave posts are more often confined to carved crests of the deceased's family.

The great thunder-bird, with outstretched wings, is a favorite totem of the Pacific Coast Indians. Many legends surround the thunder-bird, one of which is that thunder and lightning originated with this great eagle-like bird,

Indian Totems

By Robert Watson, Author of "Me and Peter", "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon", "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman"

Photo of Chilkat Blanket by courtesy Governor and Committee Hudson's Bay Company

of black slate, fifteen feet high and very costly, sometimes take the place of the cedar poles, thus to signify the owner's power and wealth. These are generally erected during the great gift-giving feasts known as "potlaches."

the lightning being caused by the opening and closing of its eyes, the thunder being the sound from the flapping of its wings, and the heavy rain that follows being the overpour from the lake of fresh water this giant of birds carries on its back.

But totems are not confined to the large, upright carved poles common on the Pacific Coast among the Haidas and placed by them at the doors or entrances to their lodges or houses, and sometimes inside, as well as on their burial grounds. Totems are to be found carved on pipes, woven in blankets, painted on tents, tattooed on the body even. Few white people, however, have ever been permitted to view the totmic tattoo marks on the Indian's body, for he does not expose himself except at special festivals and masquerades, and then only when there are no white people present.

The exploits of the members of the clan, the genealogy, the myths, the legends, the ancient beliefs of each particular fraternity or society—for such they become—are perpetuated on their totems.

Male and female of the same totem do not intermarry, and, strange as it may seem, among the Haidas of British Columbia the children of the family take their clan totem from their mother. With the southern tribes this rule does not obtain.

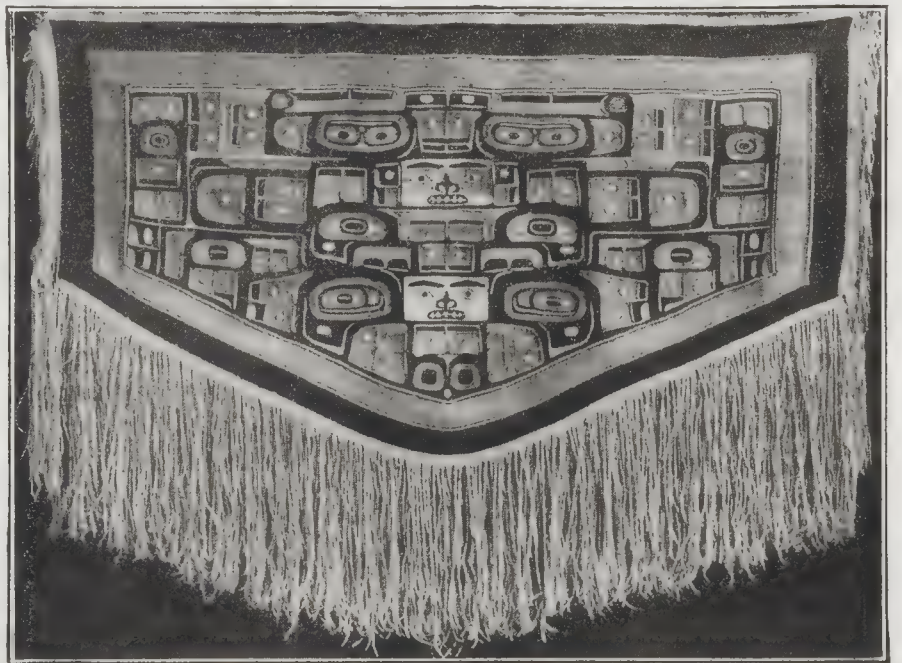
In some tribes, the man, when he marries, becomes a member of his father-in-law's clan, assuming its name and crest.

A totem feud is a most serious affair, which not even the marriage tie has the power to hold in check.

THE ceremonial blanket or robe of the tribe of Chilkat Indians of Alaska is a very beautiful, rare and strange example of totemic art and native weaver's skill. The blanket is made of white wool from the mountain goat, dyed yellow, black and greenish-blue, with native pigments. Red cedar bark, sinews of the caribou or whale, are intertwined with the threads. The design is altogether totemic, the sides and lower edge are heavily fringed. The ornamentation is purely native art which antedates knowledge of or contact with Europeans.

It was always the duty of the male to provide the skins, erect the loom and design the pattern board. The actual weaving work was done by the woman, the human hand alone performing the labor. The work of making a Chilkat blanket occupied about a year. The designs are said to represent

Continued on page 85



Chilkat Blanket in Hudson Bay Company's Historical Exhibit, Winnipeg.

Swift's Premium Summer Meats

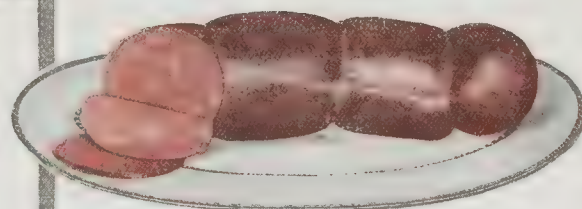


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Snarin' Suckers

By Edward Ormerod

IF WILLIE NEWSOME had been old enough to understand psychology, and had ever heard it said that the essence of defence is to attack, he would have known at once that that abstract idea fitted his method of doing things to a tee. As it was, his eleven-odd years of existence had not yet embraced anything so profound as an analysis of his motives. Neither had he ever learned the wisdom prompting that other saying: that one must beware the wrath of a patient man—or boy.

Willie was a skinny kid; one of those individuals that breed in a frame of skin and bone and lean muscle funds of energy so dynamic as to demand ample and continuous outlet. Keen grey eyes in a grubby-looking, colorless face, a somewhat diminutive body topped by a thatch of mouse-colored hair always in disorder, gave to a stranger little inkling of the whirlwind of passionate life concealed behind so commonplace an exterior.

As a fighter he always went after first blood, and usually got it. He terrorized all the kids in his class in the village school, even those a head taller than himself. His was an autocratic rule—based, and long maintained, on physical dominance. His method was swift, sudden and to the point. Before an adversary had more than time to barely realize that the battle was on, he found himself snuffing hard to restrain the flow of blood from his bruised nose, and like as not heard a voice that he would hardly have recognized as his own, agreeing with his glaring assailant that he had had enough!

Robbie Harris was one of those who had long bowed to this despotic rule. Once only had he, in violation of his mother's urging, attempted to stem the tide of Willie's growing arrogance. His memories of that conflict were somewhat hazy—they embraced a weeping mother and a silent, stern-looking father, and a face that somehow seemed to have attained suddenly enormous size and tenderness.

Robbie's mother was a cultured, not very strong woman, living with her husband and her boy in a comfortable home at the edge of the village. Her every instinct was toward the finer things of life, and Robbie was his mother's boy. Mr. Harris was cast in a somewhat different mould. It would be perhaps too much to say that he was disappointed in his son, yet for the life of him he could not avoid something approaching a sneaking admiration for the Newsome boy, with perhaps an unvoiced wish

that his own son contained in his make-up a little of the aggressiveness of the other. This bred what Robbie felt as a certain sternness in their relationships. Nevertheless, Mr. Harris loved his son very dearly.

Willie Newsome's favorite way of starting something when times were dull, was to confront some selected victim with the challenge: "Want a fight?" Then the victim had to either "take back-water," or at once agree to battle—in which latter case time and place were agreed upon on the spot. No reason was ever considered necessary—just "Want a fight," and the thing was under way.

HE CONFRONTED Robbie one morning with the usual ultimatum at a few minutes to nine as they were entering school, and somehow all in a moment the prospective victim found himself agreeing to meet the other in mortal combat out beside the woodshed after lunch had been eaten. Strangely, he did it without a tremor. Perhaps the presence of Mary Gilchrist, a freckle-faced, pig-tailed chum of Robbie's, had something to do with it. Mary could not help overhearing the commencement of the conversation and now listened, quite fascinated, to the cold-blooded arrangements for the mid-day fray.

Not waiting to even get behind the woodshed and consequently out of the teacher's range of vision, Willie opened hostilities at noon with a sudden rush and a smashing blow right in Robbie's face. Robbie staggered uncertainly and groped blindly through the tears that sprung to his eyes. Just before the blow landed he had a lightning-like vision of Mary Gilchrist, with hands tightly clasped and eyes fairly popping out of her head, leaning toward him. Before he could recover from the first blow, several others followed on his face and body, and while he snuffed hard and quickly to hold back the blood that he felt coursing down his lips and chin, there leaped to sudden birth and surprising strength within him a Berserk rage that would have appalled his mother—and delighted

his father. From that moment, had his assailant known it, he stood to either beat Robbie to a finish, or take a dose of the medicine he had prescribed and administered so many times to others.

Suddenly he stood close to his quickly-recovering victim. Robbie's arm shot out and clutched him. Feet became entangled and the two swaying figures reeled a moment and fell. As they reached the ground Willie was amazed to receive on his nose an exceedingly cruel punch, which made the blood spurt in every direction. Back and forth in the dust they rolled, hitting, wrestling, clawing—now one on top, then the other. Willie threw his victim off and staggered to his feet, wiping his flowing nose with the back of his hand. Robbie rested on one knee, and as the



"The boy toppled headfirst over the edge into deep water beyond"

other rushed him again, he rose and aimed at him a tremendous full-arm swing. In that swing went all the purposeful wrath of a patient boy. Not much science to it—the fight was a rough-and-tumble—but it met Willie hurrying swiftly in the opposite direction, landed neatly on that part of his anatomy that would be described by a prize fighter as the angle of his jaw, and Willie sank like a stricken animal. Before he had well reached the ground, the now enraged Robbie was astride him, fists clenched, blood flowing, eyes glaring, holding his enemy securely by knees and body, and shrieking at him: "Have y' had enough?—darn you!—have y' had enough?"

The teacher, attracted by the din of the fight, came to the window just as that full-arm swing landed. She did not wait long enough to see the result, but promptly turned her back and returned to her desk. A little girl sitting in a front seat thought she heard her say: "Serves him right!" Perhaps she was mistaken.

"CRIPES, Robbie, you gave him a peach!" Jerry Thomas' eyes twinkled with glee at the recollection of the redoubtable Willie's downfall. "He won't tackle you again in a hurry. You ought to see his eye!"

"Are you sure the teacher ain't lookin', Jerry?" Robbie had the whole of the woodshed between himself and the school, and anxiously labored to control the flow of blood from his nose and split lip. He was still somewhat dazed following upon the extraordinary anger that had boiled up within him so suddenly in the encounter with Willie Newsome. The sensation of being a conqueror was something new and sat somewhat uneasily upon him.

"Here, Jerry, give him this quick!" Mary Gilchrist's pig-tailed head appeared around a corner and a hand shot out holding a handkerchief.

"Aw, gee, Mary, he'll make it all bloody!" remonstrated Jerry.

"Never mind, you ninny, give it to him. Oh, you ought to see Willie's eye!" She thrust the handkerchief at the reluctant Jerry and ducked out of sight again.

"Say, Robbie, you can't go into school again lookin' like that! Sufferin' Kate, your lip's cut, and look at your clothes! Tell you what to do: let's play hookey and go snarin' suckers this aft! Will you? There's a peach of a place on an old stump down in Johnston's pasture. My brother catches them there an' I know where he hid the snares under an old log! Will you, Robbie?"

Continued on page 46



"Before he had well reached the ground, the now enraged Robbie was astride him"

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The Dainty Kitchenware

An Outline of European Poetry

By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.
Professor in Wesley College, Winnipeg

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of six articles in which Professor Kirkconnell is giving a brief survey of the entire field of modern European poetry. This survey is based on his study of the originals in forty languages, and will include his own verse translations from the more important poets. The characters, achievements, and traditions of all these races will likewise be woven into his narrative. These articles represent a unique and remarkable contribution, without duplication in the English language and procurable from no other living Canadian scholar.

MOST historic of all the European regions from which our newer Canadians come is the Balkan peninsula, a great mountain-mass the size of Spain, around whose rugged edges play the waves of the Black Sea, the Aegean, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic. In its highland valleys will inevitably be nourished hardy mountaineers; from its sea-girt borders and their adjacent islands will come a daring maritime people. Since the beginning of history, warlike vigor and versatility have characterized its inhabitants.

Here first began the intellectual and artistic civilization of ancient Europe. The island and mainland cities of Greece gave birth to amazing achievements in science, art and literature. The conquests of Alexander spread this culture through out all Western Asia. The Roman Empire, educated by Greece, disseminated it throughout the greater part of Europe. In many respects that ancient culture of the Balkans is the most significant that the world has yet seen.

Today the great mountain-peninsula is unchanged geographically; but in the two thousand years that lie between, many new races have come to mingle their languages and traditions with those of the older population. In the sixth century A.D., the Slovenes and Serbo-Croats, vigorous Slavic races from the Carpathian mountains, began to come south into the Balkans. In the seventh century came an invading army of fiery Bulgars, Tatar cavalymen from east of the Volga, who conquered some of the new Slavic settlers, but, being few in number (like the Franks in Gaul), were soon swallowed up in the Slavic-speaking population. After two centuries, only the Bulgarian name and state-organization remained. From 700 A.D. to 1300 A.D. both Bulgarians and Serbo-Croats had magnificent interludes of empire and culture. During the twelfth century a minor wave of invaders had arrived from Asia, the so-called "Gipsies," a lost Hindu tribe, speaking a Hindu dialect tinged with Persian. Finally, in the fourteenth century, the Ottoman Turks, the most military of the Tatar peoples, began to extend their conquests of Asia Minor, and before the end of the fifteenth century the entire Balkan peninsula was in their power. The earlier peoples never ceased to struggle for independence, and during the past century that freedom has slowly been achieved. Today the Balkans comprise the Hellenic Republic, the Republic of Turkey, the Kingdom of Bulgaria, the little Albanian Republic, and the serbo-Croat-Slovene state.

Racial and national boundaries are not yet wholly coincident, however, and in considering the poetic traditions which these historic peoples bring with them in immigrating into Canada we shall do well to consider them by races rather than by countries. The chief Balkan races, as already indicated, are the Greeks, the Turks, the Albanians, the Gipsies, the Serbo-Croats, and the Slovenes.

Modern Greek Poetry

THE modern Greeks are the heirs of a great cultural tradition. In Greek were written the epics of Homer, the love-lyrics of Sappho, the soul-shattering tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, the orations of Demosthenes, and even the gospels and epistles of the New Testament. Greek, too, was the prevailing language of the Eastern Roman or Byzantine Empire which, for a thousand years

after the fall of Rome, stood firm with its capital at Constantinople.

The extinction of that empire by the Turk in 1453 resulted, strangely enough, in the first authentic modern Greek poetry. Just as their remote ancestors had risen to sublime heights of exaltation in withstanding the invading hordes of Persia, so the later Greek patriots, battling with the Turks in the wild glens and passes of the Pindus Mountains, gave utterance to stirring poems of liberty, the so-called "Kleptic Ballads." Through these dauntless chants breathes the spirit of freedom's champions, living lives of tragic heroism amid the noble solitudes of their native hills.

These ballads came from centuries of valiant but unsuccessful struggle. As the eighteenth century waned, however, the revolutionary movement grew. Constantinos Rhigas (1760-1798), ultimately shot to death by Turkish soldiers, translated the Marseillaise into Greek and wrote patriotic songs that fired the zeal of his countrymen to new intensity. His work was seconded by Panagiotis Soutzos (1800-1868), Alexander Soutzos (1803-1863), and Alexander Rhizos Rhankaves (1810-1892), three highly cultured and patriotic Greeks of Constantinople. Rhankaves, an especially gifted and productive writer, published odes, hymns, ballads, narrative poems, tragedies and comedies, and in prose several novels and books in history, literary criticism, art, and archaeology. The following verses begin his stirring poem "The Klepht" (or patriot):

*Black on the mountains broods the night,
On the crags cold snow is falling;
And in the gloom of that wild height,
Chilled, but unconquerable in fight,
The Klepht his kin is calling.*

*His right hand, armed with musketry,
Bears death to tyrants yonder.
His palace is the mountain high;
His covering, the winter sky;
His hope, his carbine's thunder.*

The greatest of the modern Greek poets, however, is Dionysius Solomos (1798-1857), who, after early education abroad at Cremona, Venice, and Pavia, returned to share in the Greek War of Independence and to become its chief poetic protagonist. His magnificent "Hymn to Liberty" was printed at Missolonghi in 1824, the place and year of Byron's death, and at once became a national anthem for the warring Greeks. It begins:

*I steel you in the implacable
Edge of my patriotic sword.
I feel for you in my unslakable
Hate for an alien horde.*

*So, by the sacred bones of those
Greeks at Thermopylae,
So, by the deeds their stones propose,
Hail, holy Liberty!*

Apart from its noble poetry of patriotism, the chief phenomenon of modern Greek has been its use of two distinct forms of the language for literary purposes. Since the days of Plato the spoken language has altered even more than Italian has from classical Latin. The prestige of the ancient literature, however, together with the beauty and dignity of its language, led a majority of nineteenth century writers to adopt an artificial language based largely on the classical forms and fundamentally different from the spoken language. An opposing school, with Solomos as its most distinguished figure, insisted on using the modern vernacular, especially in poetry, where it is best adapted for a natural and spontaneous expression of emotion.

The strife between these factions passed over into the political field and became so bitter that in 1901 there were sanguinary riots against the translation of the New Testament into the spoken language, and in 1903 the cabinet was overthrown for permitting a public performance of Aeschylus in the vernacular. Since that time, however, the

vernacular has quickly and thoroughly extended its conquest to the whole of the literary field, largely through the achievements of a brilliant group of Athenian poets led by Costis Palamas (born 1859), secretary of the University of Athens. Other names in this new school are Gryparis, Mavilis, Ouranis, Cambanis, Malacassis, Vlastos, and Lambros Porphyras. In a scant one hundred years, modern Greece has created one of the richest minor literatures of Europe.

Turkish Poetry

IN LANGUAGE, literature, and culture, the Turks provide a profound contrast to the Greeks. Today of very complex stock, they came originally as roving conquerors from the Far East, speaking an Asiatic language akin to Mongol and Manchu. With this language have been mingled an immense number of Persian and Arabic words (comparable to the Latin and Greek elements in English), and the resulting mixture is written in the Arabic alphabet.

The number of Turkish poets and their poems is positively enormous, but the difficulties of the language will always leave this vast literature comparatively unknown to the rest of Europe.

Turkish poetry falls into two great schools, Persian and European. The former, based on Persian models, written on Persian themes, and saturated with Persian thought, prevailed from the beginning of the Asiatic Ottoman Empire in 1301 A.D. until about 1850 A.D. The latter, inspired largely by a study of French poetry, has been dominant since that time.

The four greatest poets of the older literature were Fuzuli (died 1563), Nef'i of Erzerum (flourished 1610), Nedim (flourished 1725), and Sheikh Ghalib (died 1790). The following brief poem by Sheikh Ghalib combines the famous fatalism of the Turk with a reminiscent flavor of the old Persian, Omar Khayyam:

*Let all thy plans uncertain counsels be;
'Tis God's hand holds the future's golden key.
Nothing art thou, and man's ambitious powers
Are but deluding dreams and fantasy.*

*Wisdom will meet thee in a little while,
Thy anxious search with life to reconcile;
From the beginning has the world been his
Who masters self and passion with a smile.*

*No cranking grief can waste the wise man's skin.
He to calm heights his steadfast way will win.
Set not thy glass down, for the reckoning
Rests with the gracious Master of the Inn.*

A new poetic generation arose after 1850, however, rejecting the traditional models and turning to Europe, especially to France, for poetic leadership. The outstanding figures in this modern school are Shinasi Effendi, Ekrem Bey, and Kemal Bey. The following lyric by Ekrem Bey combines a European regard for the intellect with a European sentiment towards women:

*My spirits' sweet spouse
Is my thought.
The time of our vows
Passes aught
That beauty's fair brows
Could have brought:
For deep rapture endows
The dear cot
Where my spirit keeps house
With my thought.*

Albanian Poetry

IN A little mountain country along the east coast of the Adriatic live a million people of a very ancient race. Known to foreigners as Albanians or "People of the snow-land," they call themselves Skiptari or "mountaineers." Scientists consider that they have occupied these mountains for an even longer time than the Greeks have been in Greece.

Continued on page 40



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EQUIPPED FOR INSTALLATION OF THE ELECTRIC UNIT

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Biography in Brief

A BIOGRAPHY, according to the dictionary, is the history of the life and character of a particular person. The word comes from the Greek "bios," life, and "grapho," to write. It is always interesting to read of the life and achievements of a man of affairs, and the young man who does not feel his ambitions quickened by reading of the work and successes of men who perhaps began with fewer advantages than himself, must be dull indeed of imagination and lacking in the desire to get on in life.

Some years ago, I heard the Rev. J. L. Gordon, the former editor of this page, declare in a sermon that he had read seven hundred biographies. As a result of his extensive reading, Dr. Gordon was never at a loss to supply from the life of some great man a strong illustration in support of his arguments and appeals.

In the hope that some good may result and that the ambitions of young men may be further aroused and directed, a series of brief biographies is planned for this page, of which the following is Number One:

Biography No. 1 — Hoe, Richard March, an American inventor, was born in New York in 1812. He was the son of Robert Hoe, and in 1827, at the age of fifteen years, began the practical study of making printing presses. In 1833, just six years later, he became, at the age of twenty-one, the senior partner in the Hoe firm. He invented many improvements in the presses and also produced a steel saw of excellent quality. In company with his brothers, he took over, in 1841, the entire management of the business.

Hoe's first great invention, a rotary press, widely known as Hoe's lightning press, was brought out in 1846 and was extensively adopted by newspapers. Later, he invented the web perfecting press, printing on both sides of the sheet, with an intricate apparatus for folding and cutting. These two great mechanical achievements revolutionized newspaper printing. Improvements were constantly added and the business developed by him and carried on by his sons and nephews grew to vast proportions. In 1903, the factory in New York was considered the largest printing press works in the world. Hoe died in 1886.

NOTE: These biographical articles will be based on data secured from the Lincoln Library of Essential information.

Literary Commentaries

A N NOUNCEMENT is made by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto, of the publication at low prices of brief commentaries and questionnaires on the masterpieces of English literature. These pocket manuals are clearly and attractively printed and are bound in art paper covers. They have been prepared by experienced teachers of high academic standing and while they will help students to pass examinations, they are also intended as guides to the appreciation of good literature by the general reader. The complete series includes some seventy-five selected titles, particulars of which may be obtained on application to the publishers.

Of the commentaries announced, we have had an opportunity of examining those dealing with The Pilgrim's Progress, An Anthology of Modern Verse, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Those who have some familiarity with the tragedy of Macbeth will appreciate the searching nature of the following questions, taken from the commentary on that play:

1. Show that Macbeth is extremely imaginative, given to procrastination, ambitious, and superstitious.
2. Illustrate from Scene 5, Act 1, the following: Graphic description, affection, knowledge of character, ready wit, ominous words, tense feeling, euphemism, determination, vigor.
3. Is there any point in the play where Macbeth ceases to have any conscience or any pity?
4. Discuss the statement that "Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!" is the critical word of the drama.
5. What conclusions may be drawn from this play as to Shakespeare's views on: will, fidelity, ambition, imagination, courage, and retribution.

An introductory note points out that there are many students who are working privately, whose study is not directly supervised by a teacher at all, and that the needs of such students have been especially kept in mind.

Those who enjoy good literature will like this extract from the section dealing with the appreciation of literature:

"Finally, it should be remembered that a good book is—as Milton put it—'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.' If we fail to appreciate the book we are called upon to study, the fault may be ours, though we cannot all of us expect to like the same things. But we are not to forget that we are bound to bring out our own best effort if we are to appreciate the best in our author. For this reason, our power to appreciate poetry and prose, to accept the excellent and reject the spurious, is a power that grows with use.

Student Verses

A LETTER has been received from Mr. Percy H. Wright, leader of the Saskatchewan University Writers' Club, Saskatoon, which reads in part as follows:

"I am the leader of the Saskatchewan University Writers' Club, and am sending you a copy of our 'Student Verses,' a booklet of original poetry published recently under the editorship of Professor J. M. Lothian.

"If you would care to make mention of it in your page in The Western Home Monthly, we should be pleased. The University Bookstore, Saskatoon, is selling for us at 35 cents on a non-profit basis.

"We are very ambitious for this little booklet, hoping that it will grow year by year, until we eventually get enough to bind it. We also hope to have the whole four Western universities in it, and that it will get support in all parts of the West. We hope that it will show that Western Canada is not so materialistic as has been thought. If you care to quote any verses from the booklet, do so."

Our correspondent is being taken at his word and the following lines, "Expectations," by John MacKay, are reproduced for the benefit of our readers:

*"What for the horse at the end of the day?
Oh, just oats and a feed of hay.
What for the dog at the end of the race?
Oh, just a smile on a friendly face.
What for the ox, the mule and the ass?
Drink from the brook, and the pasture grass.
What for the man when his work is done?
Just the regard which he has won."*

There is much that is attractive in Mr. Wright's proposals for the encouragement of student poetry and if the time should come when students of the four Western universities could unite their poetical contributions as suggested, a very interesting annual or quarterly publication might result. Another outcome might be the production of poetry that is essentially Western in spirit; indeed, it is not difficult to discern something of the Western spirit in the verses now submitted.

The Problem Department

U NDER this heading, a series of problems will be presented each month for a few months, and the answers will be given the following month. It is believed that a number of the readers of this page will be interested in working at these questions which will cover by degrees a series of some ten topics. To stimulate interest, a useful book prize will be presented to the reader of this page who submits before the 21st of June the best set of answers. The answers should be given in from one to three sentences.

Series One—Public Speaking:—

1. Of what practical value is a knowledge of public speaking?
2. Mention three requisites of the successful public speaker.
3. Mention an advantage and a disadvantage in speaking from manuscript.
4. What is the fundamental principle in the mastery of good voice quality?
5. In general, what words should receive particular emphasis.

Occupations in Canada

A RTICLE. No. 2.—In this article, the work of the veterinary inspector holding a government appointment is detailed. His duties are numerous and important, and technical education of a high standard is required.

Duties: Under direction to do veterinary work in connection with live stock on the range, being imported or exported, or being slaughtered for food purposes, and to perform other related work as required, such as investigating outbreaks of contagious diseases among live stock and directing control measures; establishing and maintaining quarantines of live stock; making tuberculin tests on cattle and mallein tests on horses; inspecting and testing imported live stock or animals which are to be exported; making ante-mortem examinations in a packing establishment of animals to be used as food; making pathological examinations of specimens of tissue; supervising the preparation of meat and meat products and the inspection of sanitary conditions in a packing establishment; collecting evidence against and assisting in the prosecution of violators of the Animal Contagious Diseases Act or the Meat and Canned Foods Act; taking charge of the inspection work in a packing establishment, or accompanying store cattle shipments to Great Britain.

Qualifications Required: Graduation in Veterinary science from a college of recognized standing; practical experience in judging live stock and the wholesomeness of meat and in dealing with the contagious diseases of animals; thorough familiarity with the Animal Contagious Diseases Act, the Meat and Canned Foods Act, and the regulations made under these laws; tact and good judgment; good physical condition.

Country Life

T HE complaint is not infrequent that the sons and daughters of the country are tempted unduly to exchange their surroundings for the attractions and opportunities of the city; yet, the country life has always held a high place in the affections of the master writers, as witness the following:

Men are taught virtue and a love of independence by living in the country.—Menander.

If country life be healthful to the body, it is no less so to the mind.—Ruffini.

I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country.—Alcott.

One gets sensitive about losing mornings after getting a little used to them with living in the country. Each of these endlessly varied daybreaks is an opera but once performed.—Willis.

The city reveals the moral ends of being, and sets the awful problem of life. The country soothes us, refreshes us, lifts us up with religious suggestion.—Chapin.

Seldom shall we see in cities, courts, and rich families, where men live plentifully and eat and drink freely, that perfect health, that athletic soundness and vigor of constitution which is commonly seen in the country, in poor houses and cottages, where nature is their cook, and necessity their caterer, and where they have no other doctor but the sun and fresh air, and that such a one as never sends them to the apothecary.—South.

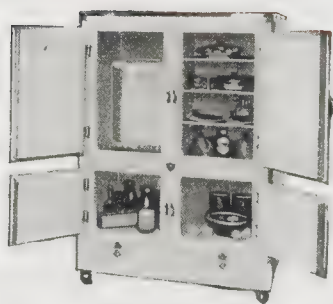
*To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of Heaven—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.*

—KEATS.

A contrary opinion is expressed by the dogmatic Dr. Johnson, who is recorded by his faithful biographer as saying: "Sir, when you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Let us walk down Cheapside."

It is said that in New York there are children who have not seen a blade of green grass, but there are young people in Winnipeg who are almost unacquainted with the Western countryside. Some time ago in response to a question, only about eight of some eighty Winnipeg high school students were able to say that they had seen a field of growing wheat.

Perfections need no watching



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Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

AFTER my recent tirade against publishers and their niggardliness in the matter of sending me review copies, I was quite abashed at the unusual sight of a parcel from the London House of Macmillan! And what a nice parcel it proved to be. Seldom does one fall in love with a book from its cover inwards. Yet, this is what happened to me when Macmillan's brown paper revealed "Canadian Houses of Romance," by Katherine Hale. I loved the primrose yellow binding with the black back and black lettering. Then I peeped inside and was delighted with the effect of fleecy clouds interspersed with the pink of a setting sun! Good paper, fine print, beautiful drawings by Dorothy Stevens, delightfully wide margins—fascinating subject matter, and a prose style that only a poet of Katherine Hale's distinction could achieve. I must thank the London House for sending the book, but all credit for its delightful appearance is due to the Canadian House of Macmillan. Its text and its illustrations are the work of Canadian artists, and the subject matter has been excavated from the crumbling memories of Canada's oldest houses. There is historic value and charm about this volume which tells of houses whose foundation stones are Romance. I foresee many a copy—travelling across the seas and bringing its bright yellow into the oak-beamed libraries of English homes who scorn anything younger than three hundred years. For Canadians will delight in sending English relatives or friends these beautiful little vignettes of Canada's spots of Romance. Had I, for instance, still been living in Winnipeg, I would most certainly have sent away copies, drawing my friends' attention especially to the chapter called "Three Pioneers." For, not only have I seen the old Red River Cart many a time, but, I have been permitted to count The Honourable Colin Inkster among my friends, and I could have added much to Katherine Hale's short account of this most picturesque and best-known Winnipeg citizen! Before I sat down to write this page, I was talking to the husband of Ruby M. Ayres, (poor Mr. Pocock is quite used to being described in this manner). Conversation drifted to life in the Colonies, thence to Canada. Mr. Pocock asked how I endured such an unromantic country. I shall send him a copy of "Canadian Houses of Romance."

BY THE WAY, Ruby M. Ayres, that most prolific writer of love stories, is in South Africa. So we may expect her next novel to open with the beat of tom-toms, even though the hero is a six-foot-three and proportionately broad Englishman with a complexion a girl might envy and blue eyes that make the blue-bells of Kew pale. This, let me tell you, (you, who are too far away to discover for yourself), is a pen portrait of the husband of Ruby M. Ayres. Now you know where she finds her delectable heroes. He amused me vastly by confiding that his hobby was reading financial papers. Oh, unsentimental man, how does Ruby tolerate it! As a matter of fact, this popular authoress is not a bit like what you have imagined. No, she is not thin and pale with far-away eyes. She's robust, rosy with merry eyes. She laughs a lot and loudly, and she looks her best in tweeds. Those who know, say that she's the best friend a woman can have, and that's saying something! The highest compliment, surely, women can pay to one of their own sex.

Their Pilgrim Blood.

AFEW nights ago, I heard Mr. Miller, Managing Director of the Holden Publishing House, speak to the members of the Writers' Circle. Touching upon best sellers, he made this pertinent remark: "All best sellers," he said, "have a common link whether you admire them or not. You will recognise their sincerity and their 'John Bunyan' quality."

By "John Bunyan" quality, he meant, of course, a pilgrim quality. In other words, Mr. Miller, who combines astuteness with idealism, laid down the principle

that all best sellers tell the story of a pilgrimage—not such a pilgrimage as W. H. Davies, the poet, made when he tramped as a professional beggar, but the pilgrimage of a soul seeking the spiritual heights. One among the audience at this Writers' Circle boldly disagreed. "Certainly," she argued, "If Winter Comes' was a pilgrimage for Mark Sabre, but, 'The Constant Nymph' was also a best seller, and where was the pilgrimage there?" To which Mr. Miller replied without hesitation, and rightly I think, "Surely it was Tessa's Pilgrimage."

Now whether or not Ethel Mannin's new novel becomes a best seller, the fact remains it has both the qualities that Mr. Miller insisted upon for all novels that have an outstanding success. Its sincerity is as plain to perceive as the gold letterings on the black binding. It is called "Pilgrims," (Jarrolds, London), and most assuredly it is the story of the great pilgrimage—Louis Van Roon's pilgrimage from the cradle towards the perfect expression of his art.

Here, I think, is the place for a little personal gossip. A few months ago, Ethel Mannin sat opposite to me in my study while we drank England's inevitable four-o'clock tea, and discussed books and bookmen. I found it a little hard to concentrate, because I was trying to see in this slim, pale-faced, wide-eyed girlish woman the author of that tempestuous novel: "The Hunger for the Sea," and of that volcanic one: "Sounding Brass." Ethel Mannin is absolutely devoid of all self-consciousness, I don't think she could swank if she tried. Hers is that honesty of character that takes it for granted that those she meets are as interested in her thoughts and doings as

she is in theirs. She will probably laugh when she reads this confession, but I, considerably her senior in years, had felt quite awed at the prospect of having this brilliant authoress to tea. In three minutes I found it difficult to believe that she was that brilliant authoress. No, I have not made a *faux pas*! I do not mean that her conversation lacked the qualities one expected, but that she was so delightfully natural, sincere, and free from all the dreadful inhibitions Freud has fastened upon the human race. Now these qualities are exactly what we find in her latest achievement "Pilgrims." The hall-mark of sincerity is on every page, and Ethel Mannin writes naturally, with no mannerisms, and with no apparent desire to shock her readers into attention.

"I do not think anybody will want to read 'Pilgrims,'" said the authoress with perfect candour. "Why should they? It is all about modern art, the subject that I am tremendously interested in. I wrote it to please myself."

I did not know that I was particularly interested in modern art, but I must be, for I found it hard to lay aside this book when other duties intervened. It is not an easy book to read. The metallic qualities observed heretofore in Miss Mannin's art are again present. She really does not care one bit for her public; at least this is what I feel. Sometimes, I thought I could hear Miss Mannin using the sculptor's tools. Her finished work has the quality of a bronze rather than a novel made up of paper and print. There is a noticeable lack of emotion in this book. It is all head and no heart. It is the work of a brilliant mind, a master of technique, and one who has vowed silently to spurn all emotionalism. Her

powers of observation are amazing and her ability to transfer local colour and thought to the printed page makes her, I think, unique among novelists of to-day. So brilliantly does she report the thoughts and feelings of the young art-rebel, Louis Van Roon, that every once in awhile, to shake the old conservative Uncle Johan and shout at him: "Can't you understand what the boy means?"

I don't think "Pilgrims" will become a best-seller, for it just lacks the throb—to use a banal term—that reaches the heart as well as the brain, but it is a great artistic achievement, and Ethel Mannin is an enviable person to have been responsible for it.

What Man Lives By.

AN ineffably smart critic in the Spectator says that when Lewis Browne wrote this masterly summary of the great religions of mankind (The Believing World by Lewis Browne—Ernest Benn Ltd.), he was obviously writing for the vast semi-educated public which wants its thinking done for it. Such a remark is not criticism, it is simply impertinence. I consider myself fairly well educated and I have read every word of "The Believing World" and I can recommend it as being of surpassing interest from beginning to end.

The Prologue is a piece of perfect English writing. Chapter after chapter describes the origin of the various religions of the various world centres. Each great belief is treated historically and sympathetically—the life story of the founder of each being told graphically and simply.

I have never seen in such a short compass so much material gathered together—never before had the various creeds of mankind explained so interestingly.

The illustrations are helpful and the whole book is a delightful word picture.

More erudition perhaps have bored me—might perhaps have prevented me reading its 300 pages in their entirety.

Perhaps after all I am one of the half educated! The consolation must be that we have wider enjoyments and keener appreciations than the poseur.

Nellie McClung's Country

THIS sub-title is rather misleading, for Nellie McClung's country is Canada, and I am about to speak of Finland. But just when I was reading Sir Frank Fox's book (Finland To-day, by Frank Fox, O.B.E.—A. & C. Black Co.) I received a most welcome letter from Nellie McClung. You will remember of course, her delightful novel "Painted Fires" which had for its heroine Helmi, the Finnish girl. I was delighted to learn from this letter that "Painted Fires" has been translated, and is selling well in Finland, as well as running as a serial in several Finnish papers. So in a way, I may call Finland Nellie McClung's country—her Eldorado! It is delightful to hear of success coming to one of the most popular Canadian writers. Well then, to return to the publication under review. A delightful as well as an instructive book. Sir Frank Fox has an organising mind and he has brought it to bear with excellent effect on his descriptions of this little-known European country. There are 13 chapters, and every phase of Finland is dealt with—its history, its people as farmers, foresters, manufacturers, its Government, its foreign policy, its social conditions and its reaction to prohibition, even to a chapter on the best tourist routes.

To those seeking fresh fields it will prove invaluable, and to the many emigrants from Finland to Western Canada it will be a pride to read this entrancing and appreciative description of their father-land.

Sir Frank Fox has, I know, great admiration for the music of the Finnish language, which, he said, "shows particularly in their folk songs, but as I did not think there was any possible chance of encouraging people to learn Finnish, it being such a difficult language, I did not give much space to it."

The book is further enhanced in value by a large number of excellent photographs.



St. Julien L'Hospitalier

Awarded the Prix de Rome in 1884

This magnificent canvas, painted by Dinet in 1883, has just been added to the "SALADA" Collection in Montreal. It measures 9 feet by 10 feet, and is remarkable for beauty of design and lifelike expression of the figures.

(Extract from the Legend of St. Julien L'Hospitalier)

BORN of rich parents, Julien amused himself in his youth by hunting in the forests. One day, after chasing an enormous stag and being about to kill it, a prediction came to him that he would assassinate his father and mother. The idea haunted him, and Julien fled from home and joined a troupe of adventurers. He did many noble works, and eventually the emperor gave him his daughter in marriage.

In later life, Julien, through an extraordinary coincidence, involuntarily did kill his father and mother, thus fulfilling the prediction. In remorse he left his home and wandered through the world as a beggar. Everywhere he went he

recounted his experience to those who would listen. Whenever he returned to those villages he had already passed through, he was recognized and abused, while often stones were thrown at him. Those who understood his feelings in a small degree, placed alms or food in a bowl outside the door but closed it immediately. This is the passage of Flaubert's story which Dinet has depicted in the picture.

However, Julien continued on his way for many years, dispensing charity and hospitality to the limit of his ability, and finally died after contracting leprosy in one of his noble acts of self-sacrifice.

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In America, it is the largest selling toilet soap. In France, it is one of the two largest—the “imported” soap in beauty-wise Paris, that is supplanting French soaps by the score!

AS more women become skilled in the ways of beauty, more and more turn to natural ways in skin care.

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Thus modern beauty culture starts with soap and water; its only secret being the **KIND** of SOAP one uses—and how.

Palmolive is a beauty soap. A soap made of bland and soothing cosmetic oils, solely for one purpose; to safeguard the complexion. A soap made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin.

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The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

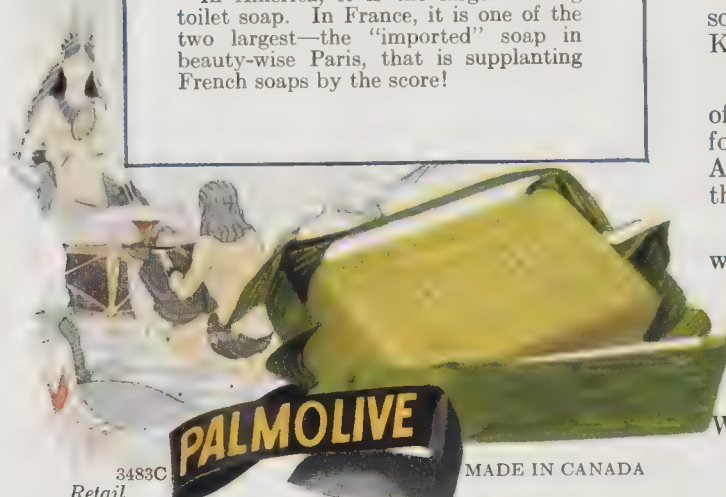
Wash your face gently with soothing

Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



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As she stood up to accompany me, I held out my hand for the vanity case. "Better let me carry it, so that I may guard the contents until we return."

She, laughingly, handed me the case. "I'm afraid that there isn't much treasure to guard though. I mean inside."

"But there is a treasure inside," I persisted, and the seriousness of my voice caused her to look keenly at me, but she made no comment.

In the dining-car we discovered, to my delight, I admit, that no one else was at the tables. "Goodness, Miss Salent, but we are late this morning."

"Yes," she replied, "but the train is rather late, too. Isn't it?" I admitted the logic of this, and we kept up a banter during the meal, and each felt better for it. I did, at any rate, for when I left the table I slipped a two-dollar bill under my plate for the waiter.

As we were about to enter the next coach, I happened to glance through one of the outside glass doors, and was so struck by the beauty of the scene below us that I called her attention to it. Stepping to my side, she exclaimed: "Oh, isn't it beautiful?" And, indeed, beautiful it was. The ice on Shushway Lake, for we were nearing Sicamous Junction, was a huge mass of tiny, sparkling crystals which shone and gleamed like so many millions of small diamonds.

We stood watching this effect for a few moments in silence. Then the girl grasped my arm, and pointed to the snow-clad mountains across the lake. "The lake is beautiful, but those mountains—aren't they magnificent? They seem so majestic in their splendor."

Gazing across the lake, I caught some of her enthusiasm. They were, indeed, as she had said, magnificent. The sun, a smoky red, was casting reflections on their peaks, which made them appear to be on fire; while below the millions of trees were cloaked with their winter's coat of snow.

The sight of these hills made me remember my promise to Jules; and I wondered just how I was going to keep that promise without appearing ridiculous in her eyes. "The mountains appeal to you?" I asked.

"Yes, they have always done so. Somehow or other, they seem to be part of me—if you know what I mean. You see I have often lived in them."

"And where, may I ask?"

"In New Brunswick, for a time, and then in parts of Colorado. For a long time Daddy was a prospector, and he used to take me with him quite often. But do you like them?"

"Yes, I think I do. From a distance of course they are wonderful to look upon; but then, they are sad, too."

"Sad?" she queried. "How, sad?"

Not looking at her, but at the mountains, I answered quietly "I was thinking of Jules Frambeau, Miss Salent."

"Jules Frambeau? I've never heard of him, I'm afraid." Ah, of course, she hadn't known his name.

"Would you care to hear the story, then?" With her nod of assent, I continued: "Are you a very understanding sort of person, Miss Salent?"

"Why—I think I am. If you mean of—well—strange happenings."

"Exactly. Well, to begin with: This Jules Frambeau was a man. Now, when I say *man*, I mean just that in every sense of the word. I firmly believe he was honest, big-hearted, clean, truthful and good. And furthermore, if he had had his chance among men, he would have gained power and accomplished the big things in life. I admit that I did not know this man very long, nor very well—that is to say, personally. But, Miss Salent, I have studied men all my life, both in and out of business, and I have not been fooled more than once or twice

Jules Frambeau

Continued from page 7

with my first impressions of any man's character. You will promise not to interrupt me, until I have finished with my story?" She nodded assent, and I went on.

I told her then, just the kind of man I felt Jules to be, and heaped praises on his head, as if I had known him all my life. I told her of the wonderful thing that had come into his life, just as he had tried to explain it to me, omitting any mention of my being in the car at the time. I also explained why he had not gone to her, later, himself. And of his strange request in asking me to speak with her, for him. Gradually I brought the story to a climax, and during the telling of it she never once interrupted me; but when I forgot myself and mentioned the incident of the breaking of the arm of the car seat by Jules, and his reason for doing so, she knew that I had witnessed her shame. I heard her catch her breath, sharply. When I looked at her face, I saw that it was red with blushes, and she hung her head.

"Forgive me, Miss Salent," I said, "if I have offended you, by telling you all this. Jules made me promise to tell you, but he asked me not to mention about my being there. He would want to kill me, if he knew that I had made such a slip of the tongue. And now, here is your vanity case. His letter to you is inside. Perhaps, after you have read it, you may understand the heart of the man. Somehow or other, I feel like a meddlesome old fool, just now, so I'll leave you. If, later, you feel that you do not despise me too much to take lunch with me, will you please tell the porter to let me know?"

With tears threatening, she held out her hand to me, and in a trembling voice, said: "I do not despise you. Why should I? You only did as you promised. I shall be pleased to have lunch with you." With that I left her, and was glad that my promise to Jules had been fulfilled, and was over with.

ABOUT one o'clock I decided to call for the girl, and take her in to dinner. As I made my way to the next car, I felt a little sheepish, for I did not quite know how to make conversation this time. However, she was waiting for me with a smile on her lovely face, and greeted me as if nothing had happened at all. I breathed a sigh of relief. After all, we were to have a pleasant meal together—but fate ruled otherwise.



As I followed her along the aisle, the train entered a tunnel, and threw the car into blackness. Reaching out my hand, I held her arm to steady her, asking her to stand still a moment until we had passed through the tunnel.

I was just about to release my hold on her arm, as it grew lighter, when I heard a rumbling sound, which gradually grew into a terrible roar. It sounded like thunder at very close quarters, and seemed to be either above or ahead of us—I could not tell which. In a few seconds it became quite light in our car, but almost at once blackness again. A black cloud seemed to have passed over, shutting out the light for a second. That is the impression I got, at any rate. The next moment there was a terrific crash, and the word "wreck" flew through my mind, as I almost threw the girl into the seat she was standing near.

Several screams rent the air, as the car seemed to lift straight into the air, pause there a deadly second, and then telescope into the car ahead. The force of the jar sent me straight down the aisle, and the full length of the car. I appeared to glide along in a sitting position, that is, until I happened to meet a broken seat. It knocked all the breath out of my body, and when I picked myself up, thanking my lucky stars that I was still alive, I felt a sickening numbness creep over my right side.

God! will I ever forget that awful mangled mass of human bodies, and splintered wood and steel? I shuddered to think what would have happened to me, had I been in my own car, for I knew that the people there were in a bad fix. Later, I was to learn that the death toll in that car had been seven, to say nothing of the injured. Only one had been killed in the car we were in at the time.

Staggering and stepping over unconscious forms and strewn baggage, I found the girl huddled in a heap on her seat, and softly crying. In her hands, tightly clasped, she was holding the tiny vanity case to her breast. She was unharmed, but the shock of the accident had been too much for her. The close contact of the soft-cushioned seat had protected her from being injured.

In a short time, the conductor climbed through one of the broken windows, and with one of the train crew commenced his work of seeing how badly the passengers were hurt. By this time, those who were not seriously injured had scrambled to their feet. A few of the women were hysterical, but most of the men offered to assist the conductor in his work. The conductor was quite cool through it all, and began issuing orders to those who had offered their services to look to the injured. I remember him saying, when he came to the dead man: "This fellow won't need any attention, men. Just leave him in the position in which he lies, until the doctor arrives."

I hurriedly told the girl to stay right where she was, and going up to the conductor, asked if I could be of any assistance. "Yes," he replied, this car got off fairly lucky. The car ahead is in pretty bad shape. Quite a few killed there, and pinned under this coach. You are a middle-aged man, so come and see if you can keep a little order with that hysterical mob out there. And," he added, turning to the other passengers, "all you people stay right where you are, until I tell you otherwise. No use getting flustered."

"How did it—"

"Slide—and boulder on the coupling," he snapped. "Come on." Evidently he did not wish to waste any more time on our car, for with surprising swiftness for a big man, he scrambled back through the window.

Continued on page 43

A Penny Wedding Or The Romance of Meg and Rab

By Mary H. Grassick

IT is doubtful if many in Canada have ever heard of a "Penny Wedding". There are wooden weddings, tin weddings, silver weddings, and many others, but the penny wedding is a thing unknown here and differs from the others mentioned in that it is not a wedding anniversary but a real wedding.

Eighty years ago they were not uncommon in Scotland, but today they are a thing of the past; and the one I am writing of was probably the last and certainly the largest ever held in Scotland.

It was held in 1853 at Deskra-side, Aberdeen, and in thinking over the details and the motives prompting them we are forced to admit that our present day talk of community interests and community spirit is not so new after all.

In Deskra-side there lived two young people whose morals, judged by our present standard, were not just what they should be; indeed, even in those days they were considered a little below par, but as workers they were beyond reproach. True their work was of widely divergent types, one known as Robbie the weaver, made cloth, while the other known simply as Meg, scrubbed floors; but Robbie made the best of cloth and Meg was the best scrubber in the glen. Indeed their work was of such a quality as to make them indispensable to the glen. They each had their failings. Robbie's great failing was a fondness for a "wee drap", or rather a "wee drap" too much.

He was a likeable fellow, a general favorite. He had belonged to that class known as the Paisley weavers, a class that in those days stood head and shoulders above other artisans in intelligence and progressiveness. Also he was of good family, but because of his dissipation, his old associations and family ties had long since been severed, and he now went about the glen eking out a bare existence by weaving for the farmers there.

Meg on the other hand was a buxom lassie of obscure parentage. She may at one time have had a father but his name had long since been forgotten and she was known simply as Meg. Her profession was that of scrubber and cleaner and never were floors better scrubbed or cleaned better done than when done by Meg.

"We would miss Rab and Meg so gin they leavit us," remarked one.

"Aye, it would be great gin they marrit and settled doon here. They'd stay wi' us then," was the reply.

At once the idea took possession of others—why not arrange a match between them.

Robbie and Meg were approached and were not averse to the idea. Robbie's only objection being that he "hadna a hoose," and Meg's was that she "hadna any claes." These objections were quickly overcome. The factor of the estate was approached and permission was given to build a house on a certain piece of land.

At once the men went to work and in a short time a house was built in which Meg and Rab lived for over fifty years, and which house still stands. It was built of rough stone as shown in the photo and plastered with mud; had an earthen floor and a thatched roof, a fireplace and chimney was at the back and a door and small window in the front.

As for Meg, the women of the place contributed and never before was she arrayed in such glory.

Then came the matter of furnishing the house, and for this purpose a penny

wedding was decided upon. A penny wedding is one which anyone may attend upon payment of a penny or more, if they feel so inclined. As we would express it to-day, the money paid in was then "pooled" and out of it the wedding feast was paid for and the rest given to the bride to furnish her house.

Robbie the weaver and Meg were

—danced until they were breathless. Again the signal to change was given and the music became a march. At once Rob and Meg took their places at the head of the procession and they marched along the winding road. Further on another level place was reached.

Again the signal to stop and once more they drank and danced. Six times on their way to the church this performance was repeated, yet when they reached God's house, all levity was dropped. Reverently they entered the building and solemnly the marriage vows were taken. Rab and Meg were man and wife.

Scarce had they left the church when the bagpipes sounded and the procession started for home, this time headed by the bride and groom, —Robbie holding his head a little higher and stepping out a little more confidently as if he already felt the dignity and importance of his position as husband, or was it merely the pride of possession?

In returning as in going, they danced at each level place until finally they reached the crest of the hill where they had first stopped to dance. Here they were in full view of the house from which they had started and then pandemonium broke loose. Not all of the glen had taken the five mile walk to the church. A hundred or more had come to Easter Chapelton to greet the bride and groom on their return. Every noise-making appliance that could be unearthed was brought into requisition. Guns that had not been fired off for years were made to speak that day. A man got a bullet through his hand—that was nothing. The hand was bandaged, he was given a generous dose of "old Scotch", put to bed and the fun went on.

During the morning long tables had been built on which the wedding feast was spread. There was soup, boiled beef, vegetables, oat cake, butter and as a special dainty for the occasion, jams of various kinds.

To those who had walked the five miles there and back, anything was a dainty. "I remember," said one in telling the story (he is now nearing ninety) "that boiled turnips were nearest my plate when I sat down, so I started on them, and man!—they did taste good."

After supper they resorted to the barn and danced until daylight and even then the hilarity was not over. A group of those still able to walk must needs escort the young couple to their home.

How little hopes we would have today for a young couple who started life in such a way, yet in this case the marriage was a blessing to both the young people, and the community. Perhaps the fact that in the early years of their married life two babies came to their home to brighten it only to be taken from them after a few short months, had a sobering influence upon them both. At any rate Robbie overcame his fondness for drink and he and his wife became loved and respected residents of the glen.

TRUE, money was never very plentiful with them. The question of taxes on their little plot of land troubled them. None had been paid and they were long since due. Robbie thought it would be easier to approach the genial Sir Charles Forbes than the factor, so when opportunity offered he did so in fear and trembling and acknowledged that he "hadna any

Continued on page 85



The Church of Strathdon where the marriage took place



Bobbie and Meg fifty years after their marriage, and the house in which they began married life

walk to the church, some distance away. The first half mile was up a steep incline. When they reached the level at the top of this the signal was given to stop. A committee had been appointed to attend to liquid refreshments, so now the bottle was passed around. At another signal the piper led off with the liveliest of dance tunes and the company danced,



Where danger lurks —under the arms

Use this protection

Ugly half circles of perspiration—gowns stained, ruined!

But far worse, that unmistakable odor, so disagreeable! You have been repelled by it from others, little thinking, perhaps, that you might sometimes be guilty of this offense. Few are those who are free from this excessive perspiration.

A moment's exertion, hurry, excitement—and the underarms' large and over-active sweat glands begin to work at once.

Nor does the moisture evaporate normally as elsewhere. It stays, held by clothing and the curve of the arm.

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Keeping pace with this progress, the Seaman-Kent factories have refined their product and multiplied their output to points undreamed of when they started 26 years ago.

To-day, as manufactured by Seaman-Kent Company Limited, hardwood flooring stands in the front rank of all household adornments and conveniences.

Seaman-Kent brand is now, as it always has been, the aristocrat of its class.

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WHITE OAK

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Just About Harmony

The Subtle Qualities That We are Told Make the Successful Room

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IF YOU have been reading advice along "Be your own decorator" lines—and who has not, in this day of intense interest on housefurnishing questions—you will have come over and over again on the word "Harmony." Harmony, we are told, must be regarded as the very foundation of furnishing. Harmony, achieved with the least costly of materials, the most candid of make-shifts, will make the humblest room successful. And by the same token, no amount of fine furniture, royal brocades

and curtains had gone so beautifully with the paper. . . . We talked things over and it was decided to give the walls a water-paint treatment for the present, in a soft grey tone, and to send the rug to the dyers; the curtains could be taken upstairs to the casual little third-floor guest-room and plain hemstitched marquisette hung in their place. I am eager to see the room since these changes have taken place—but I know that it will now be the apartment it started out to

and curtains had gone so beautifully with the paper. . . .

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There is harmony of line here that is worth a little study

Courtesy of Malcolm & Hill

and objets d'art will create the right impression if that illusive, all important "harmony" be lacking.

What, then, is "harmony," exactly? And just how is the amateur in decorating and furnishing to be sure that it is going to pervade her results?

I suppose we might define the word in several ways, but used in this particular connection, I think nothing makes it quite so clear as the word from which it was taken, and which means literally "a suiting or fitting together." That sums up exactly the direction our efforts must take especially, when we start out to create a truly harmonious room.

Suitability of one object to another—the "fitting together" of carpets and curtains and furniture—here, more than in any other one particular, the art of successful furnishing will lie.

"That," someone may say, "is just a matter of common sense." Nothing difficult about it."

Quite right—or nearly right; the only reservation being that that particular kind of sense is apt to be a little less common than we might desire! Not long ago I saw a bedroom that had been newly arranged for the youthful son of an earnest mother—the sort of mother who is a great believer in the development of personality, the effect of environment, the expression of the individual, and so forth; I have heard her give quite a clever paper on the subject before a group interested in child psychology. Being, as I have said, much in earnest about these matters (and quite rightly so), she had not spared either extreme expense or effort in furnishing her boy's room in what she hoped would be just the right way. Nice plain furniture, dark oak with a soft dull finish,

BUT the room did not impress me favorably; it did not appear at first glance as one pleasant unit; a second glance told why this was so. The wall was as dainty as a wall could be—a delicate tracery of pastel flowers on a white ground; and the voile curtains at the windows were embroidered to match. Perfectly delightful—in a room with light-weight or light-toned furniture; a room delicately treated throughout. The carpet, too, was keyed to the fragile note of the wall-paper—quite a light shade of green with a pretty floral border.

The room, in short, was out of harmony—the pale, flower-strewn walls were never intended for a background for sturdy oak furniture, for the really masculine treatment of almost everything. (It was that "almost" that made the trouble!) And the very charming green rug was several tones lighter than the hangings and so on—it gave an effect of carrying almost more weight than it was able for, with all that furniture, the darker treatment of accessories, and so on.

Immediately, the reason for this lack of harmony was forthcoming. This had been the guest-room; very wisely, the lad's mother had decided that it was much more important to give this almost-grown son a room that would be indeed his castle, rather than ask him to rejoin a small brother still in the "imp" stage, so that she might keep one of the nicest rooms in the house empty the greater part of the time for the tenancy of an occasional guest. But the little-used guest-room was still so immaculate as to walls, that it had not seemed thrifty to re-paper, and the rug

be, and that the most satisfying harmony will reign in it. Each part of the furnishings and the decorative treatment is "suited" to the others—the "fitting together" process quite complete.

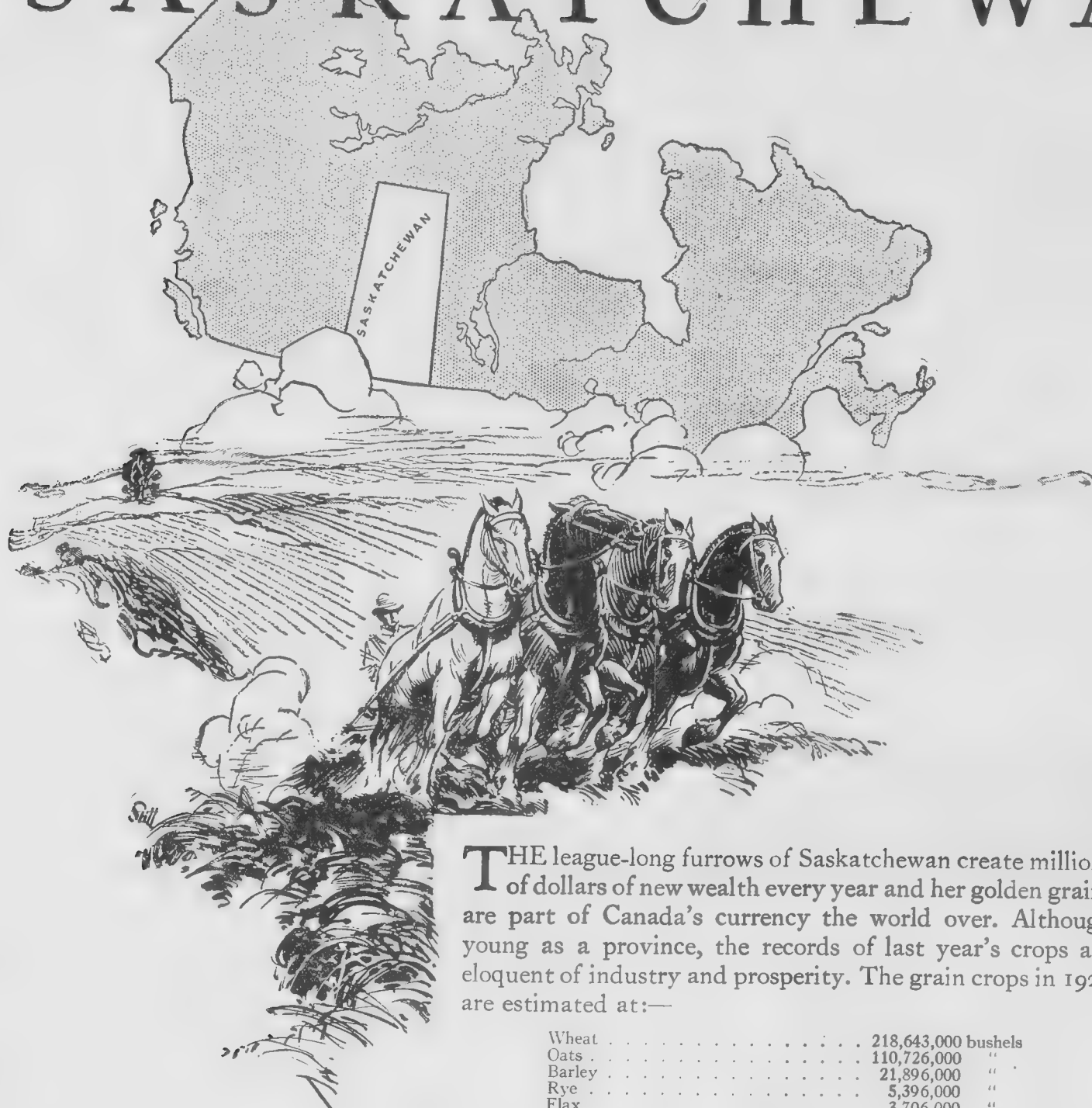
Let us, rather as a matter of interesting contrast, consider the possibilities in the room planned especially for the young girl. In one way, she will not be so easily disposed of as her brother; he will adore a place to himself, will not care much whether his furniture is quite the latest thing or not; will abhor all sorts of "doo-dabs" and "fol-de-rols" and the more masculine air the whole thing carries, the better it will please him. He will have a preference, if he knows how to express it, for rather strong colors—soft Dutch blues, dark red, terra cotta, deep rose, green, tan, maybe a dash of dull orange; if you want to retain his friendship, don't offer him any pale pinks, blues, mauves and the rest of what he will scornfully term "girl stuff."

BUT a girl is not very old when she is quite sure about the color she wants; has ideas on materials and furniture. I heard a very youthful miss indeed, declare: "I hate that old brown stuff! (referring to some very fair old walnut in the room she shared with her sister—grandmother's pieces that perhaps she will like better later on); 'I'd like some pretty blue furniture like Dorothy's."

She had a certain sense of harmony herself, young as she was, for one had to admit that the heavy dark walnut bed and the big chest, even though rather fine, were a bit overpowering

Continued on page 76

SASKATCHEWAN



THE league-long furrows of Saskatchewan create millions of dollars of new wealth every year and her golden grains are part of Canada's currency the world over. Although young as a province, the records of last year's crops are eloquent of industry and prosperity. The grain crops in 1926 are estimated at:—

Wheat	218,643,000 bushels
Oats	110,726,000 "
Barley	21,896,000 "
Rye	5,396,000 "
Flax	3,706,000 "
	360,367,000 "

The total area of the province is 155,764,100 acres, yet the grain crops were produced on 19,128,769 acres only.

The dairy industry in Saskatchewan is developing rapidly.

Last year the total production of creamery butter amounted to 16,632,765 lbs., an increase of 4 per cent over the 1925 production. This is indicative of the growth of diversified farming in the province.

In 1911 the population of Saskatchewan was 492,438. On June 1st, 1926, it was 821,042. Yet the millions of fertile acres within the boundaries of the province offer work and wealth for many times

that number. The congested condition of the older countries and the growing food demands of the world give this available land a special significance.

While Saskatchewan is primarily an agricultural and dairy province, encouraging developments in connection with other natural resources and coal, clay and non-metallic mineral industries are taking place every year.

Much activity is being shown in testing and boring for oil and gas and it may be that, under the ground, hidden wealth, which will rival the grain, is waiting exploitation.

The Northern Electric Company continues to contribute to this growth by developing and supplying much of the electrical equipment which binds the provinces together industrially and socially

Northern Electric
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Equipment for the transmission of Sound and Power



Information

The contributions of other provinces to the wealth, resources and prestige of united Canada will appear in the press throughout the Dominion in subsequent months.

1867 • CANADA • 1927



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At its Head Office, and Branches, this Corporation maintains and operates Safety Deposit Vault services, where box-holders are assured of safety, convenience and courteous service. Compartments at moderate rentals, according to size.

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"How about it, Daddy?"

I shall be all right,
but what about
Mother till I can
be her man?"

Great-West
ASSURANCE Life COMPANY

Time for Everything



HARDY Pocket Ben—his accurate works in a heavily nickel-plated case—is perfectly at home in the outdoor man's pocket.

Like Big Ben, Baby Ben and America, he's one of the members of the big Westclox family—a dozen all told.

You can spot them by the

name "Westclox" on their dials. Select the one that suits you best—white-faced designs or black-faced models with luminous numerals and hands that glow in the dark. Prices range from \$1.75 to \$5.50 and you may choose any one with confidence.—That trademark is your protection.

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IF THERE is one profitable lesson which has been learned by the general public from war conditions it is that of investing surplus funds in bonds, stocks and securities. With the possibility of full information and reliable service from the larger investment companies the old order of retaining moneys is gradually passing, and today securities of all kinds are being held by a wide circle of investors. The difficulty of successful investment, particularly in enterprises where the degree of safety is less than, say, in Victory Bonds, is first due to lack of knowledge of the strength of the company whose shares are offered and secondly the possibility of distribution of the risk amongst a number of stocks when the amount to be invested is not over large. The safe investment of money requires a long number of years of close application to business conditions, a knowledge of financial affairs, not merely local but national and an ability to apply this application and knowledge to the particular company whose shares are under investigation.

No man, if he be wise, will ever act as his own lawyer or doctor and yet, how often does the ordinary individual rush in and endeavor to engage in activities of a highly specialized financial nature! This individual, engaged in his daily pursuits, has but little time and less opportunity to apply himself in this direction, and yet there is his money for investment. How can his desire to invest it be satisfied together with a reasonable degree of safety?

Again the old adage which warns us against putting all our eggs in one basket is hard to offset when the funds for investment are not large. Diversity of interests affords a measure of protection but it is often difficult and sometimes impossible to attain this desired end. John Jones may have \$1,000.00 to invest and yet he does not wish to invest it all in one undertaking for fear that the venture should not prove successful. Rather than run the risk of losing the whole sum in one shot, he deems it advisable not to invest but to deposit and thus lose the extra interest. How can this be avoided?

There is now being introduced into this country a specialized form of investment company to meet these two requirements, such companies being usually referred to as investment trust companies. For half a century they have been in existence in England where they have met with remarkable success, and similar companies are found in the United States where, although their existence is of a shorter period, they have enjoyed a corresponding measure of success.

To give some idea of the success of the English companies we quote the following, which has been culled from various sources:

"A Company" with common stock outstanding of \$4,000,000, has earned dividends of 25.31 per cent; has paid dividends of 19 per cent; and the market value of the stock now stands at over fifteen million dollars. "B Company," with common stock outstanding of five and a half million dollars has earned 24½ per cent; has paid in dividends 15 per cent plus a share bonus of 57 1/7 per cent; and the market value of the stock is now almost sixteen million dollars. For 35 representative British investment companies the average earnings amount to 16.91 per cent; the average dividend paid 11.38 per cent; and the average market price is 213 per cent of the par value of the stock.

WE can now ask ourselves two questions which are pertinent; first, where does such a company get funds to operate, and secondly, in what manner does it work? In the first place all

moneys required are raised by the sale of shares of the Trust Company itself. A company is organized with usually a very large capital and the shares preferably of one class are then distributed amongst the general public. With the money so raised the company proceeds to invest in securities of all kinds and classes, and with a degree of safety ranging from the most conservative to what might be called mildly speculative.

The stocks of such a company will depend in the first instance upon the manner in which the officers of the company invest its capital. With such large funds it is possible not merely to interest men of outstanding financial ability to act as directors so that the element of moral stability will be present, but also to take advantage of the special knowledge which they possess. Not only is it possible to obtain the assistance of such men but it is also possible to engage a trained staff to supply expert and statistical information concerning enterprises spread over the whole of the globe's habitable surface. For instance there is an opportunity to invest in a sound undertaking, let us say, in Peru. The staff would be able to gather authoritative data about the whole plan and John Jones, who has put in \$1,000.00 in the company can avail himself of this knowledge and information at an infinitesimal cost. If left to his own devices he would never obtain any authentic information or if he did he could only obtain it at a prohibitive price. In other words, it is but an exemplification of the adage that "money makes money." Too often we lose sight of this elementary economic principle.

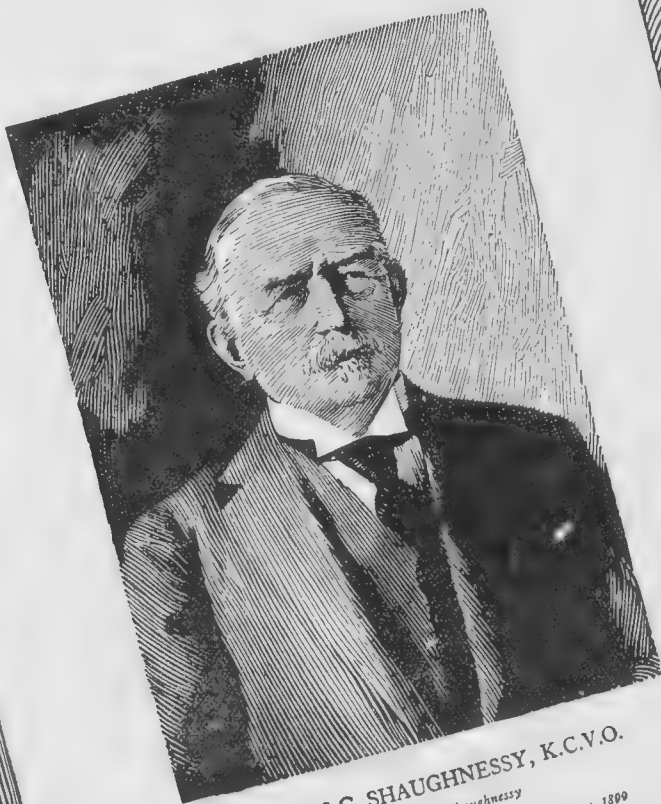
Moreover the great value of such a company to the ordinary investor is the possibility of diversified investments. Hitherto we have held that the difficulty of the small investor spreading his holdings over a considerable field. An individual might well desire to have his money invested in railroad stocks, government bonds, industrial stock and yet the purchase price of the particular unit forbids this. If, however, there are 1,000 John Joneses who possess similar desires it would be possible by combining them to give expression to this desire. The funds then available would amount to a million dollars, a sum which, if wisely invested, would give an excellent rate of interest with a remarkable degree of safety because of the presence of the element of diversification.

Not only does such a plan render possible the purchase of securities of various types, but it affords an opportunity to resell the securities and replace them with others. For instance it might be good business today to buy 100 shares of "A Company." The purchase is a good one and the stock appreciates in value. A time will come, however, when that stock reaches its maximum value. Then it becomes the duty of the company to sell all stock and replace it with other securities. There is thus a continuity of buying and selling all types of securities by men trained by experience and governed by an intimate knowledge of intricate financial transactions.

The whole proposition has been well summed up as follows:

"It is an organization by means of which the funds of many investors, whether in large or small amounts are jointly invested in a wide variety of securities. In this way both principal and income of the combined capital are protected by far-reaching distribution of risk. Through comprehensive research and skilled management an investment trust invests and reinvests the capital entrusted to it in such a way as to assure a dependable income and to realize capital profits. Its capital is raised by the sale of its shares and generally of its bonds as well to the general public."

1867 — 1927
DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES



THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
First Baron Shaughnessy
Born 1853
Elected third President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1899
K.B., 1901. K.C.V.O., 1907
Raised to the Peerage, 1916
Died, 1923

PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

IS it in the best interests of the road and the country?" That was the yardstick with which Thomas Shaughnessy measured every proposition. If the answer was "No," neither fear nor favor could move him. Before he succeeded Sir William Van Horne as President, to Shaughnessy fell the task of organizing and supervising the enormous purchases of the Company. In that day, some men looked upon such a position as a legitimate path to easy riches. Not Shaughnessy. Duty first, last and always was the standard he had set for himself.

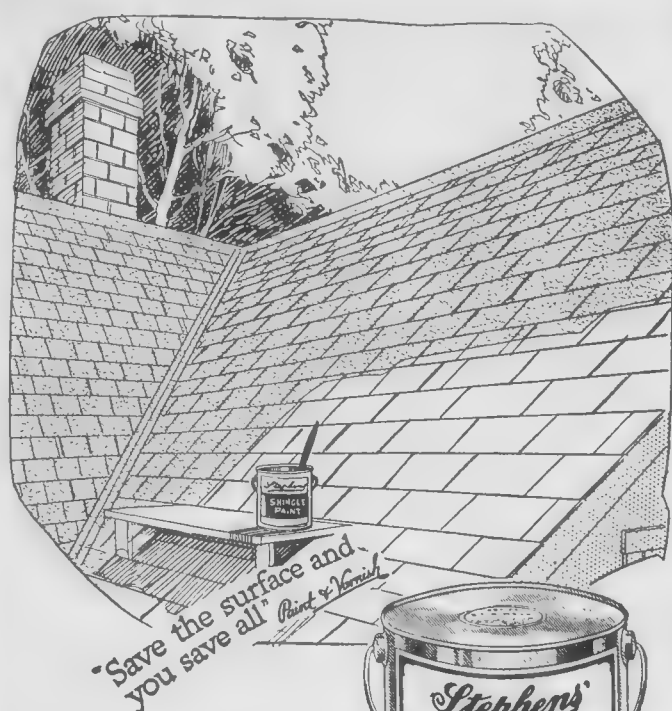
Lord Shaughnessy carried the same policy to the President's chair. He organized an intricate network of branch lines, collecting traffic and feeding it to the great main road. He inaugurated the Canadian Pacific's Atlantic fleet, operated freighters that carried the Company's house flag and the name of Canada to the ports of the seven seas. But never a step was taken that had not some definite benefit to the road and to the country directly in view.

Lord Shaughnessy would brook no privately-controlled subsidiaries, waxing fat at the parent organization's expense. Steamships, telegraphs, grain elevators, lands and even sleeping and dining cars—all were integral parts of one system, pooling their earnings in one central treasury. Through this husbanding of the Company's resources, the financial power necessary to carry out immense campaigns of colonization and industrial promotion was assembled. Through such far-sighted management the Company has paid its way, distributed well-earned profits to its thousands of shareholders, carried great plans to successful completion without call on the public funds of Canada.

[8]

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Paint Makers Since 1882



WE HAVE been considering the elements which go to the making of a valid binding contract, and so far we have considered offer and acceptance, the capacity of the parties contracting and the presence of either a seal or consideration to support the contract. It might possibly be that all these elements are present, but yet a genuine agreement has not been arrived at because the consent of either party may have been given in such circumstances as to make it no real expression of the intention of the parties. This may arise in case of mistake, innocent or wilful misrepresentation or in cases of duress or undue influence. The parties might be mistaken as to the nature or the existence of the contract which is usually brought about by the falsehood or carelessness of a third party. For instance, an illiterate man once executed a Deed which was described to him as a release of arrears of rent, but which was, as a matter of fact, a release of all claims. The deed was not read to him but on being assured that it was only for the release of the arrears he stated that he would sign and did sign it. Later on it was found that it was other than stated and the document was held to be void.

In another case an old man with defective eyesight was induced to sign a bill of exchange which he was told was a guarantee. The bill of exchange was duly indorsed to a third party who sought to hold the old man liable, but it was held that as the mind of the signer did not accompany the signature the document was invalid.

Mistake may arise when one of the contracting parties is not aware of the real name of the party with whom he is contracting. "A" took over a drug business belonging to one "B," with whom "C" had been dealing and against whom he had a set-off. "C" sent an order to "B" which "A" supplied without telling "C" that the business had changed hands. As soon as "C" found out that it was "A" and not "B" who had supplied the goods he refused to pay for them and the courts held that he was entitled to do so.

There may be also mistake as to the identity of the subject matter of the contract. Two persons once entered into an agreement to buy a cargo of cotton "to arrive ex Peerless from Bombay." It happened that there were two ships of the same name and that one of the parties meant the ship Peerless sailing in one month and the other party meant the ship Peerless sailing at a later month. It was held that as the parties were mistaken as to which ship was meant there was no contract in force at all.

If mistake has arisen along any of the lines set out above there has been no real contract called into existence and if the parties have not done anything under the alleged contract it can be repudiated and successfully defended, and if either of the parties have paid anything under the contract the moneys so paid can be recovered.

Cases of innocent misrepresentation occur when statements are made which induce one of the parties to enter into the contract, but which statements are not true although the falsity of the statements is not known to the party making them. If this representation is material and really induces the other party to enter into the contract the party so misled may resist any action started against him to have the bargain completed and may also take steps to have it set aside, but this right only exists if he repudiates immediately upon learning of the wrong statements and if the parties can be restored to the position in which they were before the contract was completed.

If a lease has been entered into and executed by the parties and the lessee

has gone into possession the lease will not be cancelled on the grounds that some statement was made falsely but without wilful intention on the part of the landlord. It should, however, be pointed out that in contracts relating to marine, fire and life insurance, contracts for the sale of land and for the purchase of shares in companies the party contracting must give a full disclosure of all possible information which is likely to affect the judgment of the other party, and if this disclosure is not made the contract can be cancelled.

Whenever a party makes a false representation knowing that it is untrue or without belief in its truth, which representation is made to induce the other party to enter into the contract and which actually does induce him to enter into the contract, the contract may be avoided on the grounds of fraudulent misrepresentation, but in order to succeed every one of these elements must be shown to have been present.

Action was once taken by a tramway company to prevent another tramway proprietor from so painting and lettering his trams so as to induce people to believe that they really belonged to the company. The judge who heard the case examined the trams of the company and of the proprietor and came to the conclusion that the painting on the proprietor's tram was calculated to deceive the public, but when the case went to appeal the proprietor was upheld on the ground that there was no evidence to show that any of the public had been actually deceived.

Whenever a person is so deceived he must take steps at once to repudiate the transaction and have it set aside, or he may also regard the contract as being in force and sue for any damages that he has sustained on account of the fraud. If he does not repudiate within a reasonable time he is held to have waived any rights that he possessed. This point arises very frequently in the purchase of shares in companies which are sold under misrepresentation. As soon as the shareholder discovers the fraud he must take active steps to be relieved from any liability. The time within which he must so act depends upon the circumstances of the case, but the more speculative the nature of the shares the shorter is the time allowed. This is quite understandable because otherwise it would open an avenue for shareholders to await the outcome of the speculation and if it were successful to determine to stand by the bargain and if it were not successful to attempt to be relieved from any further payment on account of the stock.

Duress arises when one of the contracting parties or his wife or parent or child is in actual or threatened violence or in imprisonment. The courts once held that an agreement induced by moral pressure such as a threat to prosecute a near relation is not enforceable.

Many instances of undue influence can be found springing out of the fiduciary capacity in which one of the parties acts, such as parent and child, client and solicitor, patient and medical man, ward and guardian, spiritual advisers, money lenders. There is always a presumption of undue influence when one of the parties is youthful or inexperienced or uneducated and is dealing with parties who possess these qualities, or again, where a person is in a desperate financial condition and his exigencies are taken advantage of by others. It is particularly difficult for a solicitor to retain the benefits of any of the gifts made to him by his client, unless the solicitor can show that the relationship of solicitor and client had ceased and that the client had obtained independent legal advice. In all these cases, whether the relationship be parental,

Continued on page 71

This Great Healing Oil Must Speedily Bring Comforting Relief To Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet

**Or Your Money Back. That's the Plan on Which
Emerald Oil is Sold by All Good Druggists.**

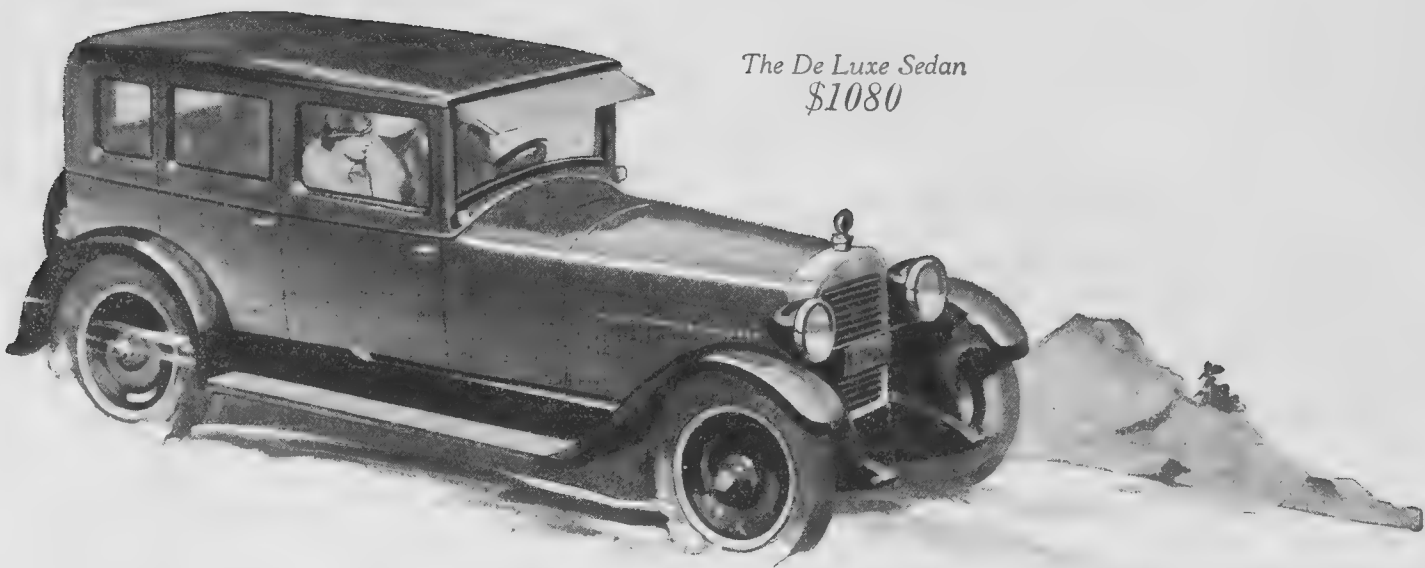
This wonderful preparation now known all over America as Moone's Emerald Oil is so efficient in the treatment of inflammatory foot troubles that the unbearable soreness and pain often stop with one application.

Moone's Emerald Oil is safe and pleasant to use; it doesn't stain or leave a greasy residue. It is so powerfully anti-septic and deodorant that all unpleasant

odors resulting from excessive foot perspiration are instantly killed.

Be patient; don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the way to solid foot comfort.

Ask your druggist today for a 2-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil. Almost every druggist in the country can supply you.



The De Luxe Sedan
\$1080

Riding ~ ~ ~ is like *flying*

You can never forget this thrilling difference from all other transportation!

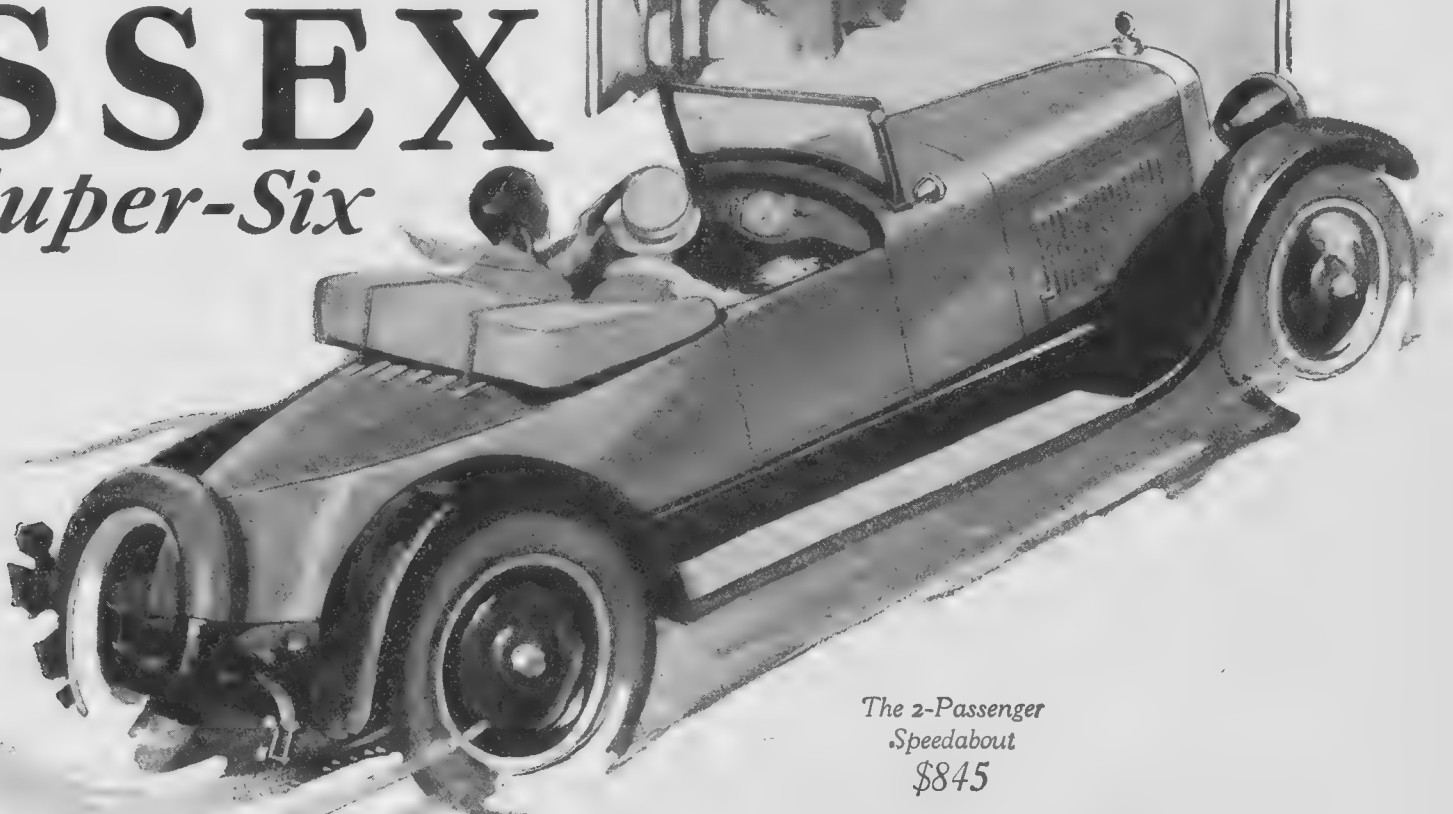
Smooth indifference to road conditions
✓✓✓ Silky smoothness in all performance
✓✓✓ Riding in the Essex Super-Six is actually like flying.

The dramatic appeal of a single ride is the basis of the greatest sales in our history.

This amazing Super-Six performance and quality is economical to buy and own. It is the outstanding triumph of engineering—for long wear, accessibility and lowest operation and maintenance costs.

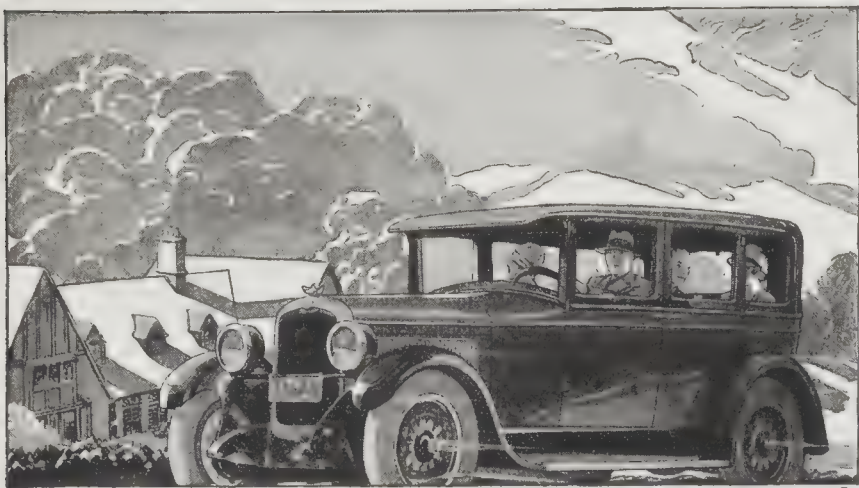
ESSEX

Super-Six



The 2-Passenger
Speedabout
\$845

4-pass. Speedster	\$945
Coupe	885
Coach	885
Sedan	960
J. O. B. Windsor, Taxes Extra	



This New Six Puts a world of new meaning into motor car value

EXTRA quality—in appearance, comfort and performance—is so unmistakable in the new Hupmobile Six that buyers all over the country recognize it as the closest-priced Six in Canada.

In the minds of thousands, it is top-rank beyond all question among medium-priced sixes, because it combines all that the highest-priced six offers by way of performance—with many obvious betterments in the smart new bodies—at prices which represent substantial savings to the purchaser.

For Hupmobile believes—and is proving day by day, as sales multiply—that the finest and most brilliant type of six-cylinder performance can be built into a car to list for less than \$2000.

To make sure that this Six is all that any six should be, Hupmobile has deliberately raised its

quality ten per cent without raising its price one single cent—with the result that the Hupmobile Six very evidently offers *more quality per dollar of purchase price than any other six on the market.*

Viewed in any assembly of the best of medium-priced sixes, the Hupmobile Six is instantly recognized as a leader—by its eye-compelling beauty; by its wealth of equipment; by its brilliant roadability, giving getaway like lightning and top speeds with most uncommon smoothness and ease of handling.

If quality means something more to you than mere showy appearance—if you want the six that gives really usable and pleasurable speed—then inevitably you will single out the Hupmobile Six as the car of soundest value and surest satisfaction in its medium-priced field.

Canada's Closest-priced Six-Cylinder Enclosed Car

Clear Vision Bodies: Composite construction with narrow front corner pillars of steel. Genuine plate glass in all windows. Vision-ventilating windshield.

Beautiful, Durable Lacquer Finish: Color treatments refreshingly varied. Contrasting "reveals" around windows.

Genuine Mohair Upholstery: Attractively patterned hardware; large "remote control" door handles.

New-Type Manifold Heat Control: Shortens the warming-up period after starting a cold engine. Built-in thermostat normalizes engine running temperatures at all times.

Vibration Damper completes Hupmobile mastery over vibration factors at every speed.

Handsome New Instrument Panel: All instruments, including gasoline gauge, conveniently grouped together under one glass, indirectly lighted.

Light Controls on Steering Wheel at the driver's finger-tips. Tilting beam headlights for night driving.

Four-Wheel Brakes: Gas filter; oil filter; full-pressure lubrication; balloon tires and snubbers; cam and lever steering gear; automatic windshield cleaner; rear view mirror; solid walnut steering wheel—every feature that the modern car should have.

Sedan, five-pass., four-door - \$1910
Brougham, five-pass., two-door 1910

Roadster, with rumble seat - \$1910
Touring, five-pass. - 1825
f. o. b. Windsor

Hupmobile Six

Making a Botanical Collection

By Elizabeth Manners

WITH spring winds and bright sunshine luring us forth to our favorite woodland haunts, we consider once more the long-deferred plan of making a botanical collection. Every turn of the forest path strengthens us in our resolve. Here we kneel beside a clump of ferns that in its dark beauty may well compete with the brightest gems in Nature's crown. Now is it, or is it not the same fern we found on that far hillside last year? We sigh as we realize that without specimens of the two side by side we shall never be able to determine the question. And this graceful trailing vine—is it the one with the pale pink flowers borne aloft on delicate stem or mayhap the one that has waxy white bells that later turn to brilliant red berries?

Some years ago our annual flock of resolutions crystallized into action when we discovered that a perfectly good start could be made for less than the price of a couple of movie tickets, and—more important—that lack of previous botanical training would not prove a serious drawback. Our experience is that you will probably go faster if you have the training, but you will miss many of the delights of original discovery. We were ashamed to admit at first that we did not know as much as the average school child, who at least can distinguish stamens from pistil, but when one is interested the desired information comes flooding in, from all sorts of unexpected sources.

Let us then consider the necessary equipment: a flower-press, a good supply of newspapers, and a couple of dozen sheets of botanical mounting paper. Later, if you become very enthusiastic and fear the loss by wilting of delicate specimens on long trips afield, you may purchase a tin carrying-case or perhaps make a light little press in which to preserve the more fragile plants as soon as discovered in their native haunts.

The home-made press of inch planed lumber of a size to hold newspapers is good, having the advantage over the manufactured article in size and weight. The greater size means an economy of time in the actual work of laying the specimens ready for pressing, and in changing the damp sheets. The cost of this press is but the cost of an eight-foot board ten inches wide, and five feet of moulding. Cut this board into two-foot lengths, and fasten these side by side in pairs by means of cleats cut from the moulding, making thus the top and bottom of the press. The cleats should project several inches, if straps are to be used to supply the necessary pressure. Some collectors use a clamp, others straps or rope, while the commonest way is to weight it with a couple or three stones. However, if space is at a

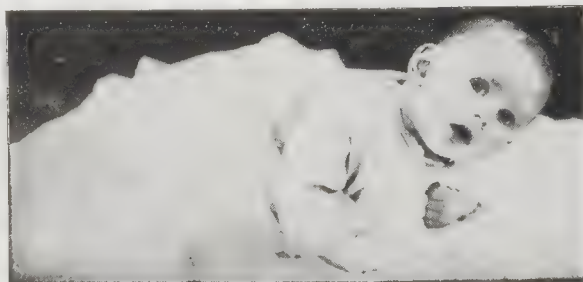
premium then must the press stand on edge, in which case strapping or clamping must be resorted to.

Have on hand a sufficient quantity of newspapers so that they may be changed every day in very hot weather, or if the plants are of a very succulent nature, or if gathered while wet. This will lessen the loss by discoloration or moulding. Experienced collectors maintain that they get uniformly better results by the use of newspapers (changed frequently) in the preservation of color in flowers, than by the more usual blotting-paper method. Newspaper has also an advantage that will be obvious to the economical.

In procuring the mounting paper see that you are supplied with that of standard size and quality. This will be a consideration later should you wish to make exchanges with collectors in other parts of the country. The reason for the exchange will become evident if you ever get all the members—let us say—but one, of a certain flower family, and that one can only be procured in another locality.

On your first collecting excursions your problem will be rather what to reject than what to select. You are confronted with such a wealth of desirable material that you feel the necessity of immediate limitation. You may at first confine yourself entirely to ferns. Some have found a collection of mosses and sedges or of leaves of trees fascinating. The beginner, however, cannot go wrong in confining himself to flowering plants. As before intimated, lack of text-book knowledge will prove no insurmountable difficulty. Very early you will begin to trace plant relationships, and having procured some representative of a family you will be eager to get them all. It is at this stage when you begin definitely to search for particular plants that you experience the first real surge of the collector's joy.

Further suggestions would seem unnecessary. An attic makes a wonderful workroom, the papers being disposed about it to dry, although a few seconds in a hot oven will answer the same purpose. An ordinary flour paste, with narrow strips of paper to fasten heavy stems, will serve in mounting. At the lower right-hand corner tabulate family, species, habitat, date and collector's name, leaving blanks to be filled in later, where the data is unknown. Information may come slowly but it is greedily absorbed when it concerns one's own collection. It is seldom many months before even the veriest novice has recourse to a botanical key—the open sesame to treasures untold. And the pleasure you will derive from the contemplation of the first specimens collected, mounted, and named by yourself is something you will never forget.



My Baby

Just a little baby
With a baby's charms
Mine to hold you, fold you
In my loving arms.

Hair so soft and shiny,
Eyes so clear and true.
Pearly teeth, I counted them,
Just a peeping thro'.

Roly, poly shoulders,
Dimpled back and arms.
Pen and ink could never tell,
Half my baby's charms.

Little feet so shaky;
I would like to know
The road that they must travel,
As they stronger grow.

But my own dear baby,
Trusting this I know
Pure and sweet and loving,
God can keep you so.

—IRENE ARMSTRONG.

Like a Film of Flexible Glass

It Protects and Beautifies



Johnson's Liquid Wax is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers for polishing and preserving lacquer-finished cars against wear and weather



Hot dishes and liquids do not mar the beautiful, thin, glasslike protection given by Johnson's Liquid Wax the greaseless furniture polish



Johnson's Liquid Wax never becomes soft and sticky even in the hottest weather. Consequently, it does not gather dust and lint or show finger-prints

Johnson's Polishing Wax will fill a real need in your home—cleaning, preserving and beautifying all finished surfaces. It is so hard, dry and greaseless that a thin coat spread on floors, furniture and woodwork is like encasing them in flexible glass armor.

Johnson's Wax instantly cleans off all soil and grime—polishes easily to a gleaming, deep-toned lustre—and preserves the original finish whether it be of varnish, lacquer, wax or paint.

Don't deny yourself any longer the pleasure and satisfaction given by waxed floors. The new Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment makes it easy for every woman to have them, thus enhancing the charm of her home simply by giving the rugs and furnishings a background of gleaming waxed floors.

Besides being beautiful and decorative, waxed floors have many practical advantages. They do not show heel-prints and are not slippery. Then, waxed floors require but

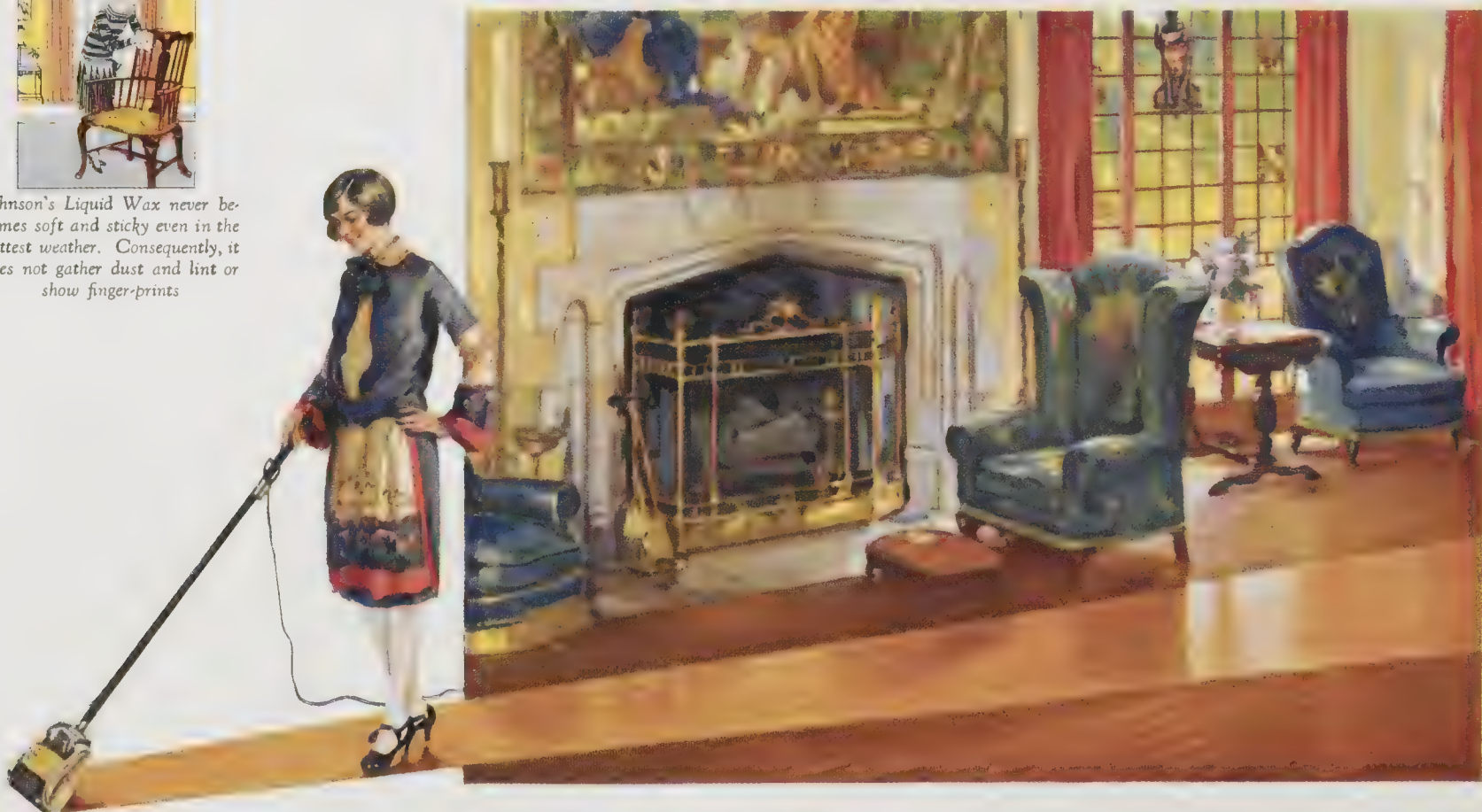
half the care and practically no expense. Costly refinishing can be entirely eliminated.

All you do is to spread a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax over the present finish. Then run the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher over the surface. Instantly—like magic—the floors take on a rich, lasting, wear-resistant lustre. There is no stooping, kneeling or soiling of hands. The Polisher requires not the slightest effort—it runs itself—you just walk along and guide it.

Progressive merchants, neighborhood stores and painters furnish their customers Rental Service on Johnson Electric Floor Polishers at \$2.00 a day. Take advantage of this new, easy, electric way to wax-polish *all* your floors in less time than it takes to do a *single* room by old-fashioned hand methods.

Make an appointment to rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your nearest grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. Its easy operation and beautifying results will delight you.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Ltd. "The Floor Finishing Authorities" BRANTFORD
VANCOUVER WINNIPEG WINDSOR TORONTO MONTREAL



JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



*Utter protection and security, plus an end to
the problem of disposal*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way, called Kotex, that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
\$1.20 per dozen



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors

- ① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



- ② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



- ③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of KOTEX

Made in Canada

KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

WHM-6

The Psychology of Fine Underwear

By Kathleen Redman Strange

WOMEN of all classes, the world over, are beginning to insist on having dainty, well-cut, well-made, well-fitting and beautiful underwear, for without perfect underwear no apparel, however expensive and elaborate, can do a woman justice.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the well-dressed woman didn't consider herself properly garbed unless she was wearing an abundance of underclothing. Nowadays, though no woman can afford to be without plenty of underwear, she doesn't put them all on at once as did our Grandmothers!

Grandmother delighted in the possession of as many petticoats as possible, which she wore, layer upon layer. These were usually constructed of cotton, stiffly starched, embroidered and flounced, or of crinkly silk which made a fascinatingly mysterious swishing sound as she walked; in tightly-laced and stiffly whale-boned corsets which gave her an exaggerated bust measurement and an unnaturally diminutive waist, resulting in a figure composed of convex curves. There were other lingerie atrocities, too numerous to mention.

We women of today have discarded everything but the barest necessities. Our present day straight, slim, much abbreviated dresses demand the slimmest and sheerest of lingerie. We try to make each piece as flat and as severely tailored as we can and in cut and colour our underthings are given every bit as much consideration as our outerthings.

There is no doubt but that this demand for sheer, fine underwear arises directly from the present day slender silhouette. Slenderness has become the ideal of every woman who takes a pride in her appearance and the fad, if so one might call it, for achieving this much to be desired boyish figure has taught many an over-heavy, ungraceful woman to exercise common-sense and self-control in the matter of eating and hygiene.

Surely we must all agree that our present day abbreviated underwear makes for good health, both mental and physical? It has been said, and probably with a great deal of truth, that the heavily-boned, tightly laced corset worn by our predecessors was directly responsible for much of the anæmia and digestive disturbances suffered from by young women of those days. Miss Sweet Seventeen used to faint upon every and any occasion, and no wonder, with the terrible tight lacing to which she was a victim if she desired to be at all fashionable. Then there were those voluminous petticoats, heavy, cumbersome things which literally swept the ground, gathering their full complement of dirt and disease germs and interfering with freedom in walking and exercising. How could a young woman feel fit and alert when encumbered by such absurdities?

A VERY large manufacturer of ladies' lingerie told me the other day that in Paris the really smart woman wears but four articles of clothing, outside of shoes and hose, and two of these are garters.

It is left to the imagination of the reader to name the other two! This gentleman deplored the fact that the latest fad for discarding every possible garment of underwear consistent with ordinary decency had reduced him to the necessity of discharging over fifty per cent of his employees and had left him, in addition, faced with the prospect of a much depleted income.

In the big eastern cities, many thousands of young girls are employed in the factories that manufacture women's underwear. A few years ago there was a big demand for such articles as vests, bloomers, undershirts, corset covers, corsets and many other cumbersome articles of underwear that were considered indispensable to the wardrobe of the well dressed woman. Nowadays the average woman confines herself to the very briefest and sheerest of "step ins" and possibly a tiny bandeau of lace and ribbon. Even those women who still wear corsets and brasieres make a point of having these garments as fine and well-fitting as modern science can insure.

It has been said that the cotton growers and cotton manufacturers in various parts of the world, particularly in Lancashire, England, have suffered through the tendency of modern women, of all walks and stations in life, to wear silk underwear. I don't suppose there is any young woman today, of average circumstances, who doesn't possess at least one "silk set" and many working girls, in the most ordinary position, will tell you quite casually that they "never wear anything but silk next to their skin." This wholesale wearing of silken underthings was an unheard of luxury a decade or so ago amongst people of the same comparative class; cotton, or at best, linen, was the accepted material for underwear and the wearer's position was indicated by its degree of fineness.

There is, however, a decided psychological effect upon young women as a result of the wearing of silk underwear. The very "feel" of silk gives one a sense of well-being, of assurance and poise that certainly could not have been possible with the perhaps more serviceable cotton.

The increasing tendency amongst women to wear silk and artificial silk underwear has resulted in a decided boom for the silk growers and the silk manufacturers. The pendulum is always swinging back and forth, so that where one suffers the other benefits and so it will undoubtedly continue to be so long as there are women in the world, for her vagaries regarding clothes are proverbial. It is really amazing to what an extent big industries and the welfare of thousands of workers in different parts of the world are affected by the whims and fancies of women in respect to this one item of her toilet alone.

It would seem, however, that the present-day light-weight, dainty undergarments, expressing as they do the acme of simplicity in design and workmanship, are surely indicative of a saner, healthier era.

Good cooks prefer "Wear-Ever"



—used in the best homes

THE modern bride plans her living-room like an artist and her kitchen like an engineer. She understands how vital it is that food be wholesome and tasty—yet its preparation freed from time-consuming drudgery. She is efficient.

She knows that "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils, by their easy, even heat control, make good cooking certain and pleasant—that they are always clean, pure and safe.

So—just as you find silver in the bride's dining-room, in her kitchen you will find

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



Over One Hundred Million
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Now in Use.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO



Women of Algeria

*This wonderful enamel of many uses
brings cheer and harmony into the home.*



Apply it on any surface—wood, cement or metal. Here is enamel of amazing durability, equally superior for a thousand purposes. Wherever used it produces a smooth, lustrous, waterproof finish that wears. And it costs no more than paint!

Anyone can obtain superior results with Berry Brothers' Lionoil Floor Enamel. It flows freely, levels evenly and dries in a few hours without sags or brush marks.

You can add a room to a house or building by utilizing basement or attic space. A few coats of this wonderful enamel make even a gritty cement floor smooth, dust-free and attractive. Wide board floors and shabby old painted ones are transformed to colorful floors of real beauty, quickly and with little effort and cost.

Because nothing is more durable or satisfactory, it is widely used for finishing cement-floored hallways and rooms in hospitals, schools and other public buildings.

Insist upon getting Berry Brothers' Lionoil Floor Enamel. It is made in a wide range of attractive colors. Use it on porch floors and garden furniture. There's nothing better for resisting wear and exposure.



It Wears

BERRY BROTHERS
Lionoil
WALKERVILLE Floor Enamel ONTARIO

Guaranteed by the manufacturer of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid, Berry's Brushing Lacquer and other wear-resisting, high-quality varnishes, enamels, stains and lacquers. Western Branch: Harry Hoyle, Manager, 107 Bannatyne Avenue East, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Rire et Faire Rire"

By Constance Talmadge

"IF NATURE had not made us a little frivolous we should be most wretched . . . I look upon solemnity as a disease." Now, of course, Voltaire said that, and he said it as no one else has been able to say it, so I have taken it for my motto. I think the most exhilarating thing in the world is to make someone who is sad, laugh. It isn't easy, but it's wonderful. Try it.

France appreciated this when she decorated the Fratellini Trio with the Legion of Honor. These clowns have tumbled all over Europe for years and have made people split their sides and cause tears of mirth to stream down their cheeks. They are loved in every country in which they have appeared. France, suddenly appreciating them as soldiers of happiness, gave all three of the Fratellini brothers the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In the government order, raising these three clowns to this singular dignity, the Minister of the Interior wrote: "I congratulate you heartily in the name of all the little children of Paris, whose joy you are, and also in the name of their fathers, those other big children, whom we call men."

I have never been able to get over a childish delight in watching clowns. They seem so brave in giving all their enthusiastic energy in trying to make a vast audience laugh. I heard this summer a story about a clown, that touched me. Years ago, every Christmas time, Joey, the famous English clown, appeared in a pantomime at the old Covent Garden Theatre. One Christmas they decided not to give the pantomime but to put on a play instead. There was no Joey on the stage that Christmas. The following year the pantomime was given again and Joey, who had never spoken a word on the stage, came on at that first performance and said: "Here we are again!" The entire performance was stopped, the audience cheered, yelled itself hoarse, created a furore just to let Joey know how happy they were to have him back.

I had decided to become a comedienne long before I realized what a serious ambition it was. I know now that one of the greatest things today is laughter, not cynical, derisive laughter, but the joyous, free laughter that has health in it. I did not know that then, of course. I only felt it, and I had the great joy of earning my living playing those first fascinating years before I became a star.

I often wonder why so few actresses take up comedy as their metier. While there are nearly a dozen well-known screen comedians, the screen comedien-nes who have reached stardom are few indeed.

I attribute the fact that the comedian is essentially funnier than the comedienne, to the fact that most actresses, once they have achieved a fair degree of success in comedy, invariably strive to become dramatic stars.

A feminine comedy must be carefully devised. Subtlety is really a more important factor in comedy than in any other form of screen drama. The slight-

est over-emphasis of a funny situation turns it into burlesque. One must strive for just the right shading and gradations to keep the proper tempo. It is really easier in a way, to let yourself go and be ever so tragic, and give absolute vent to pent-up emotions, than it is to be suppressed and give just a light touch.

The woman comedy star in particular must keep the feminine audience in mind, because often things that are funny to men are not at all funny to women, as they are apt to be too obvious to our own sex. I have learned from long experience that what is funny about women to a woman is sure to be funny to a man. Besides, if the girls like the picture, they will bring the men along anyway! When all is said and done, if you can appeal to the feminine audience, you can rest assured you will be successful with the men.

Every comedian, consciously or unconsciously, is a psychologist. It is necessary to have a keen insight into human nature and a sense of proportion before you can make people laugh. My work lies in sophisticated comedies of modern life — secretly I would much rather be gay, as a clown. The days of so-called slapstick comedy are over. The pie now remains on the table. A sense of humor has replaced a sense of the ridiculous.

One must always remember that there is as much emotion in comedy as in tragedy, a different one to be sure, but it is equally an emotion. And in the comedies that I do which might be called sophisticated stories of modern life, one can't just dash on and be funny. There are subtle shades of humor that have to be caught by the camera, which actually only captures about fifty per cent. of what the human eye takes in. These things have to be understood, thought about and then completely forgotten before you can be a comedienne. In other words, one has to be spontaneous, like the after-dinner speaker who says his speech is impromptu after he has spent a week making it up.

There is humor in everything, just as there is tragedy in everything. Prince Troubetskoy once said: "It's a tragedy not to have a tragedy," but I think it's a tragedy not to have a comedy. One of the strange things about pictures is that you are never quite sure what will be funny—never quite sure what will seem funny to an audience. I have seen actors convulsed over a scene and had really a grand time playing it, but after it was shot it proved to be only mildly humorous.

I think the hardest thing in the world for a comedian to express is joy. By that I mean the quality that John McCormack has in his voice—that note of exalted happiness that can almost make you cry. There is such a desire to give you happiness in its sound. People are forever writing technical articles on how to study to be another John McCormack. Can one ever write an article on how to capture joy? Am I trying to write this now?—well, if I am, it's only to prove that you can't capture it, you must give it.

Shops

*I like the people who keep shops,
Busy and cheerful folk with friendly
faces;
They handle lovely things—bulbs, seed and
flowers,
China and glass and gay-backed magazines,
Velvet and satin, foreign silks and laces.*

*One keeps a stall that's good to see,
Of nuts and fruit the morning sunlight
dapples;
With dewy green things fresh from country
gardens,
Tomatoes, bloomy plums and figs in
baskets,
Melons and pears and red or russet
apples.*

*The ironmonger charms me, too,
With wholesome things of house and
ground for selling:
Rakes, hoes and spades, tinware and tacks
and hammers,*

*And shining lamps that wait for kindling
fingers;
A pleasant place for converse, good,
clean-smelling.*

*To serve us seems their only aim,
Asking our wishes, quick to crave our
pardon;
And yet I know in each of these shop people
There dwells a soul withdrawn from us,
elusive;
The shop can never know—a secret
garden.*

*How can we guess who see them so,
Behind their counters, writing down our
orders;
The hidden glades of thought, the fair
surprises
That lie without our reach, the blue horizons,
Stretching for them beyond their peaceful
borders.*
—W. M. Letts
(in the London Spectator)

Now...a daintier way to remove *Milady's* Corns

May we present an old, old friend
... in a new dress?

Good old Blue-jay ... the never-failing friend of your feet ... in a new package and with new efficiency. Blue-jay in the 1927 mode!

Please don't be apprehensive. We haven't changed the old reliable Blue-jay formula ... the magic medication that has conquered over fifty million foot-annoyances. But this is an æsthetic age. And Milady demands new daintiness in every toilette accessory.

So we've given Blue-jay a new and creamy-white pad to replace the familiar blue one ... the better to blend with the pearly pinkness or Milady's skin. We've shaped the disc of medication so that it fits over the odd-shaped corn without spreading ... concentrating the magic wax on the callous spot.

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MISS DOROTHY KNAPP, delightful star of Earl Carroll's Vanities. Distinguished artists have called Miss Knapp the most beautiful girl in the world.

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A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

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For calluses and bunions get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.



EVELYN LAW'S Famous Dancing Feet. "A corn is hardly a luxury for anybody ... but for a dancer it's agony ... When I notice any suggestion of callus on the toe ... I immediately apply Blue-jay."

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THE *New* Blue-jay



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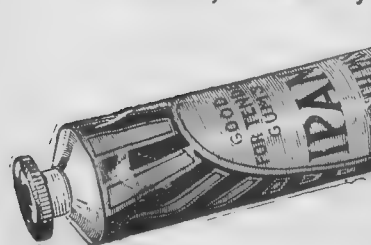
Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. So ask him about its properties, its fine cleaning power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective it really is.

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. For the ten day tube can only start the good work, but a full size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

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An Outline of European Poetry

Continued from page 20

The outstanding quality of these highlanders is a passionate spirit of independence. George Castriota, or Scanderberg (1403-1467), "the dragon of Albania," who repelled all Turkish attacks for twenty-five years, is their national hero. They are also noted for their fidelity, generosity, hospitality and respect for women. A woman's honor is nowhere safer than among these fierce mountaineers.

Their language is remotely related to Latin and Greek, but is distinct from both. War, poverty, isolation, and a primitive civilization have kept their literature in an undeveloped state. Folk-songs are very abundant, but such formal poetry as exists is largely the haphazard work of exiled Albanians during the past fifty years. The following little poem by A. Z. Sajup, published at Sofia, in Bulgaria, is perhaps typical of this more recent work:

MY VILLAGE

Granite hills greying;
Grassed slopes a-quiver;
Ripe corn-fields swaying
Down by a river,

Facing a village
And church in the valleys;
Tiny the tillage
Around tiny chalets.

Cool for the panting
Are water and breezes,
Nightingale's chanting
From sorrow releases.

There in the shadows
Children are playing.
Down by those meadows
My heart is still straying.

Gipsy Poetry

SCATTERED throughout the Balkans and the two neighboring countries of Hungary and Roumania are 600,000 people of the "Gipsy" (i.e. Egyptian) race. The name is a mistaken one, for modern philologists find that their language belongs, not to Egypt but to Northern India, along with Sanskrit and such Prakritic derivatives as Bengali, Hindi, and Punjabi. In this primitive Hindu speech is imbedded a certain amount of Persian vocabulary, indicating a temporary stay in Persia on their way to Europe.

Their Eastern origin is shown by their tawny beauty of silky dark hair and dark shining eyes. Gay dances, intoxicating tunes, and haunting folk-songs have been their chief cultural contribution to Europe. They have virtually no literature.

A fair sample of their folk-poetry is the following honeymoon song:

Who so happy down as I
Lives beneath the laughing sky?
I have wine and I've a wife,
All man needs for perfect life.
Now 'tis wine slakes manhood's
drouth,
Now my bride's moist rosy mouth;
Yes, the whole delightful day
Shall I drink the hours away,
And from dawn to dawn's releasing
Kiss my sweet bride without
ceasing.

Bulgarian Poetry

BULGARIA is a country half the size of Old Ontario with a population of five million people. Across the centre of the country from east to west runs the lofty but mellow-peaked range of the Balkan Mountains, from which the whole peninsula derives its name. The people speak a Slavic

language and are predominantly Slavic in race, but with this blood has been mingled that of the remote Bulgarian conquerors in the seventh century A.D. This blend has resulted in a sober, sturdy, hard-working people, emotionally phlegmatic but with an ardent respect for education.

Like most other Balkan peoples, the modern Bulgars look back to centuries of early achievement followed by centuries of Turkish oppression. During the golden age of empire, from the seventh century to the thirteenth, the literature was largely ecclesiastical in character. From the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, the political oppression of the Turk and the ecclesiastical fanaticism of the Greek Church suppressed all use of the Bulgarian language except among the peasantry, and the very existence of a Bulgarian race was almost forgotten in Europe. Then in the nineteenth century a literary revival changed all this. Begun in the eighteenth century by two patriotic Bulgar priests, Paisii and Sofronii, the movement gathered force among the refugees in Rumania, Bessarabia, and Southern Russia. A monk named Nilski wrote the first Bulgarian grammar (1835) and translated the New Testament into the vernacular. The struggle with Turkey came to a climax in the seventies, when, after unspeakable atrocities by the Sultan, Servia and Russia came to the rescue of the Bulgars and overwhelmed the Turks. The unscrupulous diplomacy of the Great Powers imposed a settlement by which Bulgaria was still officially under the Sultan, but in 1908 the Bulgars definitely proclaimed and maintained their independence.

The chief literary participant in this movement and the virtual founder of the modern poetical language was Ivan Vazov (1850-1921), whose epics, lyrics, and novels exerted a profound influence on his countrymen. The following stanzas are from his poem "Bulgaria":

I loved thee when the yoke of slavery
Bruised thy beloved neck, Bulgaria,
And all thy cries for liberty and law
Passed down the wind and left thee
still unfree.

I loved thee, O my country, when
arose
The morning-star of thy awakening,
And thou didst welcome as a holy
thing
The paschal bread of conflict with
thy foes.

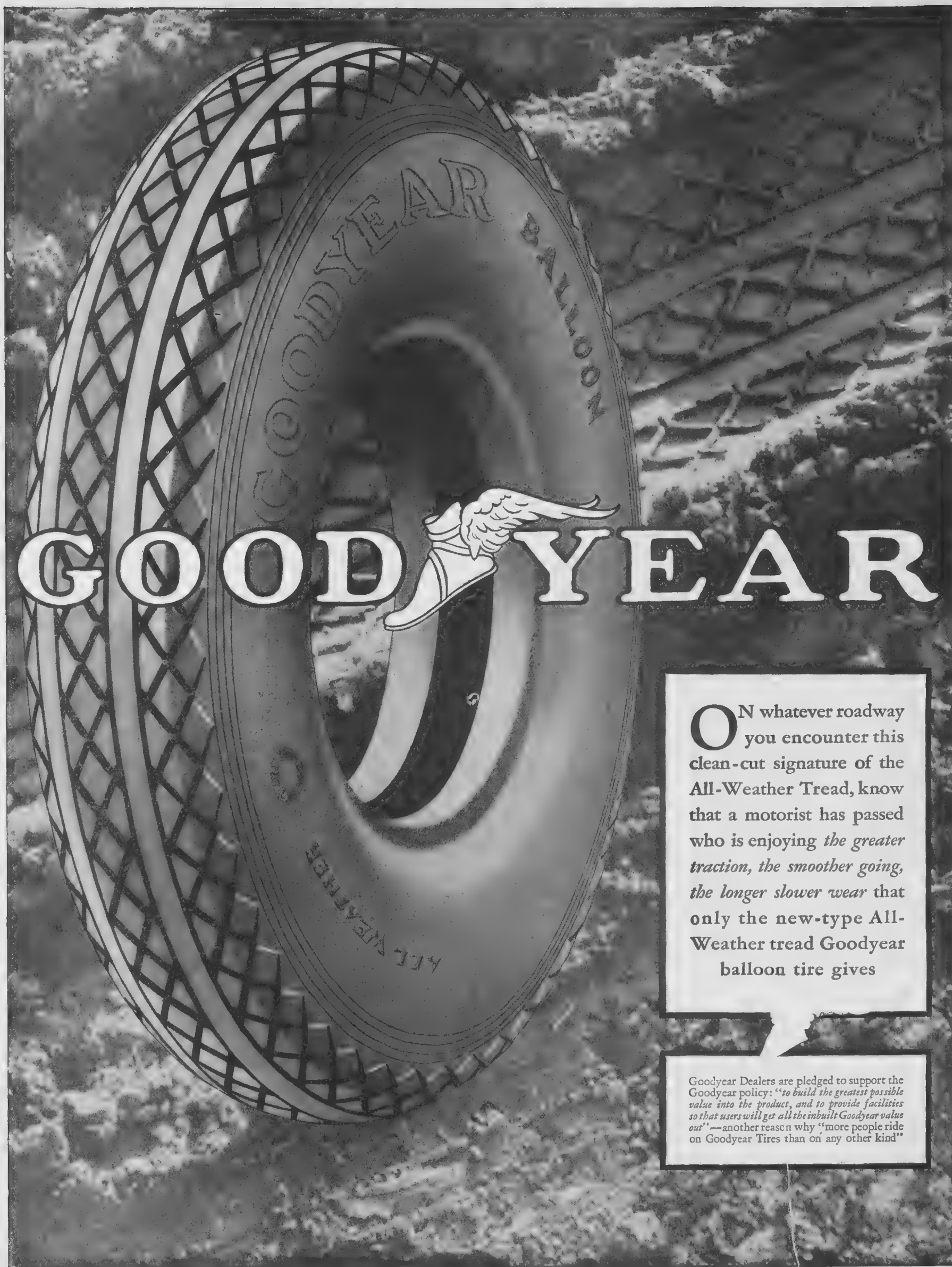
Nor can I love thee less now night
is past,
Past with its evil spells and sacred
strife,
Past with its thirst and agony of life,
And in thy freedom thou art queen
at last!

Less versatile and influential than Vazov but more profoundly poetical was Pencho Slaveykov (1866-1912), whose work, influenced by Russia and Germany, is pessimistic and philosophic in quality. The following little poem "The Cottage," is one of his slighter performances:

A forest-rangers' whitewashed shack
Stands in a wooded wilderness
Crowning a hill, whence eye might
track
Far-darkening fir-trees beyond
guess.

About it swells a boundless sea
Of silent, sombre-shadowy pine;
And in that dark infinity,
Symbol of man, its pale walls
shine.

Continued on page 42



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An Outline of European Poetry

Continued from page 40

Other poets of importance are Stoyan Mikhaylovski (born 1850), and, in the more recent generation, Kiril Khristov, P. K. Yavorov, Emanuil Dimitrov, Lyudmil Stoyanov, Teodor Trayanov, Dimcho Debelyanov, and Nikolay Liliev. Considering the brief space of time in which it has taken form, modern Bulgarian poetry constitutes a notable testimonial to the genius of its creators.

Jugo-Slav Poetry

THE recently constituted kingdom of Jugo-Slavia comprises nearly thirteen millions of the Southern ("Jugo") Slavs, who are usually subdivided as Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. These three sub-races are virtually one. They occupied this region in a common invasion back in the sixth and seventh centuries A.D., and only certain accidents of history have produced any differences among them. Thus the majority, the Serbs, were Christianized by the Greek Church and adopted the Slavic alphabet (based originally on the Greek); the Croats and Slovenes became Roman Catholics and use the Latin alphabet; while the Slovenes have been still further modified by intermarriage with Italians in the west and with Austrian Germans in the north. But the identity of race and language is still so complete that union in a single state became a natural consequence of the late war.

In the interval between 700 A.D. and 1918 A.D., these hardy and valiant peoples passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. The Serbs, after two golden centuries of empire (1169-1371), passed under Turkish domination until 1830; the Croats had enjoyed an era of supremacy still earlier (910-1091), but were then subject in turn to Hungarian, Austrian, French and Austrian again, until the European War brought liberation in 1918; the Slovenes have spent most of the centuries as peaceful subjects of the Hapsburg emperors.

Apart from ecclesiastical writings, the first great literary period of the Jugo-Slavs came between 1450 and 1737 in Spalato and Raguso, Serb cities on the Adriatic coast. Stirred by the double inspiration of the Renaissance and their own folk-poetry, there arose at least eight Serb poets of the first rank, the greatest of whom was Ivan Gundulich (1558-1638), author of a great epic called "Osman."

After a relapse of about a hundred years, the Serbs entered upon a second creative period in the nineteenth century. Pioneer work was done by Obradovich and Karajich, but the real poets of the century were Sarayliya (1791-1847), Nyegosh (1813-1851), and Jovan Jovanovich (1833-1904). Jovanovich is the supreme lyric poet of the Serbs. The following little poem involves some of the qualities which have endeared him to his countrymen:

THE OLD MOTHER

*My dear old mother's years
Have brought her many tears,
Bowed her quite;
But her soothing song and tale
For the wee ones never fail
Night by night.*

*They will snuggle in her arms,
All spellbound by her charms;
Hand and voice
And the tales of land and sea
That she tells them happily,
Girls and boys.*

*Her stories seldom change,
But their theme is always strange,
Strange and fair,
Till glad rest their hearts undo,
And the grey old mother's too,
In her chair.*

THE same nineteenth century impulse spread to the Croats and the Slovenes. For a time the Croats tried to use their own dialect of the common language, but the superior prestige of the Serb dialect won out and almost all Croat writers came to use it. The most distinguished Croat poets of the century were Gaj, Mazuranich, Vraz, Rakovats, and Matija Ban.

The Slovene poets, whose dialect, strongly influenced by German, differed more sharply than the others, were impervious to Serb influence and wrote in the idiom of their own district. France Presheren (1800-1849) was perhaps their greatest poet, but Simon Jenko (1835-1869) and Josip Stritar (1836-1906) are figures of genuine importance. The chief centre of culture has been the famous old cathedral city of Laibach, originally founded by Augustus Cæsar in 34 B.C. and persisting down through all the long adventurous centuries. Here are several learned societies, a Slovene theatre, and a university founded in 1920. The culture of the Serbs and the Croats has similarly tended to focus in the university cities of Belgrade and Agram respectively.

The leading poets of Jugo-Slavia today are Jovan Duchich (born 1874), the country's permanent delegate to the League of Nations, and Milan Rakich (born 1876), Jugo-Slav Ambassador to Bulgaria. The following is a typical lyric by Duchich:

THE WOOD

*The springtime wood was flooded
Deep with the mellow
Light of the bronze-bright hours;
The thickets of willow flamed with
A vernal yellow;
The ground was starred with
Flowers.*

*Along the tree-trunks crept the
Caterpillars,*

*And on their track untiring
Came the shy cohorts of their
Feathered killers,
Flicker and thrush conspiring.*

*A Sabbath hush kept radiant and
Sleeping*

*That wood; while like flood-water
A tide of struggle through far fields
Sweeping,
Reddened their grass with
Slaughter.*

In looking back over this brief survey, we find that in most instances Balkan poetry has been vitally associated with the rise of nationalism and a struggle for liberty. Poetry is above all an expression of human experience. And to most of the Balkan peoples no experience has been more profound than their fight for freedom. And when they come to us as voluntary citizens of a free country, their past record as patriots and creators of vital literature should serve as a password of promise.

SYMPATHY

*There was a woman in the Church,
She wore a hat
With yellow roses, and the crown
Squashed pancake-flat,
And woollen stockings, and she knelt
In silence there,
With upturned face and dull, tired eyes
In aching prayer.*

*I saw great hopeless tears roll down
In dreary streams,
And noticed where her worn blue coat
Had ink-marked seams;
Her hands were clenched white and a book
Lay at her side.
I wondered why I could not help—
And why she cried.*

Jules Frambeau

Continued from page 26

I followed him, but when part way through the window, everything seemed to turn black before my eyes. I hung suspended, half in and half out, trying to get hold of my senses. I seemed unable to shout or attract the attention of anyone. Words drifted to my ears from below . . . "Tap the wire . . . Revelstoke a few miles . . . wrecking train . . . passengers . . . transfer . . ." Then my body went limp, and I slumped to the ground, but before lapsing into unconsciousness, I heard someone cry out: "Hell This man's dead!"

WHEN I awakened, I found myself in bed, with a doctor bending over me. Outside of a splitting headache, I seemed to be all there. When I could collect my thoughts together, I asked him how badly I was hurt.

"Nothing to worry about," he assured me. At first, I was afraid of internal trouble, but nothing doing. You were one of the fortunate ones. Your . . ." and he named part of me I never knew I had before, "was temporarily paralyzed, and you've got a nasty bruise on your head—otherwise you're fit as a fiddle."

Remembering the girl, I enquired about her. He did not remember hearing of her case, but when I explained that she had not been hurt, he said: "I can't tell you anything of those who escaped injury, for they were transferred to 'Number One' from here, and resumed their journey."

So she had gone on, and I hadn't even told her my name. "Oh, well," I thought, "some day, perhaps, we'd meet again." I tried my best to remember her address, as I had read it on her vanity case, but my brain refused to think straight, and I settled into a deep sleep.

Two days later the doctor pronounced me sound as ever. Once more I continued my journey to Montreal. This time it seemed to me to be a terribly dull affair—an old man who would be glad to get back to his suite of rooms.

IT WAS seven years later when I next met Jules Frambeau. And oh, how different conditions were with me then than on that other trip, when he and I had met.

At that time I was a prosperous business man, who had just put through a big deal which had meant thousands of dollars to me. But this time, except on paper, I was absolutely "up against it."

A fire destroyed my plant in Montreal in nineteen hundred and seven, and I lost nearly everything I had. My insurance, of course, paid for the erection of another factory, but it was not enough to purchase all the necessary machinery, and leave a working capital.

During building operations, my competitors naturally got all of my business. I was unable to raise enough money to carry on with. At this time there was a general depression in our line of business, and the banks simply would not advance us any large loans. In fact, they had discouraged or tried to discourage my idea of building at all. I determined to try American capitalists, but in this I failed also.

As I sat in one corner of the boat, running from Seattle to Vancouver, I felt decidedly a sick man. Despondency, worry, strain and sleeplessness had made me but a shadow of my former self. I thought bitterly of the money which I had invested in stocks and shares, at different times, through the country. Money, which I had made while watching my business grow

from a small affair to a large concern—money, which I had made out of my own business, and invested, even, with some of those capitalists who had refused me loans when I needed them most. I did not know of one single individual or concern from whom I could borrow capital. Indeed, as far as the business world was concerned, I was at the end of my tether. In fact, I was so downhearted I had given up hopes completely.

To make matters worse, two young lads stopped near my chair, and began exchanging notes about the big money their employers were making at the time. It appears that the smaller of the two was private secretary to some big lumber king—"King of the Woods" he called him. He kept telling the other fellow what a wonderful man this lumber king was—for making money. I think that I hated those young chaps that night, and was glad when they moved off down the corridor.

I must have sat there for nearly an hour, trying to figure some way out of my difficulties, when looking up, I beheld a tiny mite of a girl toddling down the aisle towards me.

She was clothed in a little flannel nightgown, which she held gracefully between two tiny fingers as she ran, laughing and chuckling to herself. Mischievous was written all over her face, as she kept looking over her shoulder from time to time.

"Joan—Joan, come here. Mus' go to bed now." The little one turned as a well-dressed man, evidently her father, came towards her—and stamping one little, bare foot in defiance, cried out: "No-o-o-o-o! No! No-o-o-o—"

The man laughed, and made believe that he was going to run after her, whereupon she ran the faster. And, rather to my confusion, right into my lap, where she put her little, white arms around my neck, and impulsively kissed me on the cheek. Then, with entreaty written in her eyes, as if she were begging me to let me stay where she was, and not make her go back to bed again, she looked up at me and exclaimed over and over again: No! Noo-o-o-o! No!

The big man, laughingly, exclaimed: "Oh, Joan. I'm ashamed for you—kissing a stranger like that!"

Where had I heard that voice before. Somewhere, surely. My brain, from constant worry, was somewhat in a muddle, and refused to think for me. Where, where—let me see—Ah! I had it now—

Looking into his face, as he went to take that warm little body from my arms, I laid a restraining hand on his arm, and said softly: "She is like her mother, Jules Frambeau! And we are not strangers—"

He puckered his brow, as he drew back and scanned my face, but he did not know me. "I do not understand, Monsieur," he stated. He was, by far, too polite to acknowledge that he did not remember or know me. "Perhaps, then, you have known my wife?"

How changed this man was in comparison to that day of seven years ago. He was so smart-looking in his grey tweed suit. So well dressed and neat, from his velour hat to his brown Oxfords. Watching his face, noticed that a few tiny wrinkles were beginning to show—probably business worries had caused them, I thought. His hair was getting grey at the temples, too. But he still carried that gay and lovable boyish expression.

As I sat looking at him, my mind drifted back to our first meeting—then on to the wreck and the girl, Joan Salent. Perhaps—and a doubt for the

Continued on page 48



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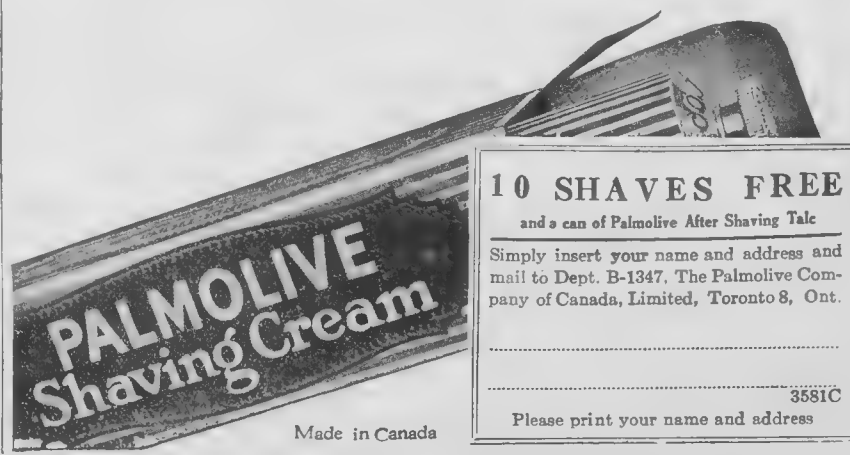
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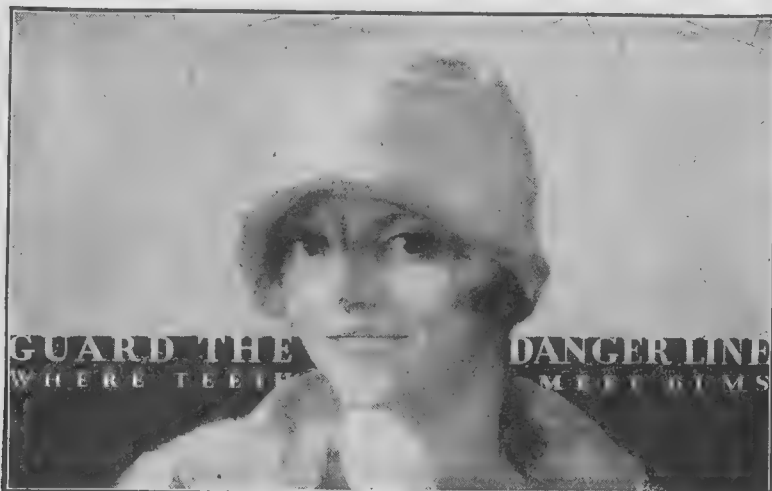
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IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Home Music for the Child as Essential as Home Reading

THE mentality of a little child seems like a windy day in April. It flashes from sunlight to shadow, hovering moment by moment amid a chasing riot of moods, where vivid eagerness may flicker out in a second into sudden boredom. I keenly remember as a child the flat grayness of that moment of weariness as it fell upon a half hour's clear-cut delight, before another eager interest gripped and held in its place. Child training is a continual struggle with this imp of boredom. The teacher's task is always the linking up of those kaleidoscopic moments of eager interest into a slowly growing continuity, the crystallization of vivid child moods into progressive mental growth, individuality, taste.

Musical taste, like everything else, has to be molded upon this basis of natural enjoyment, and it is increasingly true that musical training is made extraordinarily interesting today at kindergarten and school. But music at school, however good, is not enough. Without good music at home children will never make it a part of their lives, never develop their own taste nor their childish curiosity, of pottering about with songs and tunes and musical sounds and forming their young likes and dislikes, nor getting any understanding of music at all. We are too much in the habit of looking at a musically inclined child as though it were something vaguely freshish. This is a plea for putting appreciation of music in its normal place as a normal endowment of the individual.

In the Nursery

Children learn most easily by teaching themselves, by their own curious and inquisitive little experiments. It is far more important to have music, a piano and a phonograph in the nursery than in the drawing-room. It is as important to cultivate a child's musical taste by teaching it to read music as to teach it to read literature. Yet how rarely does this happen? There is simply no scope for the child who, loving music, would become the counterpart of the small girl who curls up in a window seat with a book and wanders bright-eyed in a magic world of "fairy." Or of the small boy who will lie on the floor for hours perfectly happy with a box of paints, drawing and painting pirate ships and wild storms at sea. Neither the receptive nor the creative musical imagination of children is encouraged enough at home.

I wish we could realize the normality of music more and its proper place side by side with literature and art in education, and by this is meant home education and environment rather than school. Children would be in a poor way if their general school reading were not supplemented by reading at home. They lose just as much by the lack of musical resources at home, and worse still, they are hardly ever taught to read music at all.

Wisdom in Choice

If they could only grow up hearing and singing music from babyhood, learning to read the music of nursery rhymes as they learn the words, with their natural interest fostered and encouraged by wise choice, I believe their love of it would grow in response beyond all expectation. There is much unwisdom in the choice of music for children—the types of children must have music to match. There is no small boy at the Treasure Island and wild adventure stage who wouldn't respond to all the thrill of "Sailor Shanties." Such a boy, having been taught one, would pick up a dozen in a week by himself if he could read a simple tune. Children's musical taste develops through the stages of their other mental development, and it is ridiculous to suppose that while they are still busy with childish games and fairy tales they will find joy in a Brahms symphony, any more than in Shelley or the Italian Primitives. But if they are helped to sing and are also taught to write simple melodies, given a nursery library of children's music, a nursery phonograph and simple records, their musical imagination will develop as their mentality develops; they will have learnt the ABC of music as children, and as adults will no longer be confronted, as many people are now, with the absurdity of trying to understand complex musical literature before—musically—they can spell words of one syllable.

Children always have plenty of books to read at home to satisfy their maturing intellects. Why should their young musical inclination be handicapped by never being taught to read at all? A musical gift is too likely to be put into a glass case and exhibited as a rare and delicate curiosity, instead of flourishing everywhere in sunlight and health. This all may sound over-concerned because of the situation, but I am convinced it is most urgently true.

Contract Bridge

Many of our readers are familiar with contract bridge which has been played intermittently for several years. Just lately it has made very considerable headway indeed and large numbers of people are responding to its lure. Last month in New York a committee met and revised the rules and we are appending the new score card for the benefit of those who may be interested.

Scoring at Contract Bridge

Only tricks bid for, and made, are scored below the line, towards game; all extra tricks and other scores go as honours. Surplus tricks each count, in honour column, 50.

Points necessary for game. 100
Each trick counts:
In No-trumps. 35
In Spades or Hearts. 30
In Diamonds or Clubs. 20
Spades outrank Hearts; Diamonds outrank Clubs.

Value of Game and Rubber

For winning your first game, score. . . 200
For winning your second game, score. . . 500

Honours and Slams

3 or 4 honours, divided, count nothing.
4 honours in one hand, with or without 5th in partner's. 100
5 honours in one hand. 150
4 Aces in one hand. 150
Grand or Small Slam, not bid, count nothing.

On your 1st game:

Grand Slam, when bid. 1000
Small Slam, when bid. 500

On your 2nd game:

Grand Slam, when bid. 1500
Small Slam, when bid. 750

Bonuses and Premiums

	On your 1st game	On your 2nd game
Undoubled:		
Getting contract.	0	0
For each extra trick.	50	50
When doubled:		
Getting contract.	50	100
For each extra trick.	100	200
When redoubled:		
Getting contract.	100	200
Each extra trick.	200	400

Penalties

	Undoubled:	When doubled:	Redoubled:
First under trick.	50	100	200
Each extra under trick.	50	100	200
First under trick.	100	200	400
Each extra trick.	100	200	400

Note:—After either side has won its first game that side is called "vulnerable." Revokes are penalized as in Auction: Two tricks for the first revoke and 100 points for the second.

Meal Time Beverages for Summer

By Phoebe Cole

MOST Americans fail not in their allegiance to their morning cup of hot coffee, even on the hottest, stickiest of mornings, but most of them demand an iced drink with their meals at noon and in the evening. The wonder is that more have not tasted the cool delight of iced coffee or chocolate for breakfast. It is quite as delightful then as later in the day.

The odd thing about the American enthusiasm over iced tea is that many persons who never drink tea in winter, enjoy it iced in summer. And why? Is it for the flavor? Verily, it is not. Watch any hundred drinkers of iced tea, and you will probably not see two of them drink it "straight", that is, without sugar and lemon. They turn the glassful of amber fluid into a lemonade, and like it very much indeed, though they would never think of ordering lemonade with a meal; lemonade, they argue, is a picnic drink, or a between-meal refreshment.

As a matter of fact, the citrus drinks, lemonade and orangeade, are most wholesome as well as most refreshing, either with meals or at any hour of the day when a cool drink is desired. These fruits are among the most wholesome that we have, being rich in beneficial mineral salts and high in vitamin content. They are mildly and slightly laxative and have a somewhat tonic effect. On a hot day, they are really better for one than ice cream sodas, which, while low in temperature are high in calories, and require the stomach to set to work immediately to digest the rich cream. Now ice cream is a most delicious and wholesome food, but it should be understood that it is a real food, furnishing much nourishment. On a hot day, the

drink should be refreshing rather than nourishing, unless, of course, a soda is substituted for other foods, and made to serve, with a sandwich as a light luncheon.

Milk, which should be regularly part of the diet of the growing child, often is received very apathetically by the youngster on hot noons and evenings; it seems so much like food, and so unappealing when the older members of the family are regaling themselves on delightful tinkling glasses of iced tea or iced coffee. So the child teases for the iced drink, too, and alas, too often gets it.

Now, the doctors all tell us that children should not have either tea or coffee, which are merely stimulating (entirely too stimulating for small bodies and nerves) and not nourishing. Let the child have part of his milk supply trimmed with some of the delightful chocolate flavors now ready to use instantly, and part in the form of light custards and junket. And at meals when the elders have their iced tea, let the child have a little individual pitcher of lemonade or orangeade. This will act as an appetizer if his interest in food is rather languid. He needs the citrus fruits daily anyhow, to assist in his bone and tooth building, and in hot weather he may as well have them mixed with water, to produce delightful beverages.

Any fruit juices left over from stewing berries, cherries or other fruits, may be added to plain lemonade, to add color, flavor and interest. The more fresh fruit juices are utilized in summer to make wholesome drinks, the less the family will crave "zippy" soda fountain drinks, charged waters, and perhaps stronger liquid refreshments.

Alberta Women's Institute Girls Club Plan Big Convention, Banff, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

IN July, 1924, the first camp convention of the A. W. I. Girls' Club was held at Jasper Park under the newly appointed supervisor, Miss Isobel Noble, Daysland. This convention was such a success that conventions since have been held at Banff and Jasper alternately.

On July 5th more than one hundred girls from all over Alberta will meet at the Y. W. C. A., Calgary, to await the evening train which will carry them to Banff for their five-day camp convention, held under the competent supervision of Miss Isobel Noble, Daysland.

Bright and early on the morning of the sixth of July the girls will be awakened by a shrill whistle calling them for setting-up exercises, conducted by Mr. Wilfred MacAllister, of the Department of Extension University of Alberta. At nine o'clock the girls will be in place in a beautiful spot overlooking Bow Falls, to discuss the affairs of their organization.

A demonstrated talk will be given each morning by Miss Bess MacDermott of Syracuse, New York. Miss MacDermott is an Ontario girl. Coming to Alberta she first taught at Olds and later became engaged in Women's Institute work. She was the first Supervisor of Girls' Clubs in Alberta and assisted in drawing up the constitution and by-laws of the A. W. I. Girls' Clubs and in preparing bulletins on cooking and sewing. She has since been engaged in teaching in Syracuse, N.Y., where she has taken post graduate work.

Miss MacDermott has done extensive extension work and is particularly qualified to take on these demonstrations.

Miss Jessie MacMillan, Director Women's Home Bureau Service, will represent the Department of Agriculture, and lead in discussions of girls' problems. Special instruction in nature study and wood-craft, with historical romances of Banff and district, will be given by Mr. MacAllister.

The afternoons will be spent in hiking, swimming, auto and boat riding. An entire day will be spent at Lake Louise and district. A pageant, "Historical Women of Canada," will be staged by the girls. A dinner and Cinderella dance at Banff Springs Hotel on Saturday evening will conclude the convention.

Six beautiful pictures have generously been donated by Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Agriculture. They will be given to the best group leader, best all round athlete, the girl taking the most active and intelligent part in discussions, the secretary who has done the best reporting during the year, the delegate giving the best report at convention, and the delegate coming the greatest distance to convention.

Judges, supplied by the Department of Agriculture will be present to judge the exhibits for the Efficiency Scholarship prize. The clubs have taken a keen interest in this competition and a good exhibit is anticipated.

Madness

By Winnifred J. Mott

I saw two little boys with earnest looks,
Kneel down upon an icy walk one day;
But neither of them knew that it was cold,
So fascinating was their marble-play.

I heard a laborer break into song,
As if he had of joy an overflow;
Then look around as if he were ashamed
That anyone should hear the song, and know.

I saw a foolish bird upon a limb,
His feathered body ruffled from the cold;
And yet he trilled and warbled cheerfully,
As if he had more notes than he could hold.

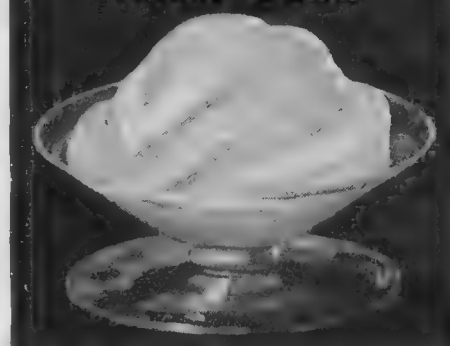
I saw two little girls with dinner pails,
Start home from school, their simple lessons done;
And then I saw them clasp each others hands,
And both begin to laugh and shout and run.

Are boys and girls, and men and boys gone daft,
That they must shout and run and laugh and sing?
Then freely I confess that in me, too,
I feel the glorious madness of the spring.

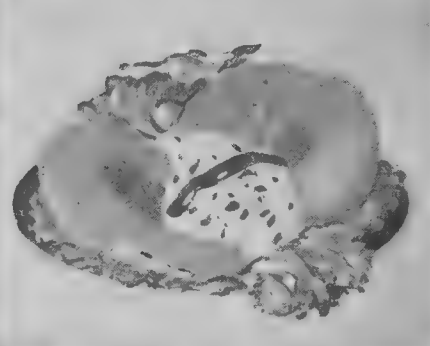
for tempting Summer menus
~with shorter kitchen hours

Just try a few of these

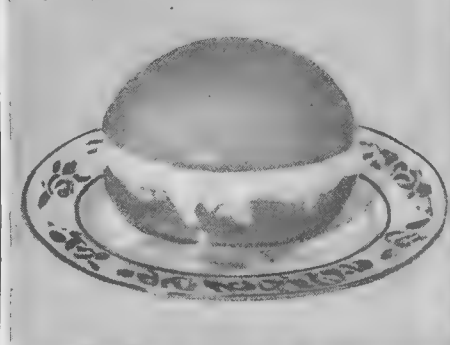
FRUIT CUPS



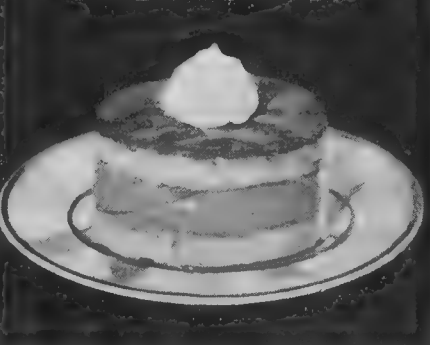
SALADS



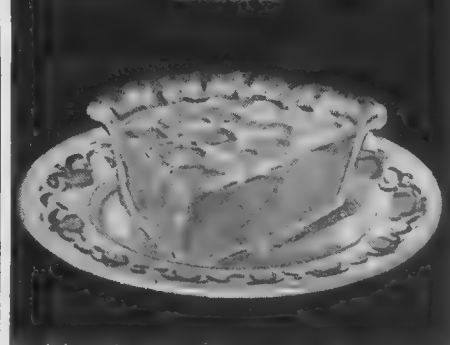
FROZEN DAINTIES



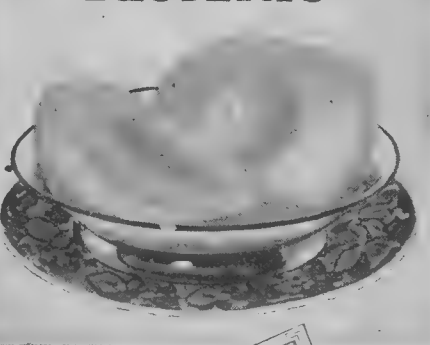
SHORTCAKES



PIES



DESSERTS



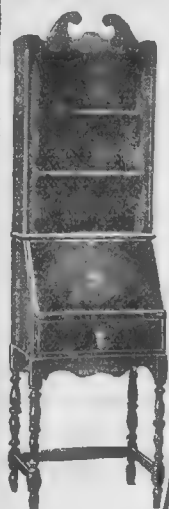
The peach treats illustrated here are typical of the many delightful summer suggestions contained in our new folder on DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. We would like to send this booklet to you (free of charge), together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," a collection of the favorite recipes of America's best known cooking authorities. Address Dept. 37W, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

But be sure you say

DEL MONTE
Peaches
HALVED OR SLICED



For June Brides



What could be more appropriate for the June Bride than a gift symbolical of lasting happiness—a gift that will be one of her intimate companions for life and a daily reminder of the giver and the happy occasion of the gift?

A piece of No-Mar furniture makes a lovely and lasting gift for the June Bride. There are over forty novelty pieces to choose from and each is distinguished by a faithfulness to detail, a perfection of material and craftsmanship, and a finish that is guaranteed to be unaffected by heat, spilled hot water, ink, perfume, medicine or any other liquid.

When buying No-Mar Furniture demand the name tag and guarantee which is attached to every genuine piece.



McH NO-MAR Furniture

Lemon the Natural Cosmetic

A Lemon Rinse Means Clean Hair

THE twentieth century might well be called "the century of beautiful women." For it is a fact that there are more beautiful women in the world today than ever before in its history.

But this is not because modern women are endowed with more natural beauty than were their predecessors. It is due to the care that women of the present generation give to the maintenance of the charms that Nature has bestowed upon them, and to the training and development of latent possibilities of beauty, which were the heritages of birth, but which so many allow to fade and, finally to disappear altogether, through lack of care.

And beauty is not merely a matter of contour or of "the features"—the shape of the nose, mouth, eyes, neck and chin.

It lies also in the texture and softness and color of the hair and the skin and the hands, and in the character of the teeth and gums.

It is possible for a woman to be so beautiful in these very important details of beauty that deficiencies of form and "feature" are forgotten in the light of these ascendant attractions.

Decide, therefore, to encourage what beauty you have to come into full bloom by training and developing it through proper treatment and painstaking personal attention.

There is a certain, worth-while reward awaiting those who follow this advice.

FOR THE HAIR

Every moving picture star of Hollywood knows about "The Lemon Rinse" as it is called.

It is simply the juice of two lemons to a washbowl of water, followed by a clear water rinse.

These pretty women are very careful to see that they have this rinse before a marcel or a wave. All of the beauty shops in both Los Angeles and Hollywood never fail to advocate it for the hair. This is the reason:

When you wash your hair, or have it washed, a filmy curd is formed by the soap, and this curd attaches to the hair, coating practically every individual strand.

Ordinary rinsing in plain water has no effect on it, no matter if repeated many times.

While that curd remains the hair is comparatively sticky, limp and hard to manage, whether bobbed or long. The "stickiness" may not be apparent except in that difficulty of "doing" the hair properly after a shampoo. The trouble stands out clearly in the contrast when you use the lemon rinse.

What happens then is this: The mild, harmless citric acid of the lemon cuts the curd away—all traces of it—and the water takes it off, so the hair is absolutely free from soap in any form.

That means clean hair—really clean (and there's a difference, regardless of how "clean" you may think your hair has ever been before).

And only hair that is immaculate like this can be tractable and obedient to the manipulation of the dresser.

A marcel or wave now will remain, and look its best because the hair is soft and just fluffy enough to suggest a natural curl. There is more "life" in it, and a clearer color. Dark hair shows a fine glint. Blonde hair loses that "dead," brownish tint and exhibits the true lustre that makes the blonde so much admired.

There is no bleaching from this rinse, except the lighter color that is brought

Continued on page 44c



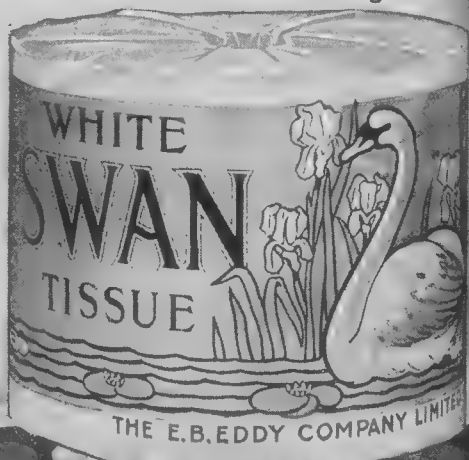
EDDY'S WHITE SWAN Toilet Roll

Snow-white, velvety soft and very absorbent. Each roll of White Swan is completely wrapped, assuring a perfectly sanitary tissue.

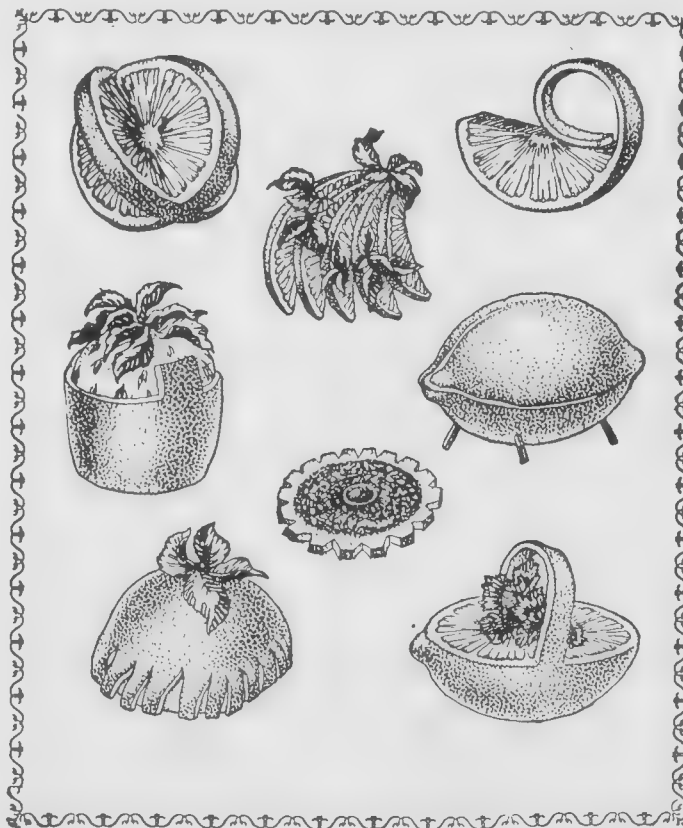
This Eddy Toilet Roll will add distinction to your bathroom. Each roll contains 8oz.—full weight.

Make sure of the White Swan label when buying. Look for the name EDDY on the package.

THE E.B. EDDY CO. LIMITED HULL, CANADA



THE E.B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED



Lemon Garnishes

Garnishing with lemons makes foods look better and taste better—and more important still, makes them *better foods*, because those foods which are attractive in appearance are stimulating to the appetite and are therefore made easier to digest. Good cooks are as much concerned with the digestion as with the flavor and appearance of the dishes they prepare. There are to be considered also the important benefits which come from lemon juice—from the invaluable organic salts and acids which are natural appetizers and digestants in themselves and also from the rich content of vitamins in lemon juice.

A Classified Advertisement Brings Results

Over 300,000 Readers Turn to the Page Each Issue

Lemon the Natural Cosmetic

Continued from page 44b

out by the cleanliness. The color of your hair is not changed in any way, but is simply clarified and thus revealed in its natural, true shade.

Just feel the hair after you have used the lemon rinse. The touch is enough to tell you of improvement. Your curling iron and your mirror later will establish the fact.

You'll notice also that the mild acid of the lemon not only eliminates the soap curd but loosens dandruff, too. In time your scalp as well as your hair will be in healthier condition.

Within thirty days after you begin this better treatment of the hair and scalp you will see definite results.

Nothing else will do what this rinse does, nothing else that you can use or that you can purchase in a store. If it were bottled and cost you 25c every time that you shampooed your hair, you wouldn't do without it. Many women say, "I have a different head of hair since I began it."

It is even more important since bobbed hair became the style, for bobs especially have need of the lemon rinse.

Try it now—next time you wash your hair. Moving picture actresses take good care of their hair because beauty is important to them in more ways than one. Try their way yourself. See how it improves your hair.

In truth, the lemon, of all things that grow, has best earned the title, "The Natural Cosmetic."

It was made in Nature's laboratory for a score of purposes, and not the least of them are those for the beautifying of the hair, the skin, the nails and the teeth and gums.

And now millions of women have discovered this and are taking full advantage of it.

In every beauty shop they are employing lemons every day. In homes, by the hundred thousand, this is one of the prime uses of this fruit.

Try lemon as your chief cosmetic for a while. See what it will do.

Constructive Citizenship

Though man was made to be a worker, he is not made for any kind of work you may choose to give him. He is not made for the work of a machine, and he is not made for the work of a beast of burden. If you give a man the work of a beast of burden or the work of a machine you wrong his nature as deeply as if you gave him no work at all. The kind of work human nature asks for, takes to, and delights in is work that gives the doer of it a sense of his personal usefulness, and so maintains his self-respect and entitles him to the respect of his fellow-men. The aim of education should be to make a man ready for a socially useful occupation, to prepare him for doing some work in the world, whether with his head, his hands, or his heart, or all three, which would give him a sense of personal usefulness and so form a basis for his self-respect. The man or woman whose occupation is of no social value is a frustrated human being, no matter whether he or she lives in a palace, a prison or a slum. This ideal of a socially valuable occupation has not had the prominence given to it that it deserves as the great aim of education.

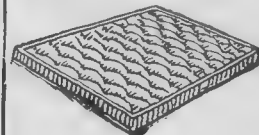
In these days society is sadly in need of an industrial version of morality. Man as a political being, man as a voter, has been well taught by the political moralist—though he has not always learned even that lesson—but man as a worker has been left to find his moral way as best he can. He has been ill-instructed. The love of our fellow-men is a very lofty virtue. It has been extensively preached, but the industrial version of the love of man has never been effectively presented. It has been brought before us as if it were a beneficent extra, a virtue which we exercise in our leisure time, which has nothing to do with the hammering, and the ploughing and the manufacturing, with the account keeping, and the book writing by which we earn our daily bread.

BUILT for SLEEP



Ostermoor

It is real economy to buy a mattress that lasts so long. Built for perfect rest. \$25



Chateau Bed

With turned spindles in a Graceline frame. Finishes, walnut, mahogany or art colors. \$25



"She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."—Tennyson.

The beauty secret of a thousand women

A good night's sleep is the secret of many a woman's beauty. Whether you start the day with tired eyes and drawn features or with the boundless energy and glow of youth depends upon yourself.

Nature intended that the whole of the body should relax during the hours of repose, that tired nerves should rest and brain cells build up lost tissue for the coming day. Energy—beauty—the bloom of youth—these come from natural restful sleep.

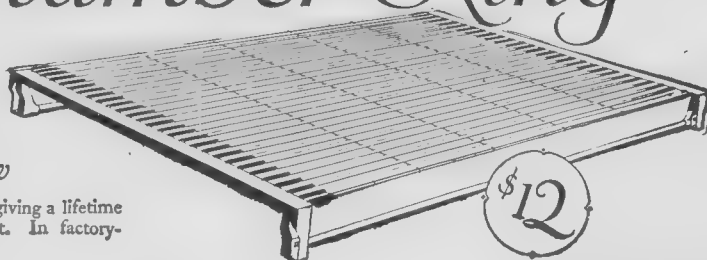
The SLUMBER KING—built for sleep—is a perfect spring that correctly supports the spine. It has the soft resiliency that allows the limbs to settle naturally. It is the beauty secret of a thousand women.

Long, springy, resilient, steel ribbons are held by cross springs, with tight coil springs at head and foot. Noiseless—clean—no rough edges or corners. As comfortable for two as for one.

The Slumber King is an investment in health and long service.

SIMMONS

Slumber King



Beauty Sleep Pillow

A soft, feathery pillow, giving a lifetime of healthful sleep comfort. In factory-sealed beauty box—\$5.

\$12



With this Amazing Device I Drove 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

No wonder over two million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer. Here's a remarkable instance of gas-saving. (one of many) reported by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. Before installing it, he got only 17 miles on a gallon. On a 3,000 mile test after installing it, he got 30 miles on a gallon. Thus he saved 77 gallons of gas which, at 17 miles a gallon gave him 1300 miles without buying gasoline! Read the inventor's daring no-risk offer to you.

Many Earn \$75 to \$200 In a week

Seldom if ever has such a money-making opportunity been offered distributors—experienced or otherwise—full time or spare time. Think how fast the money rolls in when Foster could make \$137.50 in a week—Fuller \$104.50 in five days—Cronk \$51 in an hour.

How It Works

The Stransky Vaporizer was invented by J. A. Stransky, former candidate for Governor of South Dakota. It is based on a newly-discovered scientific engineering principle that has stood thousands of tests by car owners, dealers, garage mechanics and other authorities. It has no delicate parts to get out of order. There is nothing complicated about it. You can attach it to your engine in about three minutes and it needs no further attention.

57 Miles on a Gallon
J. T. Jackson, Mich., reports he drove a 1914 model Ford 57 miles on one gallon.

43 Miles on a Gallon
"We have tried them out. Chevrolet got 43 miles."—F. X. Carroll, Rex Dean, another Chevrolet owner, reports he got 25 miles a gallon. Took the device off and mileage dropped to 19. Put it back and mileage moved up to 25.

Official tests show that most car owners waste 20% to 30% of their gas by improper combustion. Thousands of car owners say that this amazing device has saved them as much as 50%; that it picks up power more quickly, ENDS spark plug and carbon troubles and works in all weather or roads. And so convinced is the inventor that it will prove its story that he makes the following no-risk offer.

Mail Coupon Below

This coupon will bring you full details of our plan to let you test this device on your car in the same way. You will also learn a definite plan that has helped others earn \$75 to \$200 in a week, full or spare time. Your request will not obligate you. Rush the coupon today.

The STRANSKY VAPORIZER
Saves Gasoline



J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
G-1740 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. Dakota

Free Gasoline Offer

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
G-1740 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. Dakota

Tell me how I can get a sample of the Stransky Vaporizer at your risk. Also tell me how I can make from \$75 to \$200 in a week as your distributor. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
City Province

Tell your friends
about the real
Western magazine
The Western
Home Monthly

Where a Farmer is the State

By N. Tourneur

HAPPY is this land where the farmer is the State, and the head of the State is a farmer. War and political dissension, and civil or rather un-civil disturbance has not disturbed its serenity for centuries. Here peace is found—and not metaphorically—in the heavens, and farmers are, at any rate, quiet folks when left alone. In their State, too, neither rate nor tax-collector break into the quiet routine.

High up among the Pyrenees, which are so strangely neglected by most visitors for the commoner Alps, lie two commonwealths that are practically forgotten by the parent Powers to which they are suzerain. Andorra, with its thread of connection with Spain, is not unknown. The other is overlooked by our geographers, just as it is overlooked by France, on account of its comparative lack of wealth and its remote seclusion. The oldest democracy in Europe, and one of the most picturesque and happiest, this small republic has no army, no police, no jail, no poor, and its folk pay no dues save to the church. For 600 years and more this democracy have looked after themselves, and perhaps that explains their rate of progress. Today, life with them is much the same as ten or twelve generations ago. Farmers are conservative.

You leave Laruns, and set out for the Ossau Valley—one of the most charming in Western Europe—and there hire a guide, for the Happyland of Farmers is hard to be got at by strangers. The track—it can hardly be called a road—winds up into the clouds; it skirts precipices and defiles, runs through patches of stunted forest, and over heaths and barrens of rock; and up and up, toward the heavens. On a vaporous day, the clouds mercifully enough hid the abysses that edge much of the narrow way. Then, all of a sudden, you turn the corner of a cliff, and the table-land is reached.

Instead of grim sterile mountain summit comes the sight of several miles of green trees and bushes, gardens, and fields well cultivated. Surrounded by trees stand a number of houses, sturdy, low-walled, and slab-roofed. They form the capital of the State, and are high as old; the last new house was built in 1797. And it took the place of one so ancient that tradition could not record it. The number of the dwellings has been the same throughout the centuries. In this State the economic laws insist on recognition, and non-recognition of them brings about short commons. Thus we have so many of a population and so many houses, and no more. When the inhabitants exceed the traditional number, the young folks are fitted out and taken down into the valleys and low lands to push their fortunes. Down go the young men, too,

for their brides; and contrariwise, up come others seeking theirs, for the girls of Goust are not only tall and extraordinarily good-looking but are the best of housewives and mothers.

Farming is the sole support of the commonwealth. Agriculture and implements, like the social life of the Goustans, remain as in the times of their forefathers; although they are not averse from trying to grow new edibles. The permanence of everything at Goust is its most striking feature, together with its form of governance.

You find no council and no court room. The oldest in the State is the head, provided he is upright and his memory is sound, for recollection of traditions form the Statutes of Goust. Seated in his armchair alongside his cottage door, the Head of the Republic issues his edicts and decisions. His sole superiority is that of age, memory, and good character; otherwise, all Goustans are equal. All supplies are held in common, and no family has an ell more land nor a head more stock on the farm than its neighbours; and if its purse grows heavier through an unexpected windfall or sale down in the valleys, then it is lightened to ease some less fortunate neighbour. It is the tradition. Is there not the saying—"Kind as the folk of Goust."

On this lonely Pyrenean tableland all intellects are looked upon as equal in value, the sole distinction being made toward esteem for experience. All the rights of the individual, except those concerning wife and family, are absorbed in the community. Originality is looked upon as madness unless it arises out of that which can be traced within the folks' tradition.

Ten houses, ten farms, and sixty people make up this tiny democracy, for Goust can support no more; and as shortage brings envy, hatred, and crime, so the surplus population must needs go hence for their living. To far off Laruns, too, the Goustans go for marriage, baptism, and burial. There is no civilized part where the folk are so absolutely equal socially, individually, and as regards means, as Goust. Incidentally, it appears to be the healthiest spot in Europe. There were in 1912, at any rate, two Goustans alive, hale and mentally alert, whose fathers had listened to men who were born when Ravallac assassinated Henri IV in 1608.

To stay at Goust but for a few days is a lesson in the elimination of the unnecessary in human existence. Yet, none so happy and contented as they who live on their perch of plateau, high among the clouds of the Pyrenees. Long live Goust!



Barbara Kent with two of her friends from the Universal City Stables

at **65**

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The Understanding Parent

"From Children, the Magazine for Parents"

Salesmanship For Parents

Has your child a good appetite? Is he eating the right food or is the demand for spinach and other healthful fare falling off in your home? If the latter is the case you should adopt better methods of salesmanship, according to Happy Goldsmith.

"The parents of the country should form a merger and get some system into their business," declares the author. "Perhaps the article you are trying to sell is neither attractive nor appetizing," says Mr. Goldsmith. "Is it made irresistible to your public, so to speak? Remember, your competitors are flooding the market with highly colored sweets and brightly colored pop bottles."

"Does your product appeal to the eye and to the taste of your customer?"

"If it does, and he still refuses to clip the coupon and sign on the dotted line, look over your sales force. Are both of you parents attractive, popular salesmen, who use your own products?"

"Don't tell me. I know the answer."

"The next important phase of your campaign is the publicity."

The High Pressure Parent

"Try this out on your adolescent sometime: 'One reason Red Grange is always in the pink of condition is because he eats green vegetables.'"

"I'll admit it isn't very clever, but it's better than that one I once heard, which ran: 'For heaven's sake, eat your spinach!'"

"Why not name a few dishes after these heroes? Why not 'Babe Ruth's Home Plate' or 'Mary Pickford's Beauty Compound'?"

"I have heard so many parents, genuinely anxious over the health of their children, explode: 'Now I've told you nearly seven times to eat your spinach. I don't want to hear another word out of you. Just keep still and eat it or you'll be even punier than you are.'"

"Supposing the clever fellow who sold you your vacuum cleaner had forced his way into your home and announced in a most unpleasant voice: 'I've asked you seven times to buy this cleaner. Now don't argue with me any more. Just keep your mouth shut and buy it or your house will look even dirtier than it does!'"

"Parents, be patient with your children," counsels Mr. Goldsmith. "Try not to be too eager. As worried as you may be regarding your child's health, be just as indifferent outwardly as possible."

Sales Talk

"It makes no difference whether you are selling a vacuum cleaner, a dish of spinach, or a bath, the job can easily be done if a real desire is finally created. It may take much careful advance work before your customer even nibbles at the spinach. Perhaps during the entire campaign absolutely no sign of interest will be shown. But if your spinach is tempting, if your publicity is good, and if your sales talk is both appealing and in the language of your customer, then trade will pick up and your hard-earned profits will begin to pour in."

"Of course, some innocent parent may try the idea out, and just before closing the contract will let it be known that there is a whole kettle of spinach out in the kitchen which must be eaten so that it won't go to waste. If your customer doesn't dash away after than one, it's only because he's too weak."

"No, good friend, we haven't a kettleful going to waste. On the contrary we have a limited amount. In fact, what you see in the dish before you is all that there is in stock. Even that has been practically promised to somebody else. I'm sorry, because this evening it is unusually delicious."

"Must I be so trite as to remind you that when the supply goes down, the demand shoots up?"

Your Boy and Football

"Shall I let my boy play football?" Every autumn a dozen to a hundred

anxious mothers ask me this question, writes Arthur R. Forbush from years of experience with groups of boys.

Football is not the "brutal" game it once was, according to Mr. Forbush, who says: "Today the slender youth who cannot scale one hundred and forty-five may be the star of the season. To score points in present day football a team must play an open game with much kicking and forward passing. It is the magnificent, strategic 'aerial attack' of Dartmouth that is the apotheosis of the modern ideal, as opposed to the old 'slaughter-house' methods of matching beef against brawn. The third 'b'—brains—plays an ever-growing part in twentieth century football."

"As a result, where the casualties of the season fifteen years or more ago would total half a dozen killed and a hundred maimed, the rare permanent injuries of today are largely due to the 'unavoidable accidents' which make participation in any game—or even the very act of living—to some degree dangerous."

"Football as it is played today will hammer into your boy's consciousness two of the most important lessons life has for him to learn."

"He must learn to fight and he must learn teamwork, to subordinate self to the interest of the team as a whole. He finds that eleven men together win football championships—not the glory-seeking, grandstand-watching star, not even the conscientious glory-evading star who happens to be an outstanding player whether he wills it or no."

"Don't be alarmed by that sentence, 'Jack must learn to fight.' I don't mean he indulges in fisticuffs. He will soon have to leave the football field if he does. But he does learn to fight himself—laziness, self-indulgence, the natural flinching from discomfort, fatigue and possibly even passing hurt. In other words, he learns to try to put every ounce of strength behind his efforts to give his best, all of it, and never to quit."

One Toy At A Time

A baby's education begins through his play. His mother is laying the foundation for a sound, smoothly working mind when she implants in her child the idea of doing one thing at a time, and doing it wholeheartedly. In this way he gradually acquires the habit of concentration. By limiting the number of toys given the young child at one time he will learn to extract every bit of pleasure from them before tossing them aside for something new. He will examine the playthings and put them to every possible use in his effort to understand them. Next, he will begin inventing new uses for them. When he tires of one toy, it should be exchanged for something else. But he should not be bewildered by being given too great a number of toys at one time. That method simply scatters his attention, and the more he spreads his interest, the thinner it becomes, till it finally wears out, and he begins to make incessant demands for attention and amusement from his mother. Overdoing his entertainment simply tires him and offers no inspiration."

BEWITCHED

*When summer-suns the river-bed unseals,
Dismantling all the cliffs of white array;
And all their majesty again reveals
In tights and shadows of departing day.
The Gothic trees unfold their green attire,
Beneath the archway of a cloudless sky;
And cliffs above the banks are set on fire,
Touched by the evening sun in passing by.*

*Then shadows deep, play down mysterious
aisles,
And flit along the ridge with dark grimace
To cover up the gold; mischievous wiles
To rob of beauty my enchanted place—
But lo, an angel with bewitching grace
Touches the tapers in the sky, and smiles.*
—Mary Matheson



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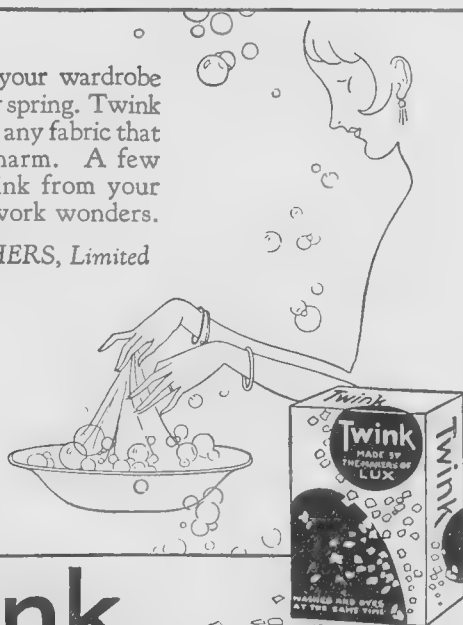
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Snarin Suckers

Continued from page 18

The thought of appearing either in school or at home in his present battered condition was an appalling one to Robbie. Besides, a queer, dare-devil reckless sort of feeling began to follow upon his victory, so with a little persuasion from Jerry the two ducked away from school and by a careful, circuitous route made their way to Johnston's pasture and the old stump.

The little river on whose banks the village stood, was in flood. A big tree had been blown over years before in such a way that the upturned roots remained right in the water's edge when the stream was at its highest. The two boys soon found the snares hidden by Jerry's big brother. Each of these consisted of a long, slender rod, with a running noose of fine brass wire attached to one end. Stretching out on their bellies on the old stump, the boys thrust these snares down through the interwoven roots, into the clear water beneath, where suckers lay in the shadows, lazily waving fins and tails. Peering down at them each boy selected a fish, and keeping the rod directly above so that it could not be seen, let the thin loop of wire down in front of his finny victim, slipped it cautiously back to a point just behind the first fins, then with a quick upward jerk tightened the noose upon the fish and landed him, kicking, on the bank behind.

"**H**OW do you do, Mr. Harris. I've just come down to ask whether Robbie is quite all right again. He was away at noon before I had a chance to see him. I hope he isn't really any the worse."

Mr. Harris walked over from the garden-bed he had been working on, to the fence where the teacher stood smiling uncertainly. She knew Mr. Harris very well and would be very sorry to have any unpleasantness as a result of the noonday fracas.

"Did I understand you to say that something had happened to Robbie?" he asked, leaning on the top fence-bar. "I've not seen him since morning you know—in fact I was just wondering a moment ago what was keeping him so late today."

"Oh, then he did not come home at noon, Mr. Harris?"

"Why no, he didn't. What was it happened? Nothing serious, I can see by your smile."

"Well, no, Mr. Harris, nothing serious. At least I hope not. Only he had a fight at noon with Willie Newsome, and gave him an awful licking."

Comical surprise suffused Mr. Harris' face. "Robbie gave Willie a licking?" he asked incredulously.

"Indeed he did! Willie had to go home immediately afterwards. I'm just going over to call at his house now. I thought Robbie had come home. Where do you suppose he would go, Mr. Harris?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure. No doubt he is quite all right somewhere. If he doesn't turn up in half an hour I'll have to go looking for him."

"I hope he'll be all right," said the teacher anxiously.

"Of course he will. I expect you know already I am more than surprised at the outcome of the fight. We've gotten rather used to expecting the other fellow to come out best in Robbie's quarrels, you know." Mr. Harris' astonishment comically resembled Robbie's surprise when he bore the first brunt of the Newsome boy's attack at noon.

He returned to his work at the garden-bed in a very thoughtful frame of mind. If the present instance meant

the commencement of a new development in Robbie's life, it augured well thought he, for a more manly spirit in the little chap. Mr. Harris bore patiently his wife's efforts to make of their boy a confirmed pacifist, but he came of a race whose blood ran hot at times, and he looked anxiously for evidence in Robbie that his upbringing at the hands of his peace-loving mother had not quite stamped out the aggressiveness and belligerence which in some measure at least he felt ought to show up in the life of any normal boy.

He finished his garden job as the afternoon drew to a close, and without saying anything at the house, started off to search for the missing boy, having a fair idea of two or three places in one of which he would surely be found.

ROBBBIE had spent a wonderful afternoon. He and Jerry had become so expert in the handling of the snares that almost every try now was a sure success. A good string of fat suckers were fastened on an alder switch which ran through their gills and anchored them against an offshoot on the stick at the lower end. It was getting on toward supper-time and Robbie's sore nose and lips, and his stretched and bruised muscles were commencing to feel troublesome again. They decided to try for just one more sucker each. Jerry laid flat, with his face in an opening among the roots, and Robbie knelt at the edge of a larger clear space and prepared to slip the snare over the head of a regular beauty that lay down there gently fanning the water with his transparent fins.

Unnoticed by either boy, Johnston's ram, an ill-tempered brute usually kept fenced at the barn, had found his way from the barnyard down into the pasture and spied the two boys on the old stump. Robbie's position, kneeling and with back toward the ram, was an invitation not to be resisted. Just as the boy slipped the noose over his last fish, he was struck a tremendous bunt from behind, the old root shook and swayed alarmingly and the boy toppled head-first over the edge of it into deep water beyond. Jerry shouted and scrambled to the bank, and the ram, who had also fallen into the water, struggled ashore and took himself off toward the barn again.

When Robbie fell over the edge of the old root, fortunately he did not go far out, and it was no trick at all to squirm toward the bank by the aid of outstanding parts of the upturned stump.

As he came up the bank he was greeted with howls of laughter by Jerry, who had clutched his fish in the snare just as the catastrophe had occurred, and now brandished it about at the end of the snare-rod.

"Sufferin' Kate, Robbie!" he cried—"ain't he a caution, that darn ram? Did he hurt you any?"

"Naw," replied Robbie, starting to squeeze the water out of his clothes, "but I'd like to bunt him with a big stick!"

They fell to drying Robbie's garments as well as they could, then to stringing the rest of their fish on alder sticks, and arose together to find Mr. Harris standing near, looking quizzically at them.

"You've fallen in, son, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes, Dad," said Robbie uncertainly, feeling a sudden chill run through him. "Johnston's ram butted me in."

Still his father made no move toward him.

"You weren't at school this afternoon, were you?"

"No, Dad."

"Look at all the suckers we got, Mr. Harris!" volunteered Jerry, who found this calm consideration of matters not at all to his liking.

Mr. Harris looked, and turned again to Robbie, who now shivered very noticeably and looked very blue and unhappy.

"What's this about you fighting Willie Newsome at noon—is that right?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Did you lick him?"

"Sufferin' Kate, Mr. Harris, you bet he licked him—he gave him a peach; cripes, you ought to see his eye!" The voluble Jerry could contain himself no longer.

"Did you lick him, son?" Mr. Harris asked again, turning toward Robbie.

"Yes, Dad, I licked him!" said Robbie, through shivering, chattering teeth. He felt suddenly very cold and sick. Mr. Harris saw and understood.

"Here, Jerry," he cried—"you bring the fish!"

Whipping off his coat he wrapped it quickly and tightly about the slim little figure that stood so forlornly before him, picked him up in his strong arms and strode away toward home. Fortunately there were no obstructions in the way, for in Mr. Harris' eyes there was a queer, unusual moistness.

Taking advantage of the garrulity of the unrepentant Jerry, who trailed behind him with the burden of fish, he whispered softly in the direction of the small head resting on his shoulder: "We mustn't let mother know of this, must we, son?" And from the bruised lips that cuddled in at the side of his neck there came a queer little sob, and in a very small voice indeed, the understanding reply: "No, Dad."

Endurance

Death is farther from most of us than we fancy, and if we would but risk all, to win or lose all, we could almost always do the deed which looks so grimly impossible. Those who have faced great physical dangers, or who have been matched by fate against overwhelming odds of anxiety and trouble, alone know what great things are done when men stand at bay and face the world, and fate, and life, and death, and misfortune, all banded together against them, and say in their hearts: "We will win this fight or die." Then, at that word, when it is spoken earnestly, in sincerity and truth, the iron will rises up and takes possession of the feeble body, the doubting soul shakes off its hesitating weakness, is drawn back upon itself like a strong bow bent double, is compressed and full of a terrible latent power, like the handful of deadly explosive which, buried in the bosom of the rock, will presently shake the mighty cliff to its roots, as no thunderbolt could shake it. —Marion Crawford.

Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be good; honesty desires rather to be good than to seem good.

Weigh a thing or measure it and you think you have determined its value, but the most precious things of life you can neither weigh nor measure. Experience is the only scales that will determine their worth.

DISCONSULATE

*A step behind from where I long to be,
Always a step behind;
The hills lying green against the sky
Seem nearer God, far nearer Him than I,
Being one step behind.*

*A song unsung that I would love to sing,
Always my song unsung;
The little birds that carol through the day
Do more, far more than I to make life gay,
Having my song unsung.*

—Vera V. Robertson



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Jules Frambeau.

Continued from page 43

first time crossed my mind—perhaps it had not been Joan Salent he had married. Looking at the child, who had cuddled down in my lap, and was playing with my watch-chain, I tried to find some resemblance of the girl, there. . . .

"I was asking you, Monsieur—" he gently reminded me.

"No-o-o—Daddy, go 'way." The dear little bundle suddenly roused and emphatically shook her head of flaxen hair at Jules—again that mysterious ripple of laughter followed.

"You'd better go, Jules," I said, laughing up at him. "Even this little mite knows my name, I'll bet."

"Name?" she suddenly questioned, looking into my face, and then added: "Joan—Tanga—Fambo—"

"God!" Like a sharp explosion the word came from Jules. "Stranger," he exclaimed, and in an instant he had me by the hand. Forgive me, Monsieur. I would never have known you now, but I have never forgotten you. When little Joan said Stranger, it came to me who you were."

"Stranger?" It was my turn to question him.

At this he threw back his head and laughed. "You see, Monsieur, you never told us your name, and so when she came we called her Stranger—Joan Stranger Frambeau. But, man, you have changed," he added. Pulling little Joan's hands from my watch chain, he lovingly pretended to shake her, as he instructed: "Joan, this is Stranger. Give him a big love and kiss."

At this she pouted her little, rosebud mouth and shook her head, while we both laughed. Then impulsively she scrambled up, threw her tiny arms around my neck, and while she hugged me, exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! O-O-O-ooo!" as she was straining to her utmost. Giving me a sweet but rather slobbery kiss, she settled once more to playing with my chain. And, I tell you, for the first time in months I completely and absolutely forgot my financial troubles.

Jules selected a chair, and drawing it near mine, we sat and talked until the little tot on my knee had long ago tired of the watch chain and curled up and fell asleep.

IN A few words, he told me of Joan Salent. It had been almost two months later before he had heard of the wreck. "After that," he said, he could not sleep at nights. He told me of how he had worried himself almost sick, until, finally one morning he had gathered his traps, thrown them into his cabin, and headed for the railway station and Revelstoke.

"Of how, when he had found out that she had not been hurt, he had gone on to Montreal. There he had found her living at the old address—it was a cheap boarding house, he told me—and she had been out of work for some time; and hadn't even enough money to buy proper food for herself. That when he arrived, she was in the act of writing to him. "Not because she was so poor," he hastened to add, "but just because she loved me, and was lonely."

And when I asked him how it was that he had prospered so well, financially, in such a short time, he went on to tell me of his work. He explained that he had followed his "hunch" and gone into the lumber business. That, with his wife's help, he had interested capital, in a small way at first, and bought up small timber limits. On these he had doubled his money. Then, he had gone into the lumber business, and gradually worked his way upwards

until, as he put it: "I have realized most of my dreams. . . . And you, Monsieur?" he questioned.

Briefly, I sketched my troubles to him. Of how bad the times were—of my failure to raise capital to carry on my business—of how it was "getting me," as far as my health was concerned—and how, at last, I had given up all hopes.

He listened intently, and when I had finished, he said: "It is so, Monsieur. Times are bad all over Canada. I guess she's big sum of money you need, too?"

"That's the trouble, Jules. If I can't raise between ten and twelve thousand dollars for machinery and running expenses, I'm finished, that is, as far as the business world is concerned."

"And this trouble, she's bad for your health, Monsieur? You do not sleep?" I shook my head, and he continued, sadly. "That's too bad. I'm sorry—very sorry." Then, abruptly, he changed the subject: "Well, I mus' go now. Joan, she's think I've lost our baby overboard. My, my, she will be so pleased to see you. I would go and bring her here, but she's in her bed. Perhaps she—"

"Pray do not disturb her, this evening, Jules. Tomorrow, I shall certainly be pleased to see her."

"Ah," he said, taking little Joan from my arms, "there is always tomorrow, Monsieur—remember that. But before I go, you must tell me your name. This time, I'm going to be sure of getting it."

"Valentine Patterson — and, good-night, Jules," I said, extending my hand.

"Good-night, Monsieur—and tonight you mus' sleep," he stated as he walked away with the child, who had so captivated my heart. On his way, he stopped to speak to a young man, whom I noticed was one of the two who had been chatting of their good fortunes near my chair, earlier in the evening. Jules was, evidently, giving orders to the lad, for they seemed to be arguing on some matter or other. Finally the young man shook his head in a resigned sort of way, and walked hurriedly off. Then Jules disappeared into one of the staterooms.

I sat where I was for another hour or so, and then went to my own room. As I opened the door and switched on the light, I saw a letter, addressed to me, on the floor. It had been pushed under the door. Wondering, I picked it up and tore open the envelope. Inside was a cheque for fifteen thousand dollars, and written in pencil across the back were the words: "Jules Frambeau always pays his debts—sleep to-night, Monsieur."

THE END

MEMORIES

What memories are painted in a sunset?
What heartaches in a sudden lilt of song?
Ah, that our lives are spent in sowing—
reaping,
Remembrance is so long!

Life's little messengers, I sometimes call them,
Sending the present, swift, to span the past;
How can we doubt but that tomorrow,
Today and yesterday are one at last?

O memories, so strong, so sweet, so tender,
Eolian, they play upon the human heart;
And every soul is powerless against them—
We cannot stand apart.

—Eleanor Hamilton

Falsehood is Poison—dangerous when placed
In Truth enough to hide the Bitter Taste.



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It kept his mouth moist and fresh on his hot, rocky road. Calling on his sweetie, he took her a smooth, white stone!

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Keeps the Breath Sweet
50 Cents, all dealers



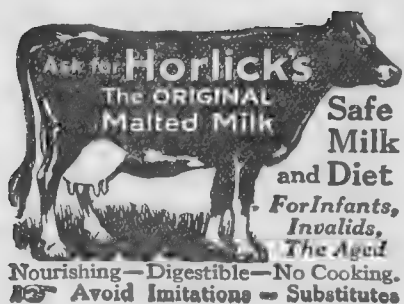
A few drops well rubbed in bring prompt relief

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Absorbine Jr.

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COLEMAN AIR-O-GAS STOVES bring gas service for cooking right into your kitchen—no matter where you live. They are complete cooking units that make their own gas! No pipes, no wiring, no installation cost. They are made to meet today's demand for modern, clean, quick-cooking stoves.

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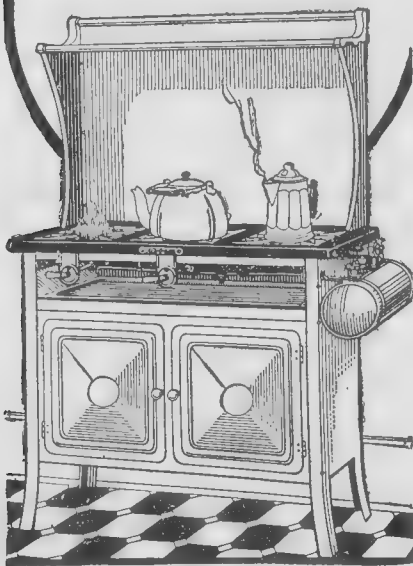
Air-O-Gas Stoves are easy, safe and economical to operate—on the same gas-pressure principle as Coleman Lamps and Lanterns. Use any good grade of regular motor car fuel. Generate quickly to full cooking heat. Produce a cleaner cooking fire—no dirt, no smoke, no soot on utensils. Give you quicker cooking action—boils half a gallon of water in 4½ minutes. You have a steadier cooking blaze—instantly regulated.

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Oranges for Health

THE recent studies in nutrition by the most able scientists prove conclusively that for the maintenance of health the diet must be not only adequate in food value—in the quantities of protein, carbohydrate and fat—but must supply the essential organic salts and acids and vitamins as well; and it is for this reason that these elements of food are being emphasized today by the world's leading dietitians.

These authorities are pointing out that while meat and potatoes and bread, the stand-bys in meal-planning, are necessary for active men and women and for growing boys and girls, they by no means constitute a complete dietary. They must be supplemented by an abundance of raw vegetables and fruits in order that the necessary mineral salts and vitamins may not be lacking.

Of the three known vitamins, oranges and lemons are particularly rich in vitamin C, which is essential to normal complete nutrition. Water soluble vitamin B is also present in adequate quantities. The elements furnished by these vitamins have been found to be absolutely necessary to maintain life and growth.

The organic salts and acids which are so abundant in oranges and lemons are direct aids to digestion and therefore are not only valuable in themselves but serve to promote the assimilation of all the other foods, thus making these foods more efficient than they would be without this help.

It is the consensus of opinion among specialists that incorrect eating and over-eating are the causes of most of the serious stomach and intestinal disorders so prevalent in this country today. In the diet departments of modern hospitals and sanitariums great emphasis is laid upon including an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables in the special diets which are so important a factor in the treatment of most patients.

It is further agreed that in many cases acute stomach and intestinal disorders may be avoided entirely if the diet contains the proper amount of fresh foods. Fifty per cent of the daily food may well be in the form of fresh raw fruits and vegetables. "Too many cooked foods, too few raw," is the general comment of the scientists on the eating habits of the modern family—a warning worth considering in every home by the wives and mothers who make up the daily menus.

Here are Two Good Health Rules:

Eat some vegetables each day.
Eat one or more oranges every day.

The Reducing Diet

FOR a reducing diet, oranges, both in the form of the whole fruit served alone or as juice, or as a salad or dessert are indispensable. A reducing diet should not be followed strictly, however, except under the guidance of a physician.

The particular value of oranges in the reducing diet lies in the fact that while they are satisfying and nourishing, they are not fat builders—they do not alone supply enough fuel calories for the daily needs of the body. A reducing food must be that which causes the body to draw on the fat of the body itself for the daily requirements of energy until that fat has been reduced. Oranges and lemons help in the making up of such a diet while giving the body other needed food requirements.

Below we give suggestions which will be useful in the planning of a reducing dietary. In each case the salad may be served without dressing or with a simple dressing of lemon juice and salt or lemon juice and sugar.

Several of the dishes are composed entirely of raw fruits which are particularly appropriate to include in the reducing diet.

Underweight is due not to lack of sufficient food, in most cases, but to the use of the wrong combinations of foods. A weight-increasing dietary will include

milk, eggs, cheese and starchy vegetables, which provide energizing and fat building materials, but must be generous also in green vegetables and fresh fruit in order that the essential mineral salts and vitamins may not be lacking.

Although known as "acid fruits" both oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction in the blood and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting acidity due to an excess of acid-producing, although essential, foods such as meat, fish, eggs and bread.

For breakfast orange juice, strained, sweetened and iced if desired, or just plain as it comes from the squeezer, is as acceptable to grown-ups as it is to children and starts the day right by providing the organic salts and acids which are so essential an accompaniment of the other foods.

From a famous Canadian hotel comes this method of serving oranges, which may be used as a breakfast dish or as a simple dessert: Place slices of orange in a glass sherbet dish and cover with two tablespoons maple syrup. Both orange slices and maple syrup should be very cold.

Strained honey may be used in place of maple syrup, if desired.

Oranges cut into small pieces may be combined with other fresh fruits in almost endless varieties to vary the breakfast menu, or for light desserts. Oranges and bananas, oranges and strawberries, oranges and red raspberries, oranges and apples, oranges and fresh pineapple are suggested combinations.

WHILE salads are never omitted from the dinner menu, only those of moderate portions are served and it is highly desirable that they do not require much time in preparation. Here are seven, any one of which may be prepared in ten minutes, and which may be adapted for reducing menus. For convenience, the quantities given are for individual servings.

Grapefruit and Orange Salad

Peel oranges and grapefruit and divide into segments, rejecting all white skin. Arrange a circle of orange segments on a lettuce-covered salad plate and fill center with grapefruit segments.

Date and Orange Salad

Peel oranges and remove all white membrane. Cut into one-fourth inch slices and cut each slice into halves. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plates and serve each portion with three dates stuffed with walnuts.

Cranberry and Orange Salad

Mold cranberry jelly in individual molds. Peel and slice oranges, cutting each slice in halves. Place mold of cranberry jelly on lettuce-covered salad plate; circle with half-slices of orange.

Cabbage and Orange Salad

Peel oranges, removing all white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices and then into segments. Cover salad plates with finely shredded cabbage. Sprinkle with orange segments. Serve with French dressing.

Onion and Orange Salad

On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange a thin slice of Bermuda onion, add one-half inch slice pared of orange, another slice of Bermuda onion and a second slice of orange. Garnish with green pepper and watercress. Serve with French dressing.

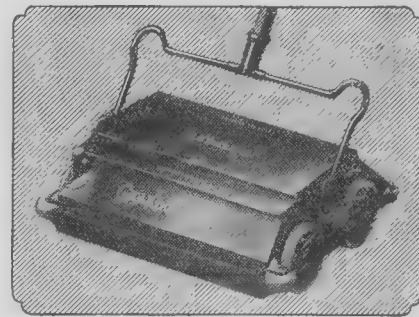
Cheese and Orange Salad

Peel oranges and divide into segments, rejecting all white inner skin. Arrange on salad plates covered with lettuce. Garnish with balls of cream cheese rolled in grated orange rind.

Prune and Orange Salad

Drain cooked prunes thoroughly and stuff with blanched almonds. Roll in granulated sugar. Arrange three prunes on each lettuce-covered salad plate, alternating with orange segments.

Gets the Dirt and Lint Instantly



AS a time saver the carpet sweeper has never been equalled. House-keeping authorities confirm this fact. The Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell gathers up dirt, grit, lint from rugs—keeps them faultlessly neat and free from litter—requires less time than the same work done any other way.

A new Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell will delight you with its ease of operation. Rubber bumpers on all four corners protect the furniture and baseboards. Just a thumb-pressure on the dump lever empties the sweeper pans.

Efficient housekeepers keep a Bissell on each floor. The price is so low and the time it saves more than justifies having the extra sweeper.

The cost of the first half-dozen brooms it saves pays for a Bissell which lasts for years. Play-size Bissells

for a few dimes. At department, house-furnishing, furniture and hardware stores. Booklet of Bissell Models, or suggestions for proper care and use of your present sweeper—on request.



BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

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BLONDE HAIR quickly darkens and fades—unless given special care. That's why nearly a million blondes now use Blondex, the new special shampoo for light hair only. Keeps blonde hair from fading or streaking—brings back true golden beauty to even dulled hair. No dyes. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Leaves hair soft and silky. Get Blondex today at all good drug and department stores.



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Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
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The Professional woman must look her best at all times. Her appearance is her success or failure. She cannot gamble with beauty—she must be sure. That is why Blanche Mehafeey and thousands of other professional and business women depend on

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"Beauty's Master Touch"

to keep their appearance always at its best. It renders to the skin and complexion a soft, bewitching, pearly beauty that commands the admiration of all.

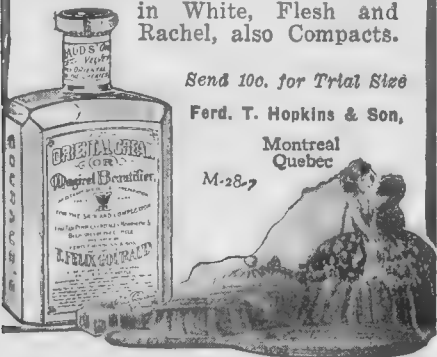
Far superior to dry powders, creams and lotions. The entrancing, seductive beauty it renders does not streak or show signs of perspiration. Antiseptic and astringent, giving exceptional results in cases of skin troubles, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, redness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

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Makes
Delicious
Sandwiches
Very Nourishing Too

Federated Women's Institutes

A Message to the Women's Institutes From the Honorary
President, Mrs. David Watt

TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS

To all loyal and true citizens of a country, the birthday of a nation must ever be a sacred thing, for the nation is the place where men are born and made, where their characters are formed, where the leaders of our country are created, the place where the spirit of true patriotism and loyalty should be instilled into the breast of every man, woman and child.

Outstanding of course for all time to come will remain the men to whom the union of all Canada is conceded, the "Fathers of Confederation." These men, who combined wisdom and foresight, who had courage to begin this great structure of our national existence, who laid the foundation of unity, liberty and justice, upon which it rests. This is a sacred trust for all generations to come.

From the beginning of our national life there has come to us, out of all countries of the world, liberty-loving people seeking political freedom, and equality of opportunity for themselves and for their children, and this great tide of immigration has been quickly merged with native born Canadians into one people by common purpose and unity of ideal.

But Canada is not yet made. It is just in the making, there is work for everyone to assist in this making; this is a glorious service. Service for our country and the call comes to every true citizen, to count it his or her patriotic duty to build part of his life with the life of this great country and do his share in the making of "Canada," according to the vision of the Fathers of Confederation.

EXTREME interest and a fine attendance marked the First Annual W.I. District Conference held in Edmonton recently, this District taking in considerable northern country around Edmonton. It was presided over by the Director Mrs. C. A. Gates of Stoney Plain, while other W.I. officials present included Mrs. Wm. Huyck, Provincial President; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Provincial Secretary; Miss Jessie Macmillan, Home Bureau Secretary; Mrs. J. Macgregor Smith, Provincial Convener Home Economics; Mrs. A. Brown, Tofield, Convener of Committee on Immigration; Mrs. R. Blackburn, Vegreville, Canadianization; Mrs. J. W. Shutt, Westlock, Child Welfare; Mrs. Rodgers, Ryley, Agriculture; Mrs. W. Short, Woodbend, Provincial Convener Education and Mrs. Melton, Edmonton, Industries.

Hon. Irene Parlby brought before the conference a review of some of the legislation passed the last session. Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Agriculture and Health, was also another most interesting speaker, when he spoke of the problem of the mental deficient and also the work of the Health Department in the travelling clinics. Twelve districts have organized for this service, 41 school districts have asked for it, 62 enquired, while nine W.I. branches, two U.F.W.A. locals and one U.F.A. have also taken it on. The conference endorsed the steps the Government is taking for compulsory sterilization of mental deficient.

Mrs. Huyck gave a most comprehensive talk on the "Growth of W.I.'s," while Mrs. Rogers, Provincial Secretary, who has announced her intention of retiring after eleven years of service urged the members when electing any officers to consider her capability, her infinite patience and orderly mind, her strength and time, and if she could afford it. She also warned the delegates against indiscriminate charity.

Institutes that report sponsoring health clinics, baby, travelling or local include Galahad, Hayter, Westlock, Glendale, Flat Lake, Aetna, Coleman, New West, Consort, Angus Ridge, Milnerton, Strathmore, Conjur Lake, Ribstone, Sundre, Patricia, Milk River Starline (Clareholm), Busby, and Scollard.

Alberta delegates who will attend the Fifth Biennial Convention of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, which will be held in the Province where the National President, Miss Annie Stewart lives, at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, will include Mrs. W. Huyck, Provincial President; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, National Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. J. F. Price, National Publicity Secretary.

Alberta W.I. Girls' Clubs will hold their Annual Convention this year at Banff, from July 6th to 10th. The usual programme of hikes, sight-seeing trips and competitions has been arranged. The girls will go into the business of the convention in the mornings and devote afternoons to sight seeing. It is expected there will be a hundred delegates.

Mrs. J. N. Beaubier, ex President of the Alberta Women's Institutes has just returned from Upland California, where

she was invited to perform a very signal honor. This was to give the dedication speech in the opening of the new \$3,000 club house of the Upland Women's Club. Mrs. Beaubier was the first President of this Club twenty-three years ago, and held office for six years. Eleven years ago she came to Champion, Alberta, and ever since has been a most devoted W.I. member.

Queenstown and Milo is asking co-operation of the teachers in training the pupils to salute the flag. At the school fair this fall, a prize will be given to the school, where the pupils show the most training in this ceremony. If one school is successful in winning three consecutive years, the prize which will likely be a shield will be kept by that school.

Galahad W.I. is beautifying the cemetery.

Drumheller is arranging an essay contest in the schools. Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts was an interesting visitor recently, while the members hope to have Bliss Carman in the near future.

Delburne is building a kitchen on the rest room at a cost of \$130.00.

Brooksley is entering the constituency "Model Kitchen Contest."

Benton Valley is raising money for a community hall.

Langdon made \$115.00 at a recent play. Champion members are interested in raising a community hall fund.

Manyberries is putting on a health poster exhibit.

Vulcan devoted a recent meeting to the subject of Child Welfare, and is maintaining a rest room.

Majestic Farrell Lake is doing much relief work.

Hand in Hand at Calgary joined with Glendale in a sewing course.

Didsbury members are entering a thrift contest.

Sibbald would like to trade library books and anyone interested please write the Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Frizzell for further information.

Rose Willow is going into the matter of school gardening.

Garrington arranged that 32 children of the two schools were inoculated with diphtheria anti toxine.

Eastway is stressing Canadianization this year.

Pincher Creek has raised \$240.00 toward the swimming pool.

Cowley has voted \$20.00 to the musical festival.

Blackie is a new branch organized recently.

Hillsdown Valley has delegated Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Fiske to write a history of the community.

Huxley re-organized and is building a stage in the hall.

SASKATCHEWAN
EARLY in July of this year there will begin a Short Course in Farm Home Economics at the University of Saskatchewan, for girls of fifteen years and over. The course will cover a period of five or six weeks. This is the first course of exactly this kind to be held here and it will probably develop in time into a much

Continued on page 51



hair
tinting
now costs only 50¢

No longer need you pay \$10 or more to a hair dresser for tinting your gray, faded or streaked hair. Just use Brownatone, a guaranteed absolutely harmless hair tint, right in the privacy of your own home. Without fuss or muss, in just five minutes, restore the youthful shade and beauty of your hair. Only one application necessary. Color restored immediately. Won't wash out or fade. Is natural looking in strongest lights. Use Brownatone as thousands of others have. Any shade desired from two colors—(blonde to medium brown) (dark brown to black). At drug and toilet counters 50c and \$1.50. If you prefer trial first send 10c for postage and packing.

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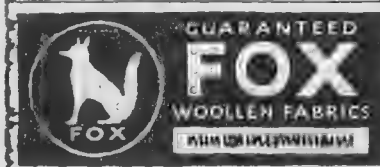
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Look for this Mark
every 84" on reverse side of
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Child's play
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It's as simple as
A.B.C. to make a cup
of delicious "Camp"
—no straining, no
standing, no coffee
pot. You simply add
hot water. Made in
a minute.

"CAMP"
COFFEE

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 50

larger course. Residence room is the only drawback to such an event.

The course will aim to instill the elements of the many sides of Home Economics, particularly Food Principles and Preparation Dietaries, Dressmaking and Home Nursing, Millinery and Home Furnishings; also it will include courses in Dairying, Poultry, Home Gardening and Bee-Keeping, Physical Training.

Diplomas will be given for satisfactory work during the term. The course has been arranged for through the efforts of the Homemaker's Clubs.

Aylesbury sponsored a needy family and helped others in very necessary ways. They are selling brooms for the Blind.

Briar Mound Club is arranging for a clinic from the Department of Health. They held a very successful social evening at Foam Lake.

Caputh quilted a quilt for a burnt-out family and are preparing to make another for a similar purpose.

Churchbridge keeps a wheel-chair for the use of invalids in the community.

Consul—During the winter Consul holds social evenings at which the members adjourn to transact Club business. They are adding to their membership.

Colleston had papers on Measles and on Canada under British rule.

Devon Club had a visit and talk from a member of another Club.

Frobisher—This Club is preparing to make an effort to procure a Municipal Doctor.

Great West Club, Wapella, are asking the co-operation of their merchants in stocking brooms from the Institute for the Blind. They have also asked the patronage of several other women's organizations in order to secure sales for these brooms. They sewed and knitted and procured several necessities for a large family in need. A contest to secure material for quilt-evenings was held—each member supplying blocks made from second-hand material. Covering for two quilts was thus procured, so that total cost of both quilts was \$3.25. One quilt was placed in the relief parcel, the other given as a gift.

Halbrite Club is working towards the beautification of their cemetery and has been assisting the Ft. Qu'Appelle Sanatorium and the Red Cross.

Leslie Club has appointed a committee to take a survey of the people of the district who are outstanding in any craft or occupation in order that such talents may be utilized to the best advantage.

Mantario provides flowers for the sick and contributes to many relief funds, such as Save the Children, Star Fund, School Fair and presented a sewing machine to the Eaton Hospital.

Maymont Club is stressing League of Nations study. They are having a series of whist drives.

Prince Club has helped the Red Cross and is engaged in completing the work on their Community Hall.

Pinkham Club keeps a separate account for flowers for the sick. They are assisting the Kindersley Municipal Hospital with furnishings.

Prosperity recently suffered the loss of one of its original members, Mrs. Wm. Warsley, and her loss is keenly felt.

Quill Lake has done a vast amount of relief work, had a baby clinic and sold \$100 worth of the work of the Institute for the Blind. They co-operate with all community activities and see that the sick receive many kindly attentions.

Stanleyville Club is having a series of social community evenings.

Stewart Valley had interesting papers on Child Welfare and Home Economics.

United Homemakers, Macoun, are taking up a travel series as part of their program, beginning with Canada. They are compiling a cook-book.

At the annual meeting of the Glen Bain Home Makers Club which is a club in a district 12 miles north of Kincaid Sask., the club had a very successful year.

During the year the club held eleven meetings, one not held on account of road conditions. We have had an average attendance of 12 members 3 visitors. At our May meeting we were fortunate enough to have a doctor come and give us a very helpful and instructive address on various diseases and their treatment which was beneficial to all present.

At one of our monthly meetings each member present was given 25 cents

talent money, returns to be brought in next month which was done and the amount raised was \$15.00 which was very gratifying. Our club also donated \$25.00 to cemetery work and in time suitable for planting trees, intend to purchase them.

In October the club held a bazaar and fowl supper which was very successful, raising \$156.60

In December we held a social gathering at the home of a friend in the district, the members taking along things needed such as meat, vegetables, apples, butter etc., also a few toys for the children.

We also sent boxes of apples to four schools to be given around to the children at their Xmas tree concert. We also raised \$25.00 selling tickets for a beautiful box of chocolates that a gentleman in our district donated to the club. This money has been voted to be given to some needy family.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Denver W.I. is meeting with the various School Boards in the immediate vicinity in an effort to arrange for dental clinic for the school children.

Armstrong W.I. sent several members to attend the bird house exhibition conducted by the Vernon W.I. on April 2nd. This is encouragement for the children in the study of bird life.

Cannor W.I. is interested in the establishment of a public health nurse in the district. Dr. H. E. Young, Provincial Officer of Health, recently addressed a very enthusiastic meeting in that district.

Upper Sumas W.I. has decided to enter the contest at the Provincial Fair, New Westminster, as planned.

Crawford Bay W.I. acting on suggestion made by the public health nurse has arranged to supply the school children with paper towels for one month on trial. This Institute has sent all the books from the W.I. Library to neighboring hospitals and is now starting again to collect a new supply, each member is requested to bring, at least, one book or 25c. To date quite a number of books has been received.

Coquillam W.I. has 11 members who after listening to Mrs. M. L. Murray, Editor of "Country Life" speak on the possibilities of Chrysanthemum Growing, decided to make a start. Information will be obtained from the Dominion Experimental Farm at Agassiz, from the Agricultural Dept., of the University of B.C. and it is expected that the blooms will find a ready market during the Autumn in the Prairie cities.

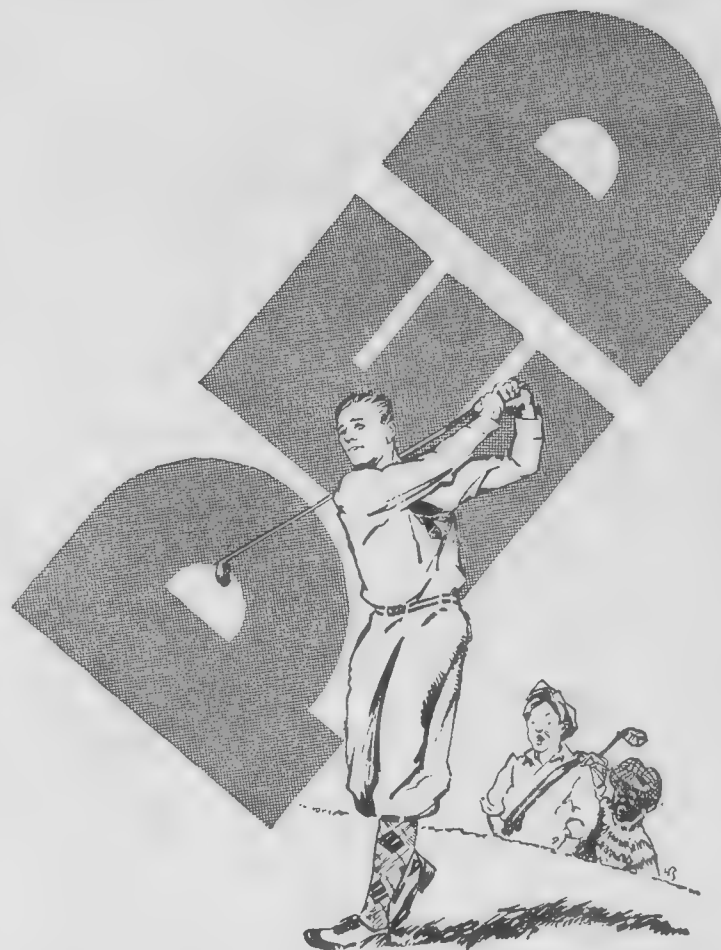
Victoria W.I. listened to Mrs. C. A. Lucas of the Saanich War Memorial Health Center speak on a branch of Home Economics "Food in Relation to Health and Disease." This Institute is enthusiastically supporting the drive for the endowment of a Home Economics Chair at the University of B.C.

Howe Sound W.I. has been the first Institute to vote \$5.00 toward the Otho Scott Endowment Fund. This fund is designed to pay the expenses of Otho Scott the first case which called the attention of the Women's Institutes to the need of the crippled child in British Columbia and which has been the means of help and treatment being given to nearly 100 little crippled children in the Province. Otho Scott will be received at the Queen Alexandra Solarium and although the disease is of rather long standing and the treatment of sun and sea-bathing and open air will necessarily be long and tedious it is hoped that cure may be affected and the little back may be straightened.

Metchosin W.I. held its usual spring bulb and flower show on April 22nd. This Institute is doing good work by advertising the possibilities of bulb growing on the Southern part of Vancouver Island by means of this annual spring show.

Beaver W.I. recently formed at County Line, is already busy endeavoring to build a tennis court behind the community hall in co-operation with the County Line Community Assn. All labor volunteered, the association to supply the funds. The Institute reports the progress very satisfactory to date.

Surrey W.I. had Mr. G. E. W. Clarke, District Horticulturist, give a talk on budding and grafting. This Institute is also planning for their annual flower show.



Play days call for pep!

START these days with a crisp, peppy breakfast and see how fine and fit you feel!

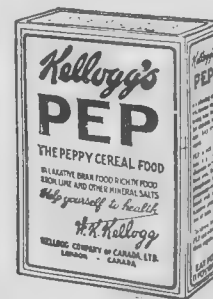
How you'll enjoy a crisp bowl of Kellogg's Pep! Pep is health in a package! A feast of flavor! Wakes up the laziest appetite! Full of nourishment to start the day!

Pep will make you peppy! A ready-to-eat cereal with all the goodness of whole wheat. Rich in vitamins and strength - building mineral elements.

Pep with milk or cream is practically a perfect food. Contains enough bran to be mildly laxative. Helps prevent constipation. A wonderful food for young folks and folks who like to feel young.

Serve Pep often. Add fruits or honey, for an extra treat. Delicious with pears, prunes, bananas or raisins. Add them, fresh or canned. Put Pep into tomorrow's breakfast! Your grocer has pep!

Kellogg's
PEP



Whole
Wheat
including the
Bran

The Very Latest Ideas in Stamped Aprons



Material is a good firm quality unbleached Art cotton. The time spent in working these dainty designs is more than amply repaid by the splendid results as shown above. Full instructions with each piece and the price 47c each is very moderate. Red or Blue edging to complete 10c, making a total of 57c. Stamped flat and price does not include embroidery thread. When ordering from the Western Home Monthly be sure to state number.



On Monday -- worth \$100⁰⁰ On Tuesday -- worth *how much?*

The ordinary Monday washing is harder on your clothes than six days' wear! 4¢ a week and you treat *everything like fine fabrics!*

COUNT up their cost as you sort the laundry. Even at medium prices your husband's shirts cost \$2.00 apiece (and at least 3 in the wash every week!) his underwear \$2.00, pajamas \$3.00, your housedresses \$4.50 each, nightgowns \$2.00, the children's rompers \$3.00, sheets \$2.00 a piece and so on.

More than \$100 worth of clothes all told in your wash on Monday!

What are they worth *on Tuesday?*

The punishment your clothes get in an ordinary washing is harder on them than all the wear you give them the rest of the week. You can't afford to let the old harsh laundry soap wear out any more clothes in the washing! Clothes cost too much to risk them!

Treat all of your laundry like fine fabrics! For

just 4¢ more than you pay for ordinary laundry soap you give all your clothes Lux protection—save dollars in wear and tear!

You know how faithfully Lux has always guarded your finer things—your silks and delicate woollens—how after even repeated washings it restores them to you fresh and lovely as new.

Now all your clothes and precious household linens deserve this same fine fabric care! How radiantly clean, rich, sudsy Lux leaves your clothes—how much longer they last! Lux cleanses out *all* the dirt without straining the delicate fibres. And—what's so important: *without fading colors.*

So kind to hands!

As for your hands—you can hardly believe such a difference possible! Harsh soap is so rough—bites your hands so unmercifully. Lux suds are as caressing as the finest toilet soap. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto



Now let Lux save your hands in the laundry just as it does when you wash out a bit of finery—when you wash dishes



Enough in the big package for two average washdays



CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter (scant). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour.
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups fine sugar. $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons
 3 eggs. Magic Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, beat in the eggs one at a time till very light, add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Make a butter cream, add melted chocolate and beat well. Put between layers, then spread thickly round sides; hold cake between hands and roll in minced walnuts, now spread chocolate butter cream on top and cover with the nuts. Decorate with cherries and walnut halves.



JELLY ROLL

3 large eggs. 1 cup pastry flour.
 1 cup fine sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. 2 tablespoons cold water.
 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder.

Separate eggs, beating yolks and sugar together till quite thick; add extract, then add lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift together 4 times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; fold very lightly into egg mixture alternately with the cold water. Turn into a jelly roll pan, which has been lined with well greased paper. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes; turn out on a clean, slightly damp cloth. Remove paper; cut crisp edges from sponge, spread with preserve and roll quickly while the sponge is still warm. Sift fine sugar on top.

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DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs. 1 tablespoon melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.
 2 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. 2 cups flour.

Beat eggs till light, adding sugar gradually; sift together flour, Magic Baking Powder, nutmeg and salt; add to beaten eggs and sugar alternately with milk and melted butter. Roll out the soft dough, cut with cutter, drop in boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Roll in sugar if desired.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry flour.
 1 cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 2 eggs. 1 teaspoon flavoring.
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

*Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of
 applying coconut sent on request.*





When Asparagus is in Season

THERE is no other vegetable quite so delicious as fresh asparagus, properly cooked. Unfortunately, the season for it is very short, but it is easily canned for use all throughout the year. It is one of the oldest of cultivated vegetables, having been a favorite food at old Roman and Greek banquets. There are two varieties, the white and the green, both of equal value as food. It is rich in minerals, besides having a nitrogenous compound, valuable in kidney disorders.

Proper cooking is essential. To be eaten at its best, asparagus should be used within a few hours after being picked. Wash and scrape the stalks and rinse the heads carefully to remove grit and sand. Tie in bundles and stand upright in a deep saucepan with boiling salted water, coming up to near the tips, and cover. The steam will cook the tender tips. Cook till tender, which will require from twenty to thirty minutes. Drain, and place on buttered toast, and put melted butter on them. A few drops of lemon juice may be added to the melted butter. Hollandaise sauce is good.

Hollandaise Sauce

Butter $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg yolks, 2
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Pepper, cayenne.
Grated onion $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Lemon juice 1 t.

Mix all together, add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. boiling water, cork, while stirring, in a double boiler till thick. Either use hot on hot asparagus or cold in place of salad dressing.

Asparagus Timbales

Cooked asparagus 1 bunch.
Milk 1 c. Flour 2 tb.
Salt 1 t. Paprika $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Butter 2 tb. Eggs 4

Reserve enough asparagus tips to have about four for each custard cup. Grease the cups and stand the tips up in them, having the points towards the bottom. Cut the rest of the asparagus in pieces. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings, stir into the well-beaten eggs, and add the cut asparagus. Put carefully into the custard cups, keeping the four tips in place. Set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Turn out and serve at once.

Asparagus Shortcake

Cooked asparagus 1 bunch
Shortening 4 tb. Baking powder 4 t.
Milk, about $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg 1 White sauce 2 c.
Flour 2 c.

Make shortcake of the flour, fat, baking powder, salt, egg and milk, making them oblong in shape. Split, butter and lay the bundles of asparagus between and on top. Pour over a sauce made of half milk and half water in which the asparagus was cooked. This is a good luncheon or supper dish.

Asparagus au Gratin

Strong cheese 3 tb. or more
Asparagus, cooked Melted butter 1 tb.
White sauce $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Toast
Arrange the cooked asparagus on slices of buttered toast. Pour the white sauce over, sprinkle with the cheese, then with the melted butter. Set in a hot oven till the cheese melts. Serve at once. The

Refrigeration a la Aladdin

*Of course you know the story of Aladdin and the Lamp,
Of how he found the magic thing within a cavern damp.
He had only to rub it to command a monster bold,
Who made Aladdin Prince, and brought him wealth and lands untold!*

*Remember how, one day, Aladdin sought himself a wife,
And settled down to be content, and lead a quiet life?
The Princess was a lovely maid, so beautiful and gay,
They thought they'd have a blissful time forever and a day.*

*Now, though they were quite happy and content for several years,
One day Aladdin found his Princess 'most dissolved in tears.
'How now, my dear!' he cried amazed, 'What can the matter be?
Just speak your wish and you shall have it granted instantly.'*

*'There's trouble in the kitchen,' then she said, 'I do declare,
The food is always spoiling for it's so hot everywhere.
The butter melts and runs away, the milk and cream turn sour,
The lettuce and the celery wilt and die within an hour.'*

*'We put the butter in a crock and placed it in the well,
And likewise with the cream and milk, but oh, 'tis sad to tell,
It hardly did a bit of good, for now, I must confess,
The cream has turned, the butter's soft, and I am in distress!'*

*Then spoke Aladdin, 'Dry your eyes, compose yourself my dear,'
He quickly rubbed his lamp and lo, the genie did appear.
'Go forth, oh Monster!' cried the Prince, 'and search in far-off lands
For something that will keep our food from spoiling on our hands.'*

*The genie vanished from their sight, but ere much time could pass,
He had returned, and on his back was placed a great white mass.
'Oh Prince,' he cried, 'I've brought you this—I hope it will suffice—
A substance from the Northern Pole, up there, they call it ICE!'*

*And so it was that on that day a great box was constructed,
To hold the ice, and food and drink (as, no doubt, you've deducted).
And things ran very smoothly in the kitchen for a while,—
Till one fine day, the Princess came without her usual smile.*

*'Aladdin, oh my King,' said she, I really hate to ask,
But will you set your genie, please, unto another task?
'What will you have?' Aladdin said. 'Alas,' she made reply,
'Our food just won't keep properly, no matter how I try.'*

*Our ice box is a splendid one; we fill it every day,
But, when the ice has been put in, it starts to melt away;
And, so, the food does not keep fresh, and much desire is felt,
For something colder still than ice and something that won't melt.*

*Aladdin called his genie, and the monster called a meeting
Of all his fellow-workers unto whom he gave this greeting,
'Through water, fire, earth and air, in which ye each have dwelt,
Bring hence a gift more cold than ice and one that will not melt!'*

*And lo, there did appear before Aladdin's wond'ring eyes
A gleaming box of shining white, which filled him with surprise.
Admiringly he gazed, then opened each and every door,
'How cold!' he cried, 'I've never felt such frigid air before!'*

*'Your Majesty,' the genie said, 'I know it to be true
That nothing colder than this box can e'er be brought to you.
But, though its magic secrets, just at present, I can't tell,
Please give it space within your home; 'twill satisfy you well.'*

*Accordingly, the box within the kitchen was installed,
While everyone did stand around delighted and appalled.
And soon they saw that though no ice was there to drip and soil
And melt away, still all the same, the food just could not spoil.*

*The vegetables were crisp and cool, and tender was the meat,
The cream and milk was always pure, the butter always sweet;
And never more did great Aladdin's Princess have to sigh,
Her food forever after was kept clean and fresh and dry.*

*Now when Aladdin passed away, he stated in his will,
'The secret of my cold chest must remain a secret still,
But shall the mystery be solved (I hereby take a vow),
Some very future, far-off day, ten thousand years from now!'*

*And now, ten thousand years are gone, and, as Aladdin willed,
His last command has come to pass; his wish has been fulfilled,
Today in many and many a home, it is a common sight
To see this wondrous cold chest that keeps our food just right.*

toast should not be toasted till too brown, or the final result may be overdone.

Asparagus with Green Peas

Cut the asparagus in pieces of about one inch in length. Put with the peas in a saucepan. Cover with boiling water, add salt and cork till tender. Add 3 tb. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cream or rich milk, a little pepper, and more salt if needed. Serve as a vegetable.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Use the coarse ends of asparagus, which are too tough to use as a vegetable, and save the water in which asparagus has been cooked. Rub through a coarse sieve, saving all the pulp and juice. Make a white sauce of 4 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, 2 c. milk, 1 t. finely chopped onion. Add the asparagus water, re-heat, and season. A little more flour may be used, if one likes it thicker.

Eggs With Asparagus

Poached eggs 6 White sauce 2 c.
Cooked asparagus Pimento 1
Toast

Place the poached eggs on slices of toast on a platter. Arrange the asparagus around them, pour the white sauce over, and garnish with strips of pimiento.

Asparagus and Egg Scallop

Hard-cooked eggs 6 Cooked asparagus
White sauce 2 c. Buttered crumbs.

Cook the asparagus, cut in pieces, drain, reserving the juice. Cut the "hard-boiled" eggs in pieces or slices. Put half of them in a buttered baking dish, cover with the asparagus, then with the remaining eggs. Pour the white sauce over them, and cover with buttered crumbs. Brown in the oven.

Asparagus Salad I.

Plain

Arrange bundles of chilled cooked asparagus on lettuce. Slip the stalks through rings cut from green pepper or pimento. Serve with dressing.

Salad II.

Cut cooked asparagus in two-inch pieces and chill. Scoop the centre from peeled tomatoes, which have been chilled. Stand the pieces of asparagus up in the tomato cups. Serve with salad dressing, in which chopped pickles have been mixed.

Green Spring Salads

1. Tender young carrots may be scrubbed and grated, mixed with shredded cabbage, and a little chopped onion, then moistened with salad dressing. On the shredded onion and cabbage may be molded in lemon gelatine for a salad.

2. Spinach cooked, chopped, well seasoned, may be molded in cups and chilled, then turned out on lettuce leaves. Pile shredded new carrots beside each mold. Top with a spoonful of salad dressing, with chopped radishes mixed in it.

Fish With Greens

Cook beet greens or Swiss chard till tender, drain, chop and season. Line individual baking dishes, such as custard cups and egg shirrers, with the greens.

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These dishes entice the appetite



In June, when the new crop of vegetables is still to come, there are many dainty dishes that will entice the appetite if Keen's Mustard is used to give them relish. Here are some that will delight the taste. In themselves appetizing, they are made doubly so by the use of Keen's. Clip these recipes for further reference

HAM SUPREME

Use a piece of ham from 4 to 5 lbs., cut from the middle of a good sized ham. Rub a paste of equal parts of Keen's Mustard, sugar and water into the ham. Put in baking dish. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pink milk in pan and bake in moderate oven. Baste frequently, adding milk as needed. You will vote this "the most delicious ham you ever tasted."

TOMATO CHEESE TOAST

1 tablespoon chopped onion; $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper chopped; 1 cup canned tomato; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; 1 tablespoon flour; 3 tablespoons butter; 4 slices of bread; 4 slices of cheese the size of the bread and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick.

Brown the onion and green pepper in 2 tablespoons of fat, add the tomato and stew until the green pepper is tender. Add seasoning and drop in flour and 1 tablespoon of butter which have been creamed together; boil until it thickens.

Toast one side of a slice of bread, place the slice of cheese on the other side and toast until the cheese and bread are a golden brown. Pour sauce over toast and serve very hot.

CHEESE PUDDING

2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 large cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoonful salt. Bake light brown in quick oven twenty to thirty minutes.

MOCK PATE DE FOIE GRAS

1 calf's liver (20 ounces); $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black or white pepper; few grains cayenne; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg; $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Keen's Mustard; $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt; 3 tablespoons water in which a minced onion has been boiled; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup liquor from boiling calf's liver.

Cook a calf's liver in salted water until very tender; grind in a meat cutter. Moisten with 2 tablespoons melted butter. Work into a paste with the butter and seasonings. Pack in jars that have been buttered, cover with melted butter and set aside to be used for sandwich filling or to serve on biscuit or crackers for afternoon tea.

ENGLISH MUSTARD SAUCE

1 pint milk; 4 tablespoons flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Keen's Mustard; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter.

Heat the milk over hot water, cream together the other ingredients, drop them into the hot milk and stir constantly until thick. Serve with eggs, fish, ham or wherever a piquant sauce is desired.

Onions, olives, capers, mushrooms, peppers or hard cooked eggs make pleasing changes in this sauce.

FISH SALAD

1 lb. boiled fish; 2 tablespoons oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 1 cup chopped celery; lettuce; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise.

Flake the fish while hot, if possible; toss up with oil, vinegar, and seasonings and let cool, add celery and mayonnaise. Dip a large spoonful on to a leaf of curly lettuce and garnish with strips of pimento pepper and with mayonnaise if desired.

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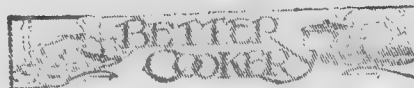
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Fill up the dishes with cooked flaked fish, and cover with golden sauce, made of:

Butter 4 tb. Milk 2 c.
Flour 4 tb. Lemon juice 1 t.
Salt 1 t. Pepper $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Yolks of 3 hard-cooked eggs.

Rub the egg yolks through a sieve. The whites may be saved for some other purpose, such as to garnish a salad. Sprinkle the tops with fine crumbs mixed with grated cheese, and brown in a hot oven.

Use small firm ripe tomatoes. Peel, chill, and cut in thick slices. On each slice spread salad dressing and sprinkle thickly with chopped hard-cooked egg whites, then with paprika.

Spring Salad

In the centre of each plate pile a heap of lettuce. On one side lay a heap of asparagus stalks, and on the opposite side, a pile of cucumber slices. Between the cucumber and asparagus put two or three wedge-shaped pieces of ripe tomato. Pass dressing with it.

Unusual Vegetable Foods

There are a number of vegetables commonly used in Europe and other countries, which are almost unknown to us. Yet they are easily grown and would add very much to our list of available foods.

Among them is Celeriac, almost as delicious as celery. The "knob" is really an enlarged base of the stems and leaves. This is the part of the plant we eat. It is sometimes four inches in diameter by five or six inches long. They may be boiled, like potatoes, cut in pieces, and creamed. Or they may be boiled till tender, peeled, sliced, chilled, and served with salad dressing.

When the frost comes in the fall, the roots are dug, the leaves cut off, and the roots stored in sand or earth in a cool place, and kept all winter.

Leeks

Of all members of the onion family, the leek is the most mild-flavored, and the least trouble to grow in the home garden.

Trim off the leaves to about an inch of the stalk. Wash, and boil till tender (about an hour), cut in pieces, chill and serve with dressing on lettuce leaves.

Onions are very rich in vitamins B and C, and are available all the year, when other fresh vegetables and fruits are not to be had. In addition, there is no other vegetable which can be kept with so little trouble. Huge quantities of onions are carried on shipboard, to keep the sailors in good health. The crispness of the vegetable is one of its attractive characteristics. It is more thoroughly digested than some other vegetables. It contains a large percentage of iron, and of sulphur, which stimulates the digestive juices, and acts as a mild laxative. It is this sulphur compound which causes the tears to flow while peeling onions. It is similar to the tear gas used during the war. Much of it passes off in the vapor during the process of cooking.

Scalloped Onions and Tomatoes

Sliced onions 2 c. Bread crumbs $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Tomatoes 2 c. Butter 3 tb.
Salt and pepper.

Cook the onions in boiling salted water till soft. Drain. Put in alternate layers with the tomatoes, in a baking dish. Use either canned or sliced ripe tomatoes. Spread the crumbs on top, and dot with butter. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Onions Baked With Peanuts

Medium sized onions 6
Shelled peanuts 1 c.
Milk $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Flour 2 tb.
Butter 2 tb. Bread crumbs 2 c.

Peel and slice the onions and boil 20 minutes in salted water. Drain, make a sauce of the milk, fat, and flour, add the onions and season. Put a layer of bread crumbs in a baking dish, cover

Continued on page 57



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2 teaspoons Cox's GELATINE, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 2 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix the sugar with hot water and boil until syrup will spin a thread. Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve over steam, then strain into syrup. Have egg whites beaten very stiff on a platter, add syrup, beating constantly with a wooden spoon. When icing is so thick that it holds to shape, it is ready for use.

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with half of the onions, then half of the peanuts, crushed fine. Repeat. Put a layer of crumbs on top, and brown in the oven.

Chinese Cabbage

For almost ten or twelve years, we have known the Chinese cabbage, which is not really a cabbage at all. The plant grows in upright, compact, tightly folded heads, very similar to the giant cos lettuce. Late in the fall, the heads are dug, stood upright in boxes of sand or soil, like celery, and kept for weeks.

It may be cooked and served with cream sauce, but is better if cut up raw for salad in cold slaw, or cut in strips and eaten with salt, as one would eat celery.

Brussels Sprouts

Brussels sprouts are the most delicately flavored of the cabbage family, with the possible exception of cauliflower. The little sprouts are broken from the stem, boiled till tender, and served with cream sauce.

Kohlrabi

Kohlrabi, of all the cabbage family, is most widely grown, and may be grown for a greater part of the year, so that we may enjoy it through the spring, summer and fall, then store it for the winter. It does not turn bitter and woody, as the turnip is so apt to do.

It may be boiled, cut in cubes, and creamed, or chilled and served with a rather sour dressing.

Chickory

Chickory, or French endive, is more trouble to produce than many vegetables, but if one has plenty of basement space, she can have delicious salad material about Christmas time.

Florence Fennel

A vegetable which will soothe slight stomach disorders is found in the Florence fennel. We eat the knob which forms at the base of the leaves and stems. It is boiled till tender, then creamed or used as a salad. The flavor resembles that of celery, but is somewhat sweeter. It may be stored for a few weeks, like celeriac.

Italian Vegetable Marrow

A delicious vegetable, but very little known, is the Italian vegetable marrow, or cocozelle bush. The fruits or vegetables, whichever one wishes to call them, look like huge cucumbers growing on a compact bush. The flavor is spicy, very unlike the squashes and marrows with which we are familiar.

Swiss Chard

The Swiss chard really is a beet, although it does not form edible roots. If one cuts the outside leaves off to use, new ones grow in the centre, which insures a continuous supply of greens throughout the summer. Two distinct dishes may be prepared from it. The leaf stalk may be cooked and served like asparagus, while the green part of the foliage is boiled like spinach and served as greens.

The First Fruits

During the early summer, we have the first strawberries, tender pink rhubarb, and fresh pineapple. Plain stewed rhubarb, with not too much sugar, is a tonic we all need in the first hot days. A few strawberries or a little left-over pineapple, will vary the flavor.

A pineapple, to have the best flavor, should be fully ripened. It has a fragrant, fruity odor, is usually yellow in color, and the leaves, if given a quick jerk, will come out easily from the top. Whenever possible, pineapple should be prepared some hours in advance of the time it is required. Wash it, cut in slices, then peel. Either cut with a sharp knife, or tear in small pieces with a fork. Sprinkle with sugar, and let stand, closely covered, as the odor is very penetrating, and will flavor other foods, such as butter and milk.

A few fresh strawberries added to the pineapple, are an improvement.

Finely chopped pineapple, a little lemon juice and orange juice added to ice water, make a delicious and refreshing drink.

A delicious salad for Sunday night supper is made by mashing a cream cheese, adding salt, a little sugar, a teaspoon lemon juice, and enough milk to make a smooth paste. Soak a tablespoon of gelatine in 4 tablespoons of cold water, melt over hot water, and stir into the cheese. Fold in one cup of whipped cream, blend well, and pack in a ring mold. Turn out on a platter, surround with water cress, and fill the centre with strawberries cut in halves.

The best way of all to have strawberries, is to wash the perfect, ripe berries, leaving the stems on and serve on a bed of the leaves still wet with the dew (or with the water in which they were washed), if one has a patch in the garden. Even cream and sugar detract a little from the delicious flavor. If one must have sugar, a little mound may be put in the centre of the plate, and the berries dipped in it and eaten from the fingers, using the stem as a handle.

Rhubarb

Is best when baked slowly. Wash but do not peel, cut in inch pieces, put in a covered bake dish, porcelain or glass is the best, add just a little water, to cover the bottom of the dish, and one-third as much sugar as rhubarb. Bake till tender. Cool.

Rhubarb Shortcake

Put stewed rhubarb, straining off part of the juice, between and on top of split biscuits, and serve with custard sauce.

With a Little Meat

In the hot weather, we might with advantage use considerably less meat than many of us do. The meat flavor may be extended by combining it with other foods. There are several meat substitutes which are excellent for the summer time.

Shepherd's Pie I.

Put a layer of mashed potato in the bottom of a buttered bake-dish. Cut left-over roast or boiled beef or steak in small cubes. Season with salt, pepper and onion juice, and moisten with gravy, and cover with a second layer of mashed potato. Brown in the oven.

Shepherd's Pie II.

Put left-over cooked beef through the meat chopper. Season well, and moisten with gravy or stock. Put in a bake dish and cover with a top of mashed potato, sprinkle with paprika, and brown in a hot oven. A lighter, puffier top is secured by folding beaten egg white in the mashed potato.

Meat or Chicken Pie

Cut the meat or chicken in small pieces, add any left-over gravy and enough water or stock to cover well. Season with salt and pepper and chopped onion. Add small whole potatoes and slices of carrots (if they are liked), and cook till the vegetables are nearly done. Remove to a baking dish, cover with a crust of biscuit dough, and bake in a hot oven.

Mock Duck

Have a round steak, cut quite thin. On it spread a stuffing, made of bread crumbs seasoned with onion, salt, pepper, and poultry seasoning, and moistened with butter, or chopped beef-suet. Roll up and tie with string in several places. Roast till tender.

Ham with Macaroni

To 2 c. of white sauce, add 1 c. chopped cooked ham. Season well. Put a layer of cooked macaroni in a buttered baking dish, then a layer of ham, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat till the dish is full, cover with buttered

Continued on page 58

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BUTTERSCOTCH ROLLS—Sift 2 cups flour, 4 tps. Royal Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt; add 4 tbsps. shortening, mixing it in with a fork (if liquid shortening is used, add with milk). Add milk or water to make a fairly soft dough (about ½ cup). Knead slightly and roll out ¼ inch thick. Spread well with creamed butter and brown sugar. Roll up as for jelly-roll; cut into 1 inch pieces. Stand on end in well-buttered gem pans or small greased muffin rings. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes. Pecan nuts may be sprinkled in before rolling. Makes 12 rolls or 22 if baked in small rings.

LADY GOLDENGLOW—A gorgeous combination of orange and chocolate which can be very simply made with one batter mixture and one icing. Full recipe in the Royal Cook Book.

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Continued from page 57

crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Meat Turnovers

Chop left-over cooked meat, and season well. Roll rich biscuit-dough rather thin; and cut in rounds or squares. Put a large spoonful of the meat on each piece of dough, fold over and pinch the edges together. Bake in a hot oven and serve with brown gravy or tomato sauce.

Meat Cakes

Ground meat 4 c. Bread crumbs 1 c.
Salt and pepper Small onion 1
Egg 1.

Soak the bread crumbs in milk, water or stock, mix the ingredients together and form into round flat cakes, and brown in a greased frying pan. If uncooked meat is used, the pan should be covered, so that one is sure the meat is thoroughly cooked.

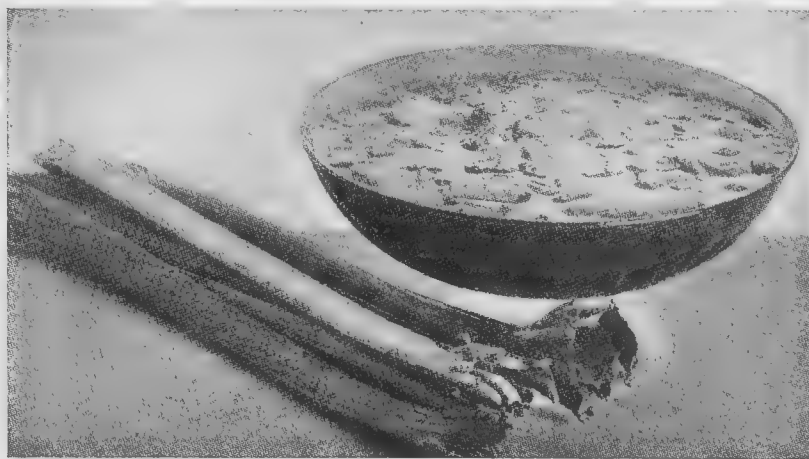
Hard Boiled Eggs

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then dissolve in the hot water. Cool. Stir in the fish, which may be salmon, tuna, finnan haddie, etc., the lemon juice and seasonings, which may be salt, pepper, paprika, a little onion juice, or chopped pickle. Mold, with slices of hard cooked egg around the sides of the mold. Chill, and serve on lettuce or cross, with salad dressing.

Fish in Potato Cups

Mashed potato 1 c. Egg yolk 1
White sauce Flaked fish

Beat the egg yolk into warm, well-seasoned mashed potato. Mold on the bottoms of inverted custard cups or jelly glasses, and set aside to cool. This quantity makes 4. When ready to use, brush over with milk or beaten egg, and carefully slip from the cups to a buttered

*Baked Rhubarb—an appetizing tonic***Meat Loaf**

Soup stock 2 c. Gelatine 1 envelope
Cooked meat 2 c. Green pepper
Celery Parsley

Season the soup stock, bring it to the boiling point, and dissolve in it the gelatine which has been soaked in cold water. When it begins to thicken, stir in the cold meat, or chicken, cut in cubes, and a little chopped green pepper or celery rings or parsley, and mold. Cut in slices to serve.

Ham Moussé

Gelatine 1 lb.
Cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ c. (4 tb.)
Hot water $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Chopped cooked ham 2 c.
Milk or cream $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Mustard 1 t.

Salt and pepper and a little cayenne. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, then dissolve in the hot water. Add the ham, mixed with the "made" mustard, cream or rich milk, and seasonings. Mold and serve sliced.

Cottage Cheese Salad

On a bed of lettuce, arrange balls of cottage cheese, in which has been mixed chopped pimento, chopped nuts, and parsley. Serve with salad dressing.

Jellied Cheese Salad

Moisten 1 package of cream cheese with milk, and work till smooth. Soak 2 t. gelatine in 4 tb. water, dissolve over hot water, add, with 1 c. whipped cream, to the cheese, season highly with salt and paprika, and blend well. Mold in small cups. When ready to serve, turn on lettuce and pour salad dressing over it.

Cheese Soufflé

Scalded milk 1 c. Soft stale crumbs 1 c.
Eggs 2 Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Butter 1 tb. Cheese $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

Mix together the crumbs, milk, butter, salt, beaten egg yolks, and cheese. Fold in the beaten egg whites, and bake in a buttered dish.

Jellied Fish Salad I.

Seasonings Cold flaked fish $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Gelatine 1 lb. Cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Boiling water 1 c. Lemon juice 1 tb.

pan. Fill with the fish mixed with white sauce, and brown in the oven.

Molded Salmon Salad

Gelatine $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope
Cold water 4 tb.
Cooked salad dressing $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Flaked salmon 1 c.
Vinegar or lemon juice 2 t.
Paprika Salt

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, and melt over hot water. Add to the salad dressing. Add the fish and seasonings, and mold.

Salmon With Rice

Butter 1 tb. Salt and pepper
Flour 2 tb. Milk 1 c.
Salmon 1 c. Cooked rice 1 c.

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Add the salmon and cooked rice. Pour into a hot greased frying pan, and cook over the fire till brown on the bottom, then set in the oven and cook for 20 minutes. Fold like an omelet, and serve on a hot platter.

Macaroni Rarebit

Cooked macaroni 2 c. Salt and pepper $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Grated cheese 1 c. Butter 2 tb.
Egg yolks 2 Worcester sauce 1 tb.

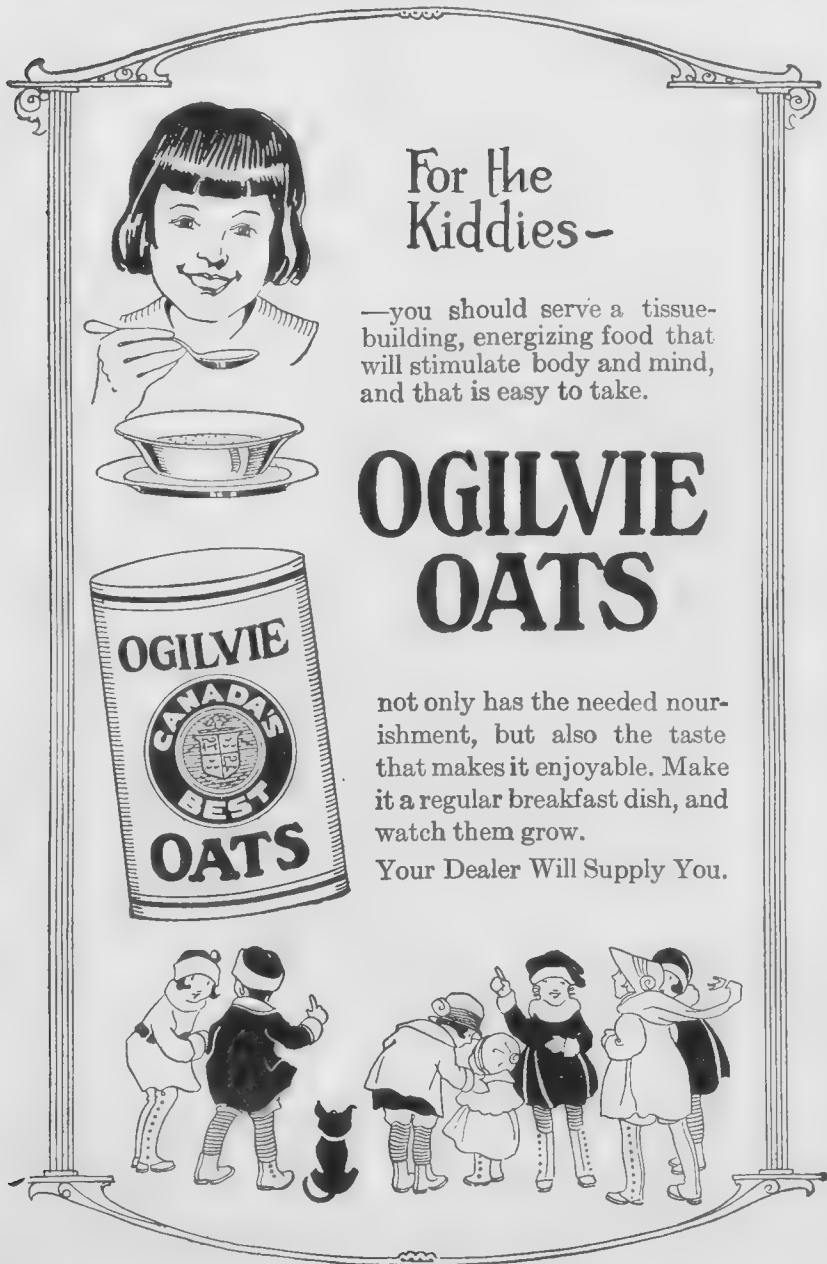
Melt the butter in a saucepan, add cheese, and Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Stir till the cheese melts. Add slowly the beaten egg-yolks and milk mixed together. Stir till thick. Pour over hot cooked macaroni and serve at once.

Electric Refrigeration

One of the newest and best inventions for making home-making better and more pleasant, is the making of ice by electricity. Although for years it has proved successful as a means of cold storage in large institutions, only recently have electric refrigerators come into general use in the home.

It has many advantages over the old-fashioned refrigerators in which the ice-man put a lump of ice.

1. Cleanliness. A pathway of mud and water marked the journey of the ice-man from the back porch to the ice



For the Kiddies—

—you should serve a tissue-building, energizing food that will stimulate body and mind, and that is easy to take.

OGILVIE OATS

not only has the needed nourishment, but also the taste that makes it enjoyable. Make it a regular breakfast dish, and watch them grow.

Your Dealer Will Supply You.

box. For this he was not, as a rule, to blame. He could not help it.

2. The lack of moisture, which inevitably accompanies the melting of ice. The dry, frosty air in the electric refrigerator helps to keep the food from spoiling.

3. The cold temperature is kept uniform.

4. It is possible to have a much lower temperature than in a refrigerator cooled by a block of ice.

5. If one lives in a community where electricity is cheap, the cost of operation is very low, after the refrigerator is installed.

6. There is no pan of water from the melting ice to empty, or the overflow to wipe up, when one forgets to empty it.

7. Perhaps the greatest advantage it possesses, is the possibility of freezing water, desserts, etc., in the trays with which it is provided. In the freezing unit are one or more trays, removable, in which one may put the pure drinking water used in the household, leave them for a few hours, and then have sparkling cubes of ice to put in glasses of water or other beverages. Or the trays may be filled with salad mixtures, sherbets, moussés, frozen custards, etc.

The Kelvinator Corporation has for distribution a very attractive little book of recipes, tested and approved by "Good Housekeeping Institute."

One may buy an electric refrigerator, or may have the freezing unit installed in any standard refrigerator, in the ice compartment. A cooling coil is placed in the compartment used for ice, and this is connected by two small tubes, with a compressor, placed in the basement or some other convenient place, and an electric connection made.

Use Prunes With Your Cereals

By Barbara B. Brooks

THE fruit sugar in prunes makes a palatable and healthy sweetening for cereals. It is easy to digest and does not spoil the mild flavor of the cereal. The diet of little children is built around milk and cereal. If a child is allowed to form a taste for concentrated, highly-flavored foods, he will not want to eat the milder-flavored foods he must have.

The older members of the family find the addition of prunes to their cereal a pleasant change. Prunes may be combined with cooked or ready-to-eat cereals such as bran in many different ways. The valuable food elements contained in the fruit and cereal dishes should be important factors in their popularity. Following are several interesting ways in which prunes and bran may be used:

Bran Prune Kuchen

Prepare any good muffin batter, adding a little more sugar and butter. Spread it on a shallow greased pan. On the top press cooked prunes that have been pitted. Dust them with powdered sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle half a cup of all bran on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with heavy whipped cream.

Prune Bran Brown Bread

Molasses 1 lb.	All bran 1 c.
Sugar ½ c.	Sour milk 1 c.
Flour 1 c.	Prunes ½ c. (soaked)
Soda 1 t.	several hours, drained
Salt ¼ t.	and chopped.

Mix together the all bran, sour milk and prunes, which have been soaked several hours, drained and chopped. Then add the molasses, sugar, and flour which has been sifted with the soda and salt. Put the mixture in a greased can, cover tightly and steam for three hours.

Prune Salad

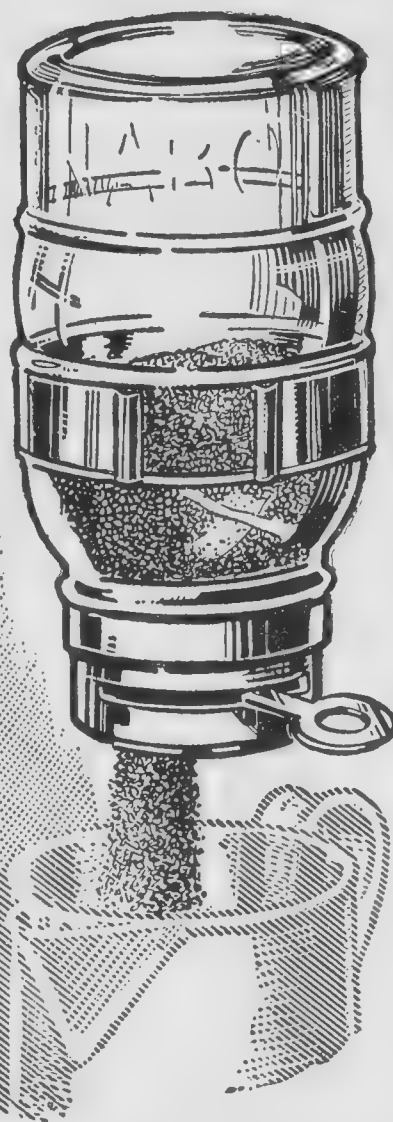
Prunes	Cream cheese
All bran	Lettuce

Remove the stones from cooked prunes and fill with cream cheese. Roll each prune in a dish of all bran and place five on leaves of lettuce and serve with French dressing. The prunes may be split in half and filled with the cheese, then rolled in the bran.

This is a very healthful salad and could be the main dish of any luncheon. It contains the health-giving elements: iron, calcium and vitamins, as well as the muscle-building protein.



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WE could not improve the famous Nabob Coffee, but we have found a new and better way for you to measure it. We have secured the sole Canadian rights to that wonderful new invention, the Nabob Coffee-Meter, which measures your coffee with automatic accuracy and insures the same delicious, tempting cup of coffee every time you make it. The Nabob Coffee-Meter does away with all guessing and uncertainty. It is easy to attach at any convenient place in the kitchen and its operation is simplicity itself. Just hold the coffee pot under the Meter and flip the lever once for each cup of coffee desired.

Saves Coffee---Saves Flavor---Saves Time

The Nabob Coffee-Meter saves coffee and therefore money, as it eliminates all spilling of coffee from spoons and cans. All your coffee goes in the pot. It saves flavor and protects the coffee from air and dust, as there is no opening of a can every time you use it. It saves time, as your coffee is always in the same place—in plain sight—ready for you any time you want it. The Nabob Coffee-Meter will last a life time, as it is made of heavy crystal glass and nickel plated steel. Nothing to rust or stick in operation. It will not get out of order and will never wear out. It is a very attractive addition to your kitchen.

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Ordinarily the Nabob Coffee-Meter would cost you \$1.50 and would be a bargain at that price. However, by taking advantage of our special introductory offer you can get a Nabob Coffee-Meter with all packing and postage charges paid,

for the coupon from this advertisement and 79c.

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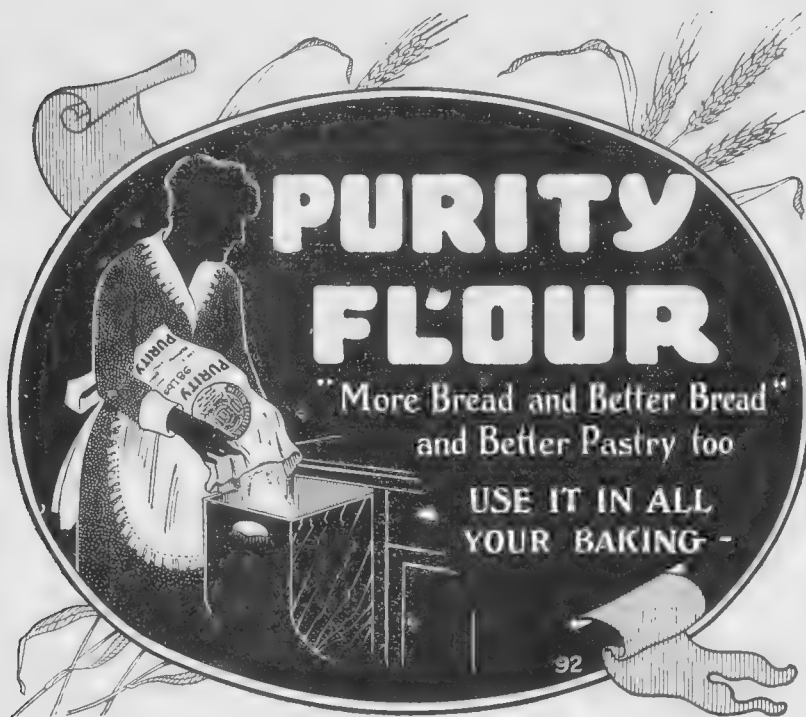


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Fixing Responsibility

"FIXING RESPONSIBILITY" is the title of an article published in a Health Bulletin last month. The idea of individual responsibility toward health is presented so forcibly that we are reprinting it here:

"The unhappy discovery that a cherished 'baby bond' or block of stock is scarcely worth the paper upon which the terms thereof are elaborately drawn up, usually leads the owner's mind to flash back upon all circumstances involved in the purchase of the instrument. His purpose is to find somebody or something upon which to hang the blame for his misfortune. While he rarely ever admits it, the chief blame nearly always rests upon his own shoulders. Too little investigation and not enough sales resistance are the prime factors frequently responsible for bringing about an unprofitable divorce between the unwary and his money.

"The same factors are all too often at work concerning individuals and their health. Nobody likes to admit that he is responsible for his own physical ills. Indeed, until very recent years man

blamed his environment with practically all communicable diseases and many other physical disorders. He looked with disfavor upon air, soil, water, garbage, weeds, dust, old buildings, etc., and especially so if low lands, swamps, or marshes complicated these conditions.

"Now, sanitarians believe that man himself is his own worst enemy, so to speak, because the source of communicable disease is more often in a human being than elsewhere. Surely, polluted water will cause sickness, but the source of pollution is some individual or community of individuals. Air can be made to carry disease but the germs get into the air from an infected person.

"Thus emphasis in the control and prevention of sickness has shifted from things to individuals. A decayed tooth is now regarded as potentially more dangerous to health than a dirty alley or an uncovered garbage pail. Under-nourishment is looked upon as a far better friend to disease germs than the carcasses of dead animals. Susceptible individuals are believed to speed up the spread of contagion more than damp cellars or old buildings."

Liabilities Which Are Ever Increasing

By Annie B. Zimmerman

SAMSON thought he could do what he pleased; that he could go down into the valley of Sorek; that he was strong enough to sleep with his head pillowed in the lap of Delilah. He was one of the long list of men who refused to make a balance sheet. He forgot his liabilities, and that is why he fell. The tragic part of the story is the statement: "he wist not that the Lord had departed from him."

Thus it is with the men and women who persistently evade a settlement of matters concerning the soul, and its attitude towards God. Silently, subtly the world with all its allurements saps the strength of their souls, sterilizes the seeds of spiritual vitality, and brings them more and more under the influence of the world, destroying their capacity

to enjoy God and the things of God. The wise man realizes the necessity of making a spiritual balance sheet. He will ask himself: "Is the path as the dawning light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day?" He will question his own soul as to whether he is "farther off from Heaven than when he was a boy," and if so he will search for the reasons for his declination of spiritual power. He will not be content with sadly musing on his altered condition of soul. It will be a time for careful soul-analysis. But it will be more. He will face the issue frankly and honestly, and will determine so to live that he will be nearer to Heaven than when he was a boy. He will not be content to grow old; he will learn to grow older.

"Teach . . . me that there are portals more golden than the eye or the ear."

Influence

PERHAPS you cannot understand how the radio works. Neither can very many of us. Perhaps no one really understands it. But you do know that there must be a broadcasting station in operation from which the sermon or speech or music or whatever it maybe is "floating" out into space. You also know that it may float unnoticed unless there is a receiving set tuned in to pick up what is floating.

Did you ever think how like a human being that is? Every one of us is both a receiving set and a broadcasting station. We are always receiving and giving out. Even the broadcasting station gives out only what it receives. We are constantly broadcasting our influence and constantly receiving influences that are broadcasted by others. If we are always tuning in to receive good, we broadcast good.

It is true that "whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap," but in influence it is also true that whatsoever he receives that shall he also sow. No mind can continually expose itself to the

reception of evil without showing what it is filled with. It will display it in the language it uses, in the places it leads a man, in the persons with whom he associates. It will even leave its stamp on the expression of his face; and in the very clothes he wears. It leaves its impress on his home, on his children, on everything he comes in contact with. We cannot live without broadcasting our influence. It will be picked up often where we least expect it. It is carried down to future generations. Its waves circle on through all time. Perhaps some day we may be called upon to view the accumulation of that which we broadcasted as influence. Perhaps we will view it with humiliation and shame.

On the other hand, we may send out that which we may see again as an accumulation of good that has been felt by thousands and even millions who have never heard of us, and who in turn have sent it on through the ages. We will surely be much happier to see an accumulation of good to our credit than a mountain of evil. Let us be careful as to what we are broadcasting.

Sea-Rapt

By Kathryn Pocklington

My little gray house like an eyry clings
High on the side of a craggy hill;
And my lattice looks on the restless sea,
The sea that is sombre or glad at will.

At foot of the rock is a curving road,
But I never look down, for upon the sea
Are wandering gulls that dart and call,
And shivering sails, and mystery.

There are hours when the sun is of gold
a-glow,
And it warms the waves into sparkling
glee;

Then up to my window comes their song,
Of the joy that is and the joy to be.

But when in the circled church of the night
The moon-lamp swings from the painted
roof,
And silvers a pathway along the nave—
The aisles all shadowy and aloof.

While I listen to low-hushed organ tones
They come, the ghosts of the long-gone
years,
Drifting within that silver way,
Bringing me back dim smiles and tears.

I hope that at last, on a foggy dawn,
When I grope my way to the shrouded
shore.

A ship will be waiting to carry me
To the mystic coasts of Forevermore.

Are You Sure Your Food Views Are Sound?

By Betty Barclay

IF THERE is any one thing about which most people smile complacently because of their knowledge and also about which most people know practically nothing, it is food.

You must not eat this! You certainly should eat that! Those will give you colic! These will give you blood! That is dangerous! We hear such expressions on every side—applied, it seems, to almost everything we eat.

A visitor from Mars, could he understand any of our world languages, might think that this was a sphere inhabited only by doctors, dietitians and food specialists, yet when he studied a list of our physical ailments he would have to admit that there must be a screw loose in our bearings somewhere.

We all have food views and we all KNOW these views are sound—yet some of the ideas that we are most certain of are foolish food fallacies that have been handed down from generation to generation, whereas they should have been buried with the witches and goblins of yesteryear.

Here are three or four of the most senseless of these food ideas: Those who read may find one or two of their own pets, and when they realize how dangerous these views are as pets, they may possibly trade them off for something more safe, and at the same time make a careful study of their other pets and get rid of them too.

First we shall mention that good old-fashioned joke about the tomato giving us cancer. Probably there was a human being some time in the history of this cancerous world, who was very fond of tomatoes and who ultimately died of cancer. In the same town there undoubtedly lived a good old lady who knew full well that the deceased had been a lover of tomatoes and that he died of cancer. Putting two and two together, she decided that they made a perfect fit—and down through the ages rang her shout of warning against the healthful tomato.

Silly? Of course it is. The tomato is rich in many of the minerals and salts that we need, and is literally filled with one of the most healthful vitamins. I do not profess to know what produces cancer, but there are hundreds of tomato eaters living all around me, many of them joking about the time that has elapsed since they passed their three-score and ten, and who so far show no evidences of cancer—while since they started to eat tomatoes the black crepe has been hanging daily in honor of non-tomato eaters who have died of this dread disease.

And yet, in awed tones, we hear about the tomato and the cancer. Millions of words have been written about the health of the tomato, but unfortunately the good souls who spread the silly warning, read very little, and that little does not include the dry article on foods. Why read about tomatoes, when your daily paper is filled with jolly comics, gruesome tales of crime, and delicious morsels of scandal?

Even worse than the tomato bugaboo, is the silly warning against the orange and the lemon.

"Think of it!" whispers Mrs. Knowherfoods to To Mrs. Takeitallin, as they sit on the former's front porch. "He is a doctor and supposed to know what he is doing, yet he told her to eat oranges when she can't stand anything acid at all. Isn't it dreadful?"

Mrs. Takeitallin gasps—and can hardly wait to pass the word along to Mrs. Tellittothers. Within a day the whole neighborhood knows that Dr. Brown has told a patient of his to eat oranges and that therefore Dr. Brown does not know his business.

The patient gets well, of course, but for some reason or other this does not quite kill the neighborhood idea about the orange and the lemon. For genera-

tions the silly lie has been handed down among those who eat more foods than they should and study less about foods than they should.

Silly? Of course! The orange is known as an acid fruit, but the funny thing about it is that when orange juice is taken into the stomach it has an alkaline reaction rather than an acid, and is thus a cure for acidity rather than a cause. This fruit is being prescribed for thousands of patients in our hospitals, often before anything else is allowed to be given them. Our death rate is surely a more pleasing one than it was twenty or thirty years ago. Why can't people see this and admit occasionally that the medical man must know what he is doing when he prescribes orange juice—especially after the patient gets well and sound again.

Twenty years ago we ate oranges for Christmas. Today we have them daily for breakfast, and use them in salads, desserts and punches from morning till night. Yet the silly old idea that they cause acidity will probably persist until a more enlightened generation insists that dietetics be taught in the elementary schools so that the next generation may be freed from silly food fallacies.

One more should be enough to prove that today's food views are not entirely sound:

"You must eat a lot of meat. Look how strong the meat-eating animals are, and how weak those that do not eat meat are."

Silly? Of course. The elephant eats no meat—yet he seems to be able to get along quite well so far as strength is concerned. The Mexican bull fighter will tell you that he has met one or two beasts in the ring that certainly do not need a lamb chop for breakfast in order to develop pep. Old Dobbin himself is no weakling, nor is a billy-goat—for his size.

We will always eat meat. Few of us would care to dispense with juicy steaks, planked salmon, mince pie and ham. Yet meat as we eat it will surely not build up healthy bodies without the addition of liberal servings of raw fruit and green vegetables.

The lion is strong—of course. But the lion does not feast upon roast beef that has been at such a temperature that many of the necessary food elements have been eliminated. The lion eats his meat raw—and delights in the brains, blood, and even bones. He thus gets his calcium and all those other ingredients that have been contained in the bodies of his kills. Naturally he is strong—and perhaps those of us who care for raw meat, bones, blood and so on can be strong too, if we ape him.

Be careful when you pass along your views about food—unless you have really studied foods and are sure that your views are sound. The man or woman whom you warn against oranges, may actually need some of the vitamins contained in that fruit, and your warning may be injurious rather than helpful. The little girl from whom you take the tomato may really need some of the minerals it contains.

Physicians usually know the foods they prescribe. It took them years to acquire their knowledge. So next time you hear of a prescribed food that does not meet with your approval, remember the silly food views mentioned in this article and ask yourself frankly whether you really KNOW or whether you too are cursed with a belief that has been caused by a handed-down food fallacy.

Hi—Say, where've you been?

Lo—To a wedding.

"Any good?"

"Rotten."

"Who got married?"

"I did."—Stanford Chaparral.

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POST'S Bran Flakes is bran in tempting, delicious form. Truly—Post's Bran Flakes is so flavorful—is such a thoroughly satisfactory food at breakfast that the whole family will eat it every morning regularly. And that's exactly why it will do them the most good. Because—

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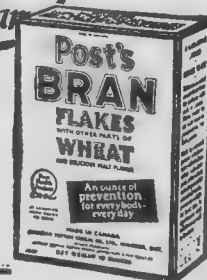
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As an ounce of Prevention





Courtesy of The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

A charming home wedding. The bride and her attendant maidens wear Paris models, the creations of the famous Christiane. The bride's gown is of ivory taffeta and chiffon, with small coils of silver cloth clustered at the hips and weighting the bouffant tiered skirt. The bridesmaid's frocks are of taffeta in pastel tints, fancifully appliqued to deep irregular hems of chiffon. Hats, gracefully drooping, are of silk and chiffon or visca in harmonizing shades.

June—the Month of Marriages

Items of Interest to That Radiant Person, the Girl Who is Going to Be Married in June

THE most enchanting way to collect a trousseau is to buy it a piece at a time—to see the gown of one's dreams in a lingerie shop and visit it frequently until pay day to make sure an enemy bride has not snapped it up—and finally carrying it home and laying it away, all fragrant with sachet in the hope chest!

To shop in this delightful fashion, the bride must, of course, have a definite trousseau list in mind. She might decide on the following: One negligee of some pale shade of crepe de chine trimmed with many rows of straw-colored Val lace, possessing the virtue of being easily laundered. One dark travelling kimono. Two pairs of pyjamas, one pair of crayon pink bound in beige and faintly embroidered in beige with small pleats and sash as unique trimmings. Powder pink satin-striped printed chiffons make thrilling lounging pyjamas.

The other necessities are: Six gowns; two step-in combinations; three step-in sets (vest and step-ins); six pairs of bloomers; six tailored matching vests; four brassieres; one girdle; two corselettes; two slips (one light, one dark and tailored).

The pleasant custom of the linen dowry, inherited from brides of long ago, is a reminder of the sentimental days when brides tenderly collected trousseau linens long before they collected the Prince Charming of their bashful dreams.

The modern maid retains the idea of the Hope Chest, but she, practically, finds Prince Charming first! Then she decides on the sizes of beds and tables

before selecting sheets and cloths. Her linens, she knows, must be more than beautiful—they must be sensible; in keeping with her future home. Ample, but not ridiculously numerous. Fine quality is, of course, a first requisite, for the bride expects her trousseau linens to last for many years.

Compiled below is a trousseau list which will make ample provision for the average bride's home at a moderate expense:

Bed linens:—12 hemstitched fine cotton sheets; 2 embroidered fine cotton sheets; 12 hemstitched cotton pillow cases; 2 embroidered cotton pillow cases; 2 pair blankets; 2 bedspreads (one colored, one lace-y); 1 comforter.

Table linens:—3 small white damask table-cloths; 3 half-dozen sets of matching table napkins; 1 large damask cloth (2 by 3 yards); 12 matching damask napkins; 1 luncheon set with runners

In June

By F. Eleanor Nichols

*Purple, lovely lilac trees
Swaying in each vagrant breeze
Tempting hither hungry bees
In fragrant June.*

*Orchard trees a-blossoming,
Flashing bluebirds on the wing,
Loving, mating songs they sing
In beck'ning June.*

*Flecked afar where black crow flies
Clouds a-drifting in blue skies
Blue as are my lady's eyes,
In smiling June.*

*Gallant lovers courting go,
Maidens' cheeks with blushes glow,
'Tis the sweetest time to know
In joyous June.*

and napkins;
12 tea napkins
(Madeira);
2 tea cloths.

Bath linens:
12 bath towels;
6 wash cloths;
2 bath mats;
24 face towels;
24 hand towels;
6 fancy guest towels.

THEN due thought must be given to the bride's millinery and the procuring of models to grace all honeymoon occasions. Bankok is always a wise choice for the honeymoon

journey, because it sheds the dust. It comes, too, in all the colors of the prism, and may be selected to match the costume. Felt for sports is almost a unanimous decision among smart brides, for the ultra chic cling to the small soft felt.

For more formal occasions the modern bride might select one of the new crocheted straws—very fine, very simple and almost as light as air. They may be chosen in almost any hue, for they take perfectly to dyeing.

When it comes to a decision on the wedding gown the bride should consider that she is herself to play the leading role in this lovely scene from the drama of life. This is her great moment, and her personality is thrown into relief against a beautiful and sympathetic background. So let the bride take stock of herself. Let her choose the fabric of her gown and the way it is to be made according to her type. There are almost as many kinds of material from which she may choose as there are styles.

The Dainty, Demure Bride—Suggests the prim lines of heavy crisp taffeta. To avoid all feeling of stiffness, let the costume be softened with trimming of lace. A full skirt, tight bodice and short sleeves are best for this material.

The Small, Vivacious Type—Is loveliest in soft taffeta that will sway gently with her quick movements. The lines of the dress may be full to accent this feeling of movement, but the trimmings should be flat. Cordings of the dress material or flowers made of the dress fabric and applied in a flat decorative way are good.

The Shy, Retiring Type—Brings to mind the softest satin. This type of girl often expresses her personality best in quaint period gowns. She forgets herself, and her picturesque costume helps to heighten her natural charm.

The Vivid Type with Pronounced Coloring—May dominate the heaviest brocaded satin or moire taffeta. If she be slender, the dress may be full-skirted but should depend almost entirely upon

Continued on page 85



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

People expect more from Crane plumbing and heating materials. And rightly. Not because Crane products are higher in price—for *they are not!* But because the Crane reputation for high quality is more than seventy-one years old.

So convincingly apparent is the simple beauty and sturdy quality of Crane fixtures, that it is not strange that the general impression prevails that Crane materials cost more than substitutes. This opinion is fortified by the unusually dependable

and lasting service provided by the hidden Crane valves, fittings, and piping.

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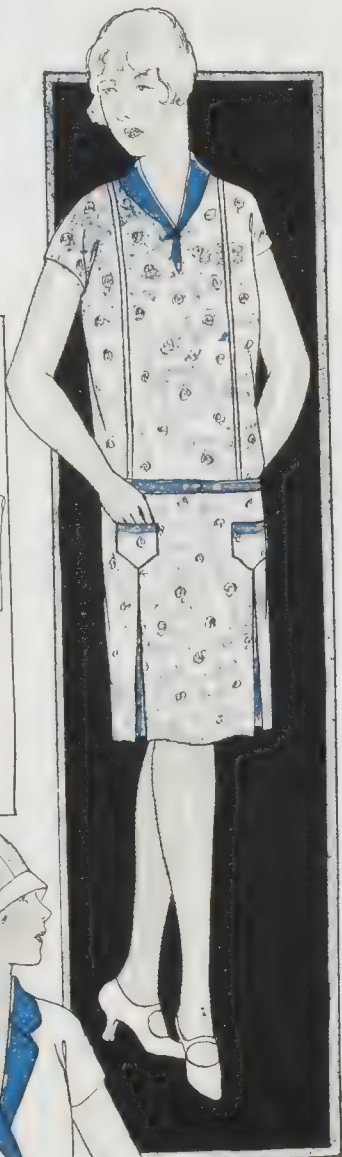


CRANE VALVES

Garb for Sport and the Gay Hours, With Accent Francais

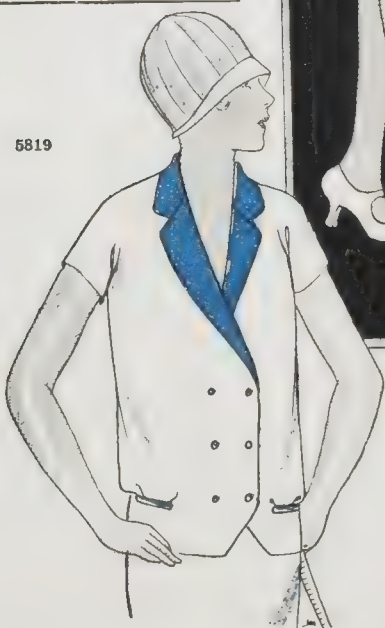


5809



5811

5819



5817

5803

5798

5804

THE season's styles, having been displayed, copied and adopted to the tastes and needs of the ordinary and extraordinary woman, one may sit back and choose according to one's fancy or inclination. Skirts are a little longer, so that they will cover the knee, and will show fulness, at front or sides, or all around if the skirt is plaited, though some plaited models show plaits only in front, or only at the sides.

The waistline will not be defined but will be placed nearer to normal than it has been for some seasons, in fact in some instances, it is at normal.

The general silhouette will be straight, with some variations of course, but it will not be extremely slender except at the hips.

Coat dresses are cut on princess lines or belted, or treated so as to appear semi-fitted.

Two-piece tailored suits have jackets slightly molded to the lines of the form, or belted or held in with tucking or seams to appear semi-fitted.

Blouses are worn tucked in or over the skirt with two-piece and sport dresses or skirts.

Sleeves will be long and fitted in dresses, coats and suits for daytime wear. The raglan sleeve will be a popular type for coat sleeves.

Panels and tier effects are in vogue, though the lines will show less flare.

Boleros and bolero effects will continue in style, on evening, afternoon and tailored dresses.

Afternoon dresses show very short sleeves or those in elbow or three quarter length, some with puffs or attractive ruffles.

Black and white is much in evidence, either alone or combined.

Gray appears to be a popular color. Blues are also much desired, especially navy blue. Red is a good color choice and green is well liked, especially in the light tones and in jade.

Beige, tan and browns are also good Spring and Summer colors.

Crepe satin is a great favorite; it makes its own attractive trimming.

Flat crepes and crepe de chine is also good.

Taffeta has proven to be a very desirable material for all outer garments.

Printed and plain chiffon is used for evening dresses.

Lace is shown in afternoon and evening frocks.

Beige and green is a smart color combination.

Black lace over flesh color or pale pink georgette or satin is much in demand.

The new small prints are very attractive, and will be used during the coming months extensively.

A very interesting coat of black crepe de chine has a lining of emerald green crepe.

A bolero coat of light red woolen crepe has a color of lynx fur.

Straight line coats are most popular for general wear.

Turquoise blue is used for silk blouses to be worn with two-piece suits.

A two-piece suit with a long attached cape was a smart number at a recent fashion show.

Diagonal and horizontal lines are effected on evening dresses.

Side closings are still popular on daytime dresses and evening frocks.

One and two-piece knitted sports frocks are interesting with Roman striped bands on the collar and cuffs.

Knitted bolero jackets and blouses are worn with one-piece dresses or sports skirts.

A smart sports costume shows a knitted skirt of orange, and a straight blouse, also knitted, of white and yellow.

Hand work always tends to give a feminine touch to garments, and it is now seen on hats, as well as dresses and coats.

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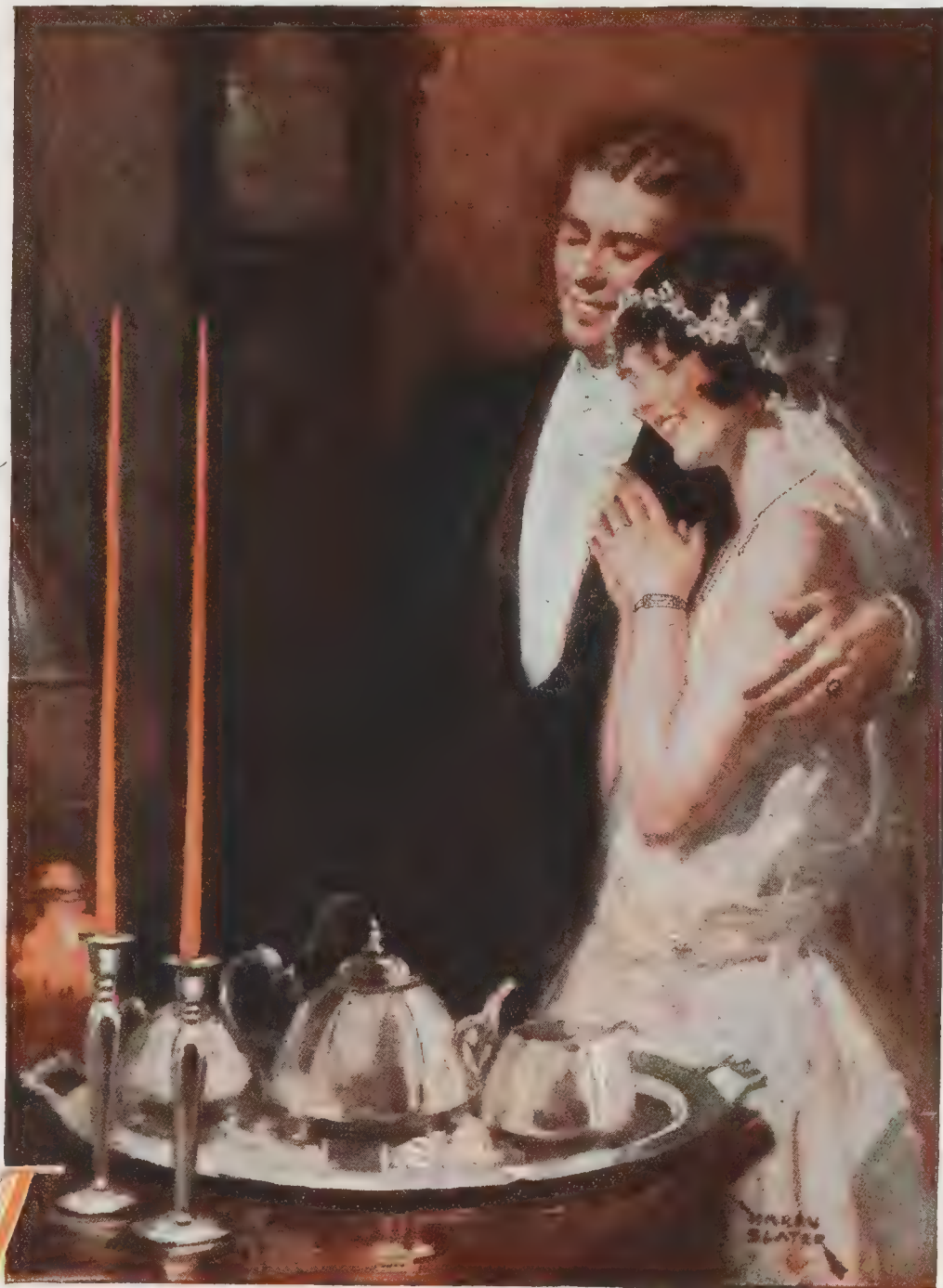
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EVERSHARP is the **WAHL PEN**
 to match

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In Good Taste at Weddings

The bride invariably presents her attendants with jewelled gifts. Likewise it is decreed that the groom must give his best man a jewelled token. The bride's only jewelry for the ceremony is the gift of her husband-to-be.

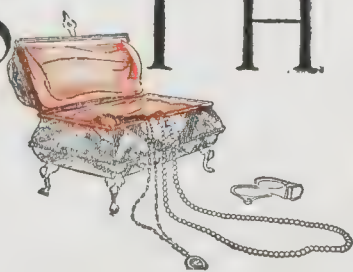


*More precious and endearing
with each passing year*

Let's skip a handful of years, and ask the young matron to list her wedding gifts. First to mind come the tokens thoughtfully selected at the jewelry store. So frequently used! So proudly displayed. No one

could possibly overlook them. Other and perhaps more costly gifts are forgotten or dimly remembered, but jewelled possessions, enriched with constant association become more precious with each passing year.

for
GIFTS THAT LAST



Consult your Jeweller

Summery Modes for Sport and Daytime Wear

5815.—Printed and plain crepe are combined in this pleasing model. The blouse is mounted on a lining. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8 year size requires 1 yard of plain material and ¾ yard of figured or other contrasting material 40 inches wide, and ¾ yard of 36 inch lining. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5816.—This style is good in light weight woolen, challie, tub silk or linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 1¾ yard of 40 inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material 16 inches wide for collar facing. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5817.—Linen dotted or figured prints, flannel and sports silks would be good for this design. The guimpe may be of Madras, crepe or batiste. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 2½ yards of 32 inch material for the dress and 1½ yard for the guimpe. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5819.—For sports wear this model is especially suitable. It may be developed in crepe, flannel, silk or linen. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the blouse as illustrated in the large view for a 38 inch size, will require 1½ yard of 40 inch material together with ¾ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and fronts. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5808



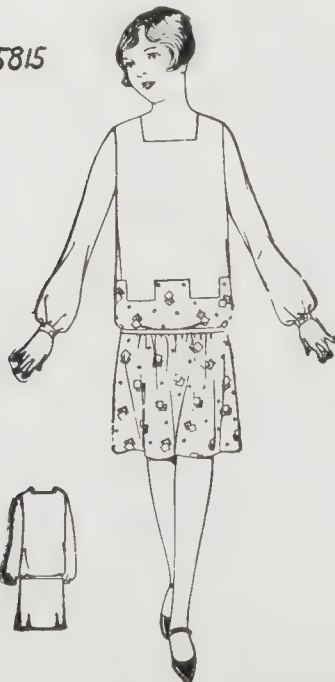
5810



5803.—Moire and crepe are here combined. This model is also pleasing in satin, or printed voile with georgette. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the Dress as portrayed in the large view, for a 38 inch size will require 2¾ yards of figured material, and 1¾ yard of plain material 40 inches wide together with 1½ yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underbody. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5798.—Satin and beaded georgette are here combined. The model is also attractive in metal cloth with lace or in chiffon. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this design for a 38 inch size will require ¾ yard of 27 inch lining, ¾ yard of beaded georgette or other contrasting material 32 inches wide, and 3¾ yards of 40 inch satin. If the drapery is omitted, 1¼ yard less of the satin is required. To line drapery and sash ends will require 1¾ yard 32 inches wide. The width of the dress at the foot is 1¾ yard with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5815

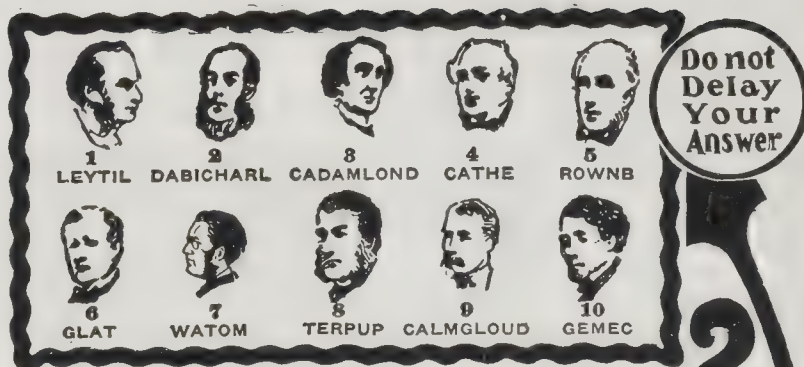


5806



Notice!

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.



Do not Delay Your Answer

Who Are These Men?

You can easily guess the names of these 10 leading Fathers of Confederation. They are purposely misspelled above. For example No. 4 is TACHE. The other 9 are all found in the following list: Macdonald, Galt, Mowat, Archibald, Brown, McGee, Tupper, Tache, McDougall, Tilley. Now write them down in their proper order as pictured above. Who is No. 1, No. 2, etc. up to No. 10? Follow the rules carefully to be sure of a prize. You have an equal opportunity to win. YOUR ENTRY NEED NOT COST YOU A PENNY! SPECIAL PRIZES GIVEN FOR PROMPTNESS!

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E1027

Juvenile Styles Depicting Both Chic and Prettiness

5808.—Jersey, satin, silk, rayon and taffeta
are suitable for this model. The pattern is
cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40;
large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust
measure. To make the suit as illustrated in
the large view for a medium size will require
1½ yard of 40 inch material for the pants,
and 2 yards for the smock, together with
¾ yard of contrasting material 32 inches
wide for neck and front facings and bias
bands ¾ inch wide at armscyes and skirt
joining. Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

with 1½ yard of figured material. If bolero
is omitted, and the dress is made without
contrasting material, it will require 2¾ yards
of 40 inch material. The width of the dress
at the lower edge is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed
to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or
stamps.

5816



5814



5814.—Crepe de chine, chiffon, or voile
could be used for this model. The dress may
be made without the peasant sleeve portions.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and
12 years. To make the dress as illustrated in
the large view for a 10 year size, will require
¾ yard of lining and 2¾ yards of 32 inch
material together with 6½ yards of lace
insertion or banding. If made with peasant
sleeve portion the dress will require 2¾ yards
of material. Pattern mailed to any address
on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5810.—Batiste, crepe, crepe de chine or
radium silk would be nice for this design.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36;
medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large,
46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size
will require 1½ yard of 40 inch material.
Shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard. To
trim with edging as illustrated requires 3¾
yards. Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5806.—This combination of black satin and
white and black dotted georgette is very
effective. The sleeveless dress may be worn
with any guimpe or blouse. The pattern is
cut in 3 sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. An
18 year size will require 1½ yard of 32 inch
material for the guimpe if made with long
sleeves, and 2¾ yards of 40 inch material
for the dress. If the guimpe is made with
short sleeves ¾ yard less of the material is
required. The width of the dress at the
lower edge is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to
any address on receipt of 15c in silver or
stamps.

5820



5811.—Figured percale, cotton foulard,
linen, gingham or tub silk could be used for
this charming model. The pattern is cut in
6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust
measure. A 38 inch size requires 4½ yards
of 27 inch material together with ¾ yard of
contrasting material for facing on collar,
belt and pockets. The width of the dress at
the lower edge with plaits extended is 1¾
yard. Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5809.—In this design the popular "cardigan"
is combined with a box plaited skirt, mounted
on an underbody that forms the vestee, which
the blouse fronts outline. The pattern is
cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches
bust measure. To make the dress for a
38 inch size as illustrated will require 1½
yard of 36 inch lining and 4¾ yards of
material 40 inches wide, together with ¾ yard
of contrasting material 36 inches wide for
the band facings. The width of the skirt at
the lower edge with plaits extended is 2¾
yards. Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5804.—Figured silk and georgette are here
combined. This design is also pleasing in
figured and plain dimity used in combination.
The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and
20 years. An 18 year size if made as
illustrated in the large view will require 1¾
yard of plain material 40 inches wide together



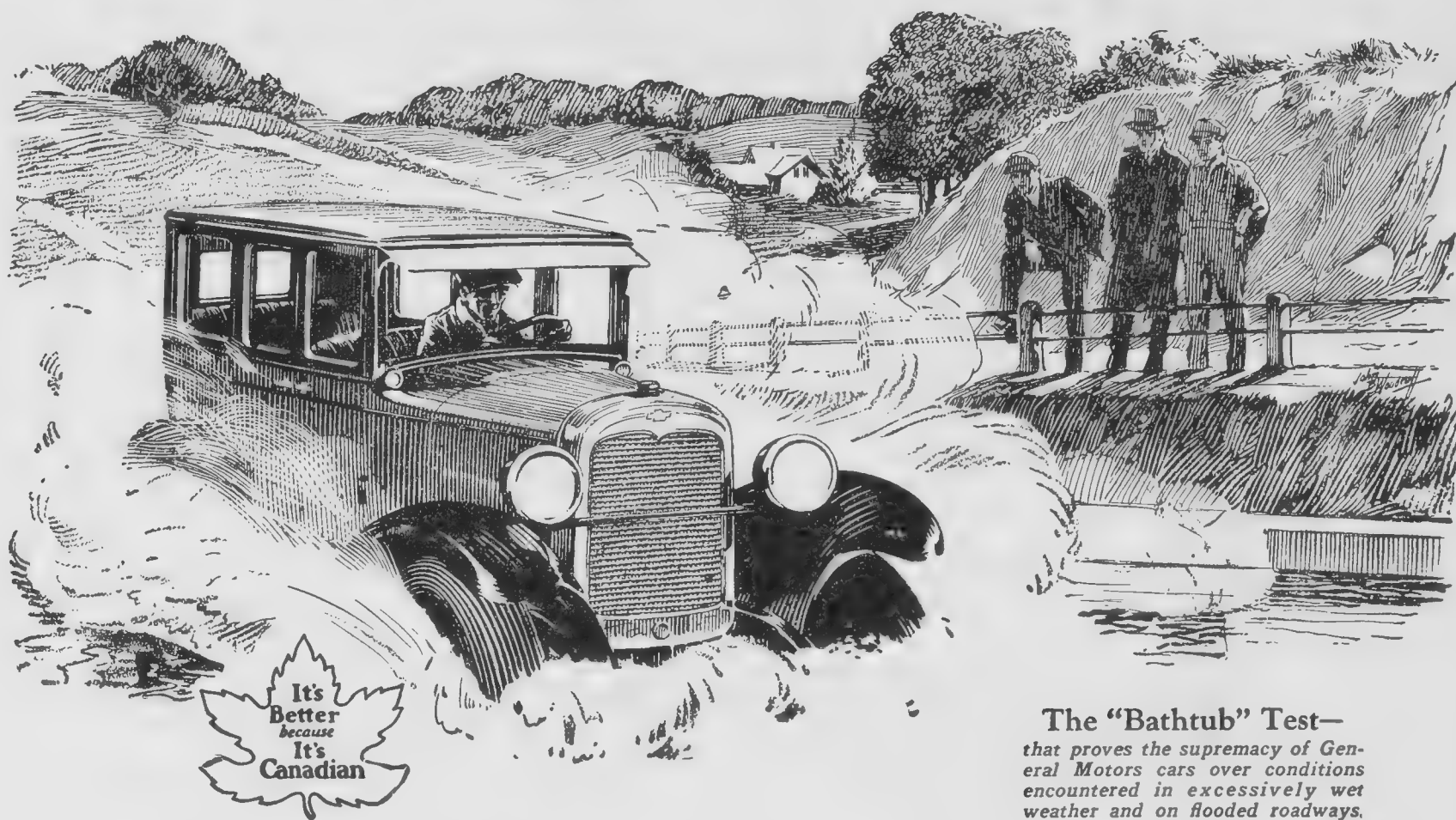
5821



5821.—The new prints, pongee or linen
would be attractive for this style. The pattern
is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A
4 year size if made with long sleeves will
require 2¾ yards of 36 inch material together
with ¾ yard of contrasting material for
facings on cuffs, collar and leg bands. If
made with short sleeves ¾ yard less will be
required. Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5820.—Checked gingham and linene are
here combined. The blouse may be finished
with long or short sleeves. The overalls are
open at the side edges, and to be finished
with buttons or snap fasteners. This pattern
is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A
4 year size will require ¾ yard of 36 inch
material for the blouse with long sleeves, and
¾ yard with short sleeves. For the overalls
1½ yard will be required. Pattern mailed
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Midnight Marauders

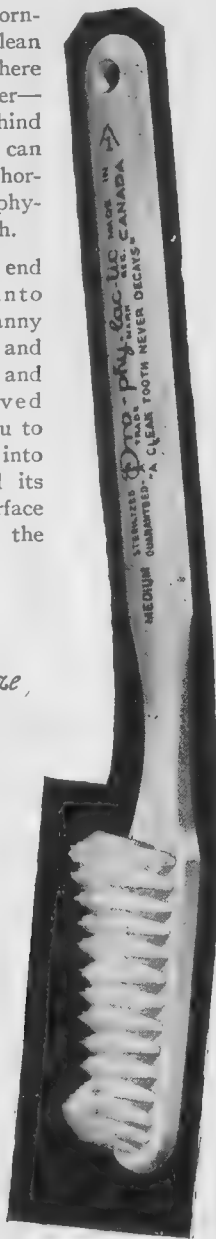
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"Really, Uncle Harry," she declared indignantly, "you might have let me know that the inspector had sent for Freckles. Either Aunt Ethel or I should certainly have been present. Freckles dear. . ."

But the young girl sprang to her feet and shook her roughly off.

"Don't touch me!" she flung at her sister. "I wonder you aren't ashamed to speak to me after the way you've betrayed my confidence. . ."

Alix gazed helplessly round the circle of anxious faces.

"Will somebody please tell me what has happened here?" she demanded.

"Oh, you needn't pretend!" Freckles stormed on. "You're nothing but a mischief-maker and—a sneak!" She turned to Dene. "Ronnie, I'd have told you myself only she said I wasn't to. Why don't you speak? I know you can explain everything. I told nobody but Alix and she—and she. . ." her voice was caught by a hard sob, "she's given me away!"

"For God's sake, Freckles, hold your tongue!" Dene groaned miserably.

"But Freckles, I promise you—" Alix began.

"Leave me alone, Alix!" her sister flared back at her. "After this I'll never speak to you again!"

With that she rushed from the room. Alix was about to follow, but a curt summons from the detective halted her.

"One moment, ma'am, if you please," he barked. His voice was cold and hard.

Alix stopped, and at that moment her eyes fell upon her husband. Frankie was lolling against the mantelpiece on the far side of the desk. His face wore an impish, defiant grin, and he was watching the scene with every manifestation of malevolent enjoyment.

Manderton had thrown back his head and was glaring at Dene like an angry lion.

"Well, sir," he rapped out sharply, "and what have you to say? Do you stand by your original statement?"

"Look here, Inspector," declared the young man with a fine show of impulsiveness, "this is all my fault. I'm afraid that, quite unintentionally, I deceived you. Miss Dalglish is perfectly correct. I remember now that I did go out in the gardens on Friday night to get a breath of air before I went to sleep. I often do. It—it must have slipped my memory."

Alix, glancing from Dene to her husband, saw the grin fade from Frankie's face. A sort of wolfish expression crept into his eyes as he leaned forward tensely.

Mr. Manderton pursed up his lips and surveyed Dene from under his heavy eyelids.

"Is that so?" he remarked very dryly. "And I suppose it still escaped your memory when I tried to jog it for you just now, eh?"

Dene said nothing. "At what time was this?" demanded the inspector.

"Somewhere about midnight," Dene replied.

"Where did you go?"

"I ran down only to the bottom of the garden stairs and stood there for a minute or two, then came in and went to bed."

The detective grunted and slowly shifted his baleful gaze across the room until it rested upon Alix. She met it with composure. She was standing a few paces away from the desk, one hand resting against her breast, the other lightly poised on the beading of a cabinet at her back.

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 14

"And what has Mrs. Barleston to say?" said the inspector.

Alix laughed easily.

"As you've seen for yourself, Inspector," she answered readily, "my sister is very impressionable. She came to me full of this story of having seen Captain Dene in the middle of the night walking along the passage near his room. As she's always reading detective novels and talks of nothing but this horrible murder, I was afraid she'd go and plague Captain Dene about it. I knew, of course, that there was some perfectly simple explanation, such as the one we've all heard. So I forbade her to mention it. She must have repeated it to somebody else for it to have come to your ears. I'd have told you myself if I'd attached any importance to the incident. . ."

She paused and thoughtfully polished her nails on the palm of her hand.

"Girls are so romantic at her age, aren't they?" she added.

SHE appeared to be unconscious of the detective's bleak and ponderous stare. Mr. Manderton dropped his eyes at last and, turning his back on them all, stared long and persistently out of the window. He seemed to be revolving something in his mind. Eventually he faced the room again and addressed Sir Harry.

"I'd like to have a word in private with Mrs. Barleston," he said.

Sir Harry Fubsy gave his niece an inquiring glance. He found her cool and serene. The old gentleman stood up.

"We'll leave you then," he said hesitatingly.

"And I'll have tea in here," Alix broke in brightly. "The inspector will join me, I'm sure. Frankie, will you tell Cante?"

From his position in the window Mr. Manderton watched them all file out, while Alix remained behind. He stood very erect, hands behind his back, legs planted apart, as it were defying any attempt to lure him from his attitude of stern aloofness. As though he felt it might disarm him, he paid no heed to Mrs. Barleston's smiling invitation. The study door fell to behind Sir Harry and the rest; and still the detective made no move.

A PHRASE in some book flickered across his brain:

"Success in life rests upon one small gift—the secret of the entry into another man's mind to discover what is passing there." Memories of old duels, the clash of wits against wits, came back to him, and pictures of men and women, whom in the past he had thus confronted to wrest their secrets from them, stared from the crowded pages of the rogues' gallery which is the detective's mind. There were many faces there: brutal, crafty, gallant, heart-broken, rarely one that stimulated him

as did the woman who now so serenely awaited his opening passes.

Here, he told himself, was an adversary meet to cross swords with. This was the play that made the game worth while. Not that the man in him, masterful and compelling, was unconscious of their appeal as he silently appraised her charms; charm of high-bred, eager face, charm of russet hair, cropped to cling like a cap of gold about her small and well-shaped head; charm of body slimly ripe in the frock of silken tricot. Grimly her beauty thrilled him, even as the matador is thrilled when, in the hushed arena, under the rapt gaze of the soaring tiers, a-tiptoe, with sword poised, he gazes upon the noble majesty of the bull that awaits his thrust. The beauty of this woman stirred him, but he passed it by.

Here it would play no part. She was too skilled to arm herself with her sex. Rather would she face him with his own weapons, meeting him parry for parry, cut for cut, using as a blade her masterly self-command, polished like steel, and even as steel, pliant yet adamant. No matter that there were mettle and temperament behind the level friendliness of her eyes; no matter that the fine chiselling of nostril and mouth pronounced her high-strung as a blood mare. Watch her as he might, never yet had he seen her nerves betray her; never seen to slip her self-control.

She had dropped into the chair which her sister had vacated and now sat with one white elbow propped upon the desk waiting quietly for him to speak. With admiration he noted that she did not, like other women he had encountered in similar circumstances, break into a nervous babble of small talk. Her silence told him that, since he wished to question her, it was for him to make the first move.

He made it, and she found the opening suave. The careful politeness of this man alarmed her. She would have better liked a thunderous attack.

"MRS. BARLESTON," said Manderton, "I wanted to speak to you about Mr. Stanismore. You say you had no idea that he was coming down to Node on Friday evening?"

"None whatever," she replied. "Yet he was coming to see you?"

She smiled. "Well, I suppose he was. . ."

"Why do you suppose that?"

"When he came down here before, it was to see me," she rejoined with engaging candor.

"When the major returned on Friday evening, did he ask you if Mr. Stanismore had called?"

"My husband didn't know that Mr. Stanismore was coming. . ."

"He knew he'd be at Portsmouth and that a month ago, the last time Mr. Stanismore went down to the yacht, he came across to see me. I should have thought it quite natural for the major to have put that question. You hadn't seen your husband for the best part of a week: I suppose you had a bit of a chat, when he came in, about what he'd been doing up in town, whom he'd seen, and all that. Are you sure he didn't mention it?"

She laughed. "He may have. In any case I was much too sleepy to remember anything about it. . ."

"Not too sleepy to remember the time, Mrs. Barleston, he put in swiftly. She flicked a stealthy glance at him.

"I was drowsy. But I remember I looked at my watch. . ."

"You do remember that, then?"

"Oh, yes," she answered evenly.

Continued on page 73



Legal Information

Continued from page 32

fiduciary or spiritual, the courts step in to relieve the weak party from a detrimental bargain. It should be noted, however, that as soon as the undue influence is removed the party upon whom pressure has been brought to bear must immediately repudiate the transaction.

There was one case where a woman made a gift to a religious sisterhood while a member. Some time afterwards she retired from the sisterhood and allowed five years to elapse before she attempted to repudiate the gift. It was held that she was unable to do so, especially when it was brought out in the evidence that she had been in consultation with her solicitor and had been in full possession of all the facts as to her legal rights.

Answers to Queries

Kelliher, Sask.

Q. Would you kindly answer this question in your valuable paper: Bought land through the S.S.B. Gave a quit claim. Can I get a Soldier's Grant, as have already homesteaded years ago?—Homeseeker.

A. You may obtain a Soldier's Grant if you have not had one before. You state that you had already bought land through the Soldier Settlement Board. If part of this land was a Soldier's Grant you cannot obtain a second grant. In addition to this, if you wish to obtain a Soldier's Grant the Soldier Settlement Board will have the right to file against this land any claim which they may have for a balance due to them on the old account arising out of the land which you quitted claim to them. If the Board has resold your old place at a loss they may charge the loss against your new grant.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Q. Would you kindly answer the following questions? When a will has been made by a lawyer, would it be necessary to get a new will made if the only detail that is to be changed is the name of the Executor which is to be omitted?

Is it necessary to have an executor when there is only the home and a small account in the bank, and the family nearly all grown up? Thanking you in anticipation.—E.S.

A. It is not necessary to draw a whole new will in order to change the name of the executor. In Manitoba, a will may be made or altered in either of two ways, namely: first, by formal execution in the presence of two witnesses, or secondly by informal execution where all the writing of the will or codicil is in the handwriting of the testator and it is signed by him.

We would advise against any change in a will being made except after consultation with a solicitor. The law is very technical in the construction of wills. It is not necessary to have an executor, but it is most advisable to have one. The executor may be one of the beneficiaries, or you may make several beneficiaries executors. Executors do not have to furnish a bond to the Court as security for carrying out the administration of the estate. On the other hand an administrator must obtain a bond from a bonding company or from responsible friends. The bonding company will of course be obliged to require payment of the annual premiums on the bond until the administrator obtains a discharge from the Court. In a small estate this means at least double the expense which would be incurred if the deceased had left a will appointing an executor.

New Westminster, B.C.

Q. Will you kindly answer the following through your Legal Column if you think it advisable to do so. Would you advise me to buy stock in this company? Kindly give me any information obtainable in regard to the standing and future prospects of this firm.—M.S.

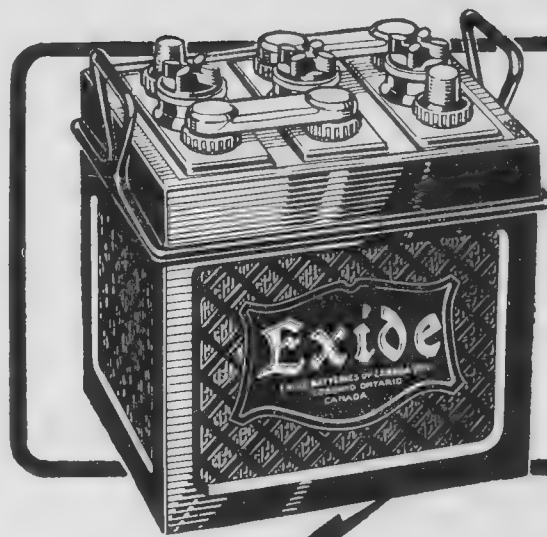
A. We would advise against your purchasing stock in this company. In our opinion it is not being developed with a view to being an industrial success, but on the contrary with a view only to selling the stock. Stock may be purchased in the open market for about one-quarter of what the company's representatives are charging.

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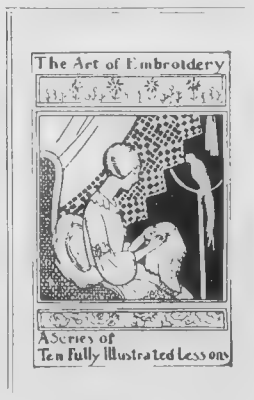
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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 70

Manderton walked slowly over to Sir Harry's chair and sat down heavily, facing her across the desk.

"Did Mr. Stanismore ever try and make love to you?" he asked abruptly. He watched her face, but he could detect no deepening of the faint flush beneath the creamy skin.

"Yes and no," she answered whimsically; "that is to say, he would have—if I'd let him."

"Did your husband object to Mr. Stanismore's attentions."

"My husband? Good gracious, no. Anyway," she added, as an afterthought, "he had no reason."

"Then what brought the major back to Node so suddenly? He was the only person who knew that Mr. Stanismore was coming down to these parts. . . ."

"My husband is a man of unaccountable impulses," she observed easily. "He's always turning up here unexpectedly."

"Then in your opinion his arrival was a pure coincidence?"

"Absolutely," she answered promptly.

The detective paused. Not once had he penetrated beneath her guard. Every pass she had parried; no feint had caught her unprepared.

"Perhaps your husband came down to keep an eye on Captain Dene?" he hazarded at length.

That assault pressed her hard, but she was equal to it. Manderton saw how, in a flash, she rallied all her wits to grapple with the danger. As for Alix, the detective's question told her who had betrayed her sister's secret, for none, except his wife, knew of Frankie's smoldering resentment against Ronnie Dene. Now she remembered how, on the previous evening, after she had sent Freckles away, her husband had stolen noiselessly from the dressing-room to find his wife sobbing hysterically before the mirror. And she recalled the malicious grin on Frankie's face during the scene in the study but a little while ago.

SHE did not hesitate. "He is rather jealous," she admitted with a smile. "You mustn't take my husband too seriously, Inspector," she went on with the air of one imparting a confidence. "Although I see so little of him, he seems to think that I should have no men friends. I've known Captain Dene for years; we're almost like brother and sister. . . ."

"Yet your husband didn't object to your friendship with Mr. Stanismore?" the detective riposted swiftly.

"That was different," she parried; "as I've told you already, Mr. Stanismore and I were scarcely more than acquaintances."

He had failed again. No need to see the calm, untroubled gaze she leveled at him across the silver inkstand to realize that. He drew forth his notebook.

"You do Sir Harry's typing, I believe, Mrs. Barleston?" he said.

"Yes." Her tone was dubious.

"Would it be troubling you too much if I were to ask you to type out something for me?" he went on. "Nothing very much, only a sentence or two. . . ."

She looked at him curiously. "Of course not. Shall I do it now?"

"If you don't mind."

She moved around the desk to the typewriting table at the inspector's elbow and lifted the cover from the machine. On the desk in front of the detective was a large mahogany paper stand, stacked with grayish notepaper with "Node House, near Vanner I.O.W." stamped at the top. Manderton took out a sheet of this notepaper and handed it to her.

"You want me to type a letter for you?" she queried.

"Part of a letter, let's say," he rejoined, his eyes on her face. She gave no sign but silently slipped the page under the roller of the machine and turned it into place.

"I'll dictate," he told her, with a glance at the open notebook in his hand. "Ready?" he began:

"I am at Node. . . ." He was watching her over her shoulder and paused for the last word to appear. "Now put a line of x's," he bade her.

She looked round. "A line of x's?"

"Please. . . ."

She obeyed and the little bell on the machine rang.

"Better come. . . ." Manderton dictated and halted again. "Now some more x's please! See me," he resumed in due course. "X's again as before," he added. "And now," he resumed as the bell tinkled, "two more words." He paused. "Last chance. . . ." he dictated. The keys rattled. She stopped.

"That's all," Manderton announced. She pulled the sheet out of the machine and glanced through it. This was how the sheet appeared:

Node House Near Vanner I.O.W.

I am at Node	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
better come	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
see me	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
last chance	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x

She handed the sheet to the detective. For the first time during their interview, he noticed, her eyes were uneasy.

"Like a crossword puzzle, isn't it?" he remarked. "Suppose we try to fill in these rows of x's, Mrs. Barleston?"

She shrank away. "I don't know what it's supposed to be. . . ." she murmured.

"It's an invitation, that's what it is," he told her. "An invitation from Node. Have a shot at it! It's not hard. Shall I try, then? He pointed to the first line with his forefinger. "See how it begins! 'I am at Node. . . .' How does it go on? How about this?" His piercing glance swooped to her face as she sat, half turned round in her chair in front of the typewriter, staring at the sheet in his hand. "I am at Node," he read out glibly, "and cannot get away. You had better come down here on Friday evening and see me. I will wait for you in the tower. This is your last chance. . . ."

He laid the sheet of paper on the desk and spread out his large red hand upon it, the fingers extended. "What about it?" Mrs. Barleston? How do you like my reading?"

He held her with his eye, forcing her at last to raise her head and look at him. He was not prepared for what her face revealed. Extreme surprise he saw there, but of fear no trace. Anger



reddened his cheeks as he realized that not yet had he shaken her self-control.

"I must ask you to explain," she said evenly. "Who is supposed to have written this letter?"

"Ah," he rejoined darkly, "there are only two persons who can answer that question, Mrs. Barleston, and one of them is dead. But supposing that Mr. Stanismore was the one to receive it. That would account for his coming to Node, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," she agreed. With mounting color she added: "Since you appear to wish to fasten this letter upon me, Inspector, I may as well tell you at once that I did not write it and know nothing whatever about it."

There was a tap at the door. Cantle was there with a tea wagon. He wheeled it over to Alix.

"You'll let me give you some tea?" she queried from behind the little barrow.

He bowed formally. "You're very kind, ma'am. . . ."

Eagerly she seized upon the welcome interruption.

"I expect you like a large cup," she said. "Cantle's brought you one, I see. These are tomato sandwiches, and those are scones. The Node scones are rather good."

THEY drank their tea in silence.

Manderton was not trained to the boudoir and little used to being waited upon by pretty ladies with slim white hands. She left him to his own devices and, realizing that she wilfully ignored his awkwardness, his reluctant liking for her grew.

"Smoke if you wish to," she said when he had finished. "A pipe if you prefer it. Or will you have a cigarette?" She opened her tortoise-shell case. "Do you care for Gold Flake?"

She wondered why his eyes narrowed suddenly as he helped himself from her case. She chose a cigarette herself and lit it from the match he held. He brushed a flake of tobacco from his moustache and said:

"If Mr. Stanismore had received a letter such as this"—he tapped the typewritten sheet—"one might look for traces of his presence in the tower. I want to ask you this. When you were cleaning up the other day, did you find everything in its usual place?"

With a slow gesture she rested her hand upon the desk and as slowly shook the ash from her cigarette into a jade bowl that stood there. The action was futile, for her cigarette was barely lit. He noted the device to gain time; and waited for her reply.

"I think so," she answered.

"The candlesticks as well?"

She hesitated. Her mind was snatching at a fleeting memory; that morning in the tower, with the dust motes dancing in a shaft of golden sunlight from the window, and this burly, inscrutable man standing by the table and gazing from the open tin of metal polish to the grimy duster in his hands.

Now she saw the elation flame up in his eyes and, lest her hesitation should betray her, answered at random:

"I believe so!"

"Strange," remarked the detective quietly, "if this man were in the tower room on Friday night, that you should have gone there so soon after to turn the place out—"

"It was the purest chance," she put in swiftly. "There were half a dozen other things I might have done that morning. But being a Monday, I thought of the tower. . . ."

"I see," he commented. "Just a coincidence, eh?"

She got over her momentary alarm and decided to challenge him. "You

Continued on page 74

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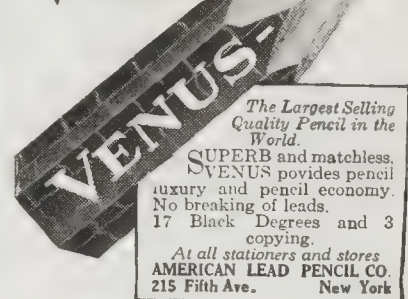
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It Spans the World

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 73

don't believe in coincidences, Inspector?" she said and boldly smiled.

Her smile found no reflection in his face. He gave her a brooding look. "Not until they're proved to be such, ma'am," he answered gravely, "and not always then." He glanced down and seemed to be studying the toes of his boots. "Mrs. Barleston," he said after an instant's silence, "will you allow me to offer you a piece of advice?"

His tone sent a cold shiver chasing down her spine, but she spoke up brightly: "Well, Inspector," she asked, "and what is that?"

He lifted his keen, unfathomable eyes to her face.

"Tell me the truth before it is too late. It's not too late now, but it will be very soon."

She leaned back in her chair, her handkerchief to her lips.

"Why, Inspector," she cried laughing, "you don't think I'd lie to you?"

Her laughter fell echoless upon the tense atmosphere which, of a sudden, was between them. Composedly, her lips just parted in a still hovering smile, she met his stern and menacing stare.

"Have it your way, then!" was all he said. She made a slight movement of the hands in a gesture of finality. He stood up, making of the action a slow and ominous manifestation. She crushed her cigarette out against the sides of the jade bowl and left it there.

"I'd like to see Sir Harry again before I go," he told her curtly.

"I'll let him know. . . ." She went away.

As the door closed behind her the detective bent down to the jade bowl and delicately picked out the flattened stub of her discarded cigarette. He held it close before his eyes, scrutinizing it gravely, then dropped it in his open palm and, from an envelope which he took from his pocket, shook out into his hand the crushed and charred remnant of another cigarette. These two objects, as they rested in his palm, he compared with a manner that was triumphant and almost gay. At length he canted up his hand and slowly slid the two cigarette butts into the envelope, which he returned to his pocket.

On entering the study a few moments later Sir Harry found his visitor, with his usual reserved mien, casually inspecting a cabinet of Chinese ivories.

AS SOON as she was out of the study and the detective's presence, Alix Barleston's composure slid from her like a cloak. Trembling all over, she paused in the quiet hall and fought down her growing feeling of despair.

She went on into the morning-room. It was empty, but from the croquet ground, sunk within its trim box hedge on the far side of the rose garden, she heard the click of balls and, as she stepped out on the verandah, she caught a glimpse of Frankie's grey flannel suit on the shaven lawn below.

The sight of him heartened her. At that moment, vibrating yet beneath the tension of her long ordeal, she felt the urgent need to lean on someone. This man, weak and unreliable as he was, was her husband. The secret they shared in common bound them once more together in fetters faster than the marriage tie.

How worn and old he looked! The thought came to her like a stab as she noted the grey and anxious face, the thinning hair. To avenge her he had killed, yet to him also, in this maze of deceit into which she had been drawn, she must lie and go on lying. Though she knew that love was dead between them, it shamed her to remember that,

almost at the very time that her husband had ventured everything in her defence, she had all but given herself to the man she loved. Honest as she was, not only with the world, but also with herself, she would have told her husband the truth about Ronnie Dene, but that she feared the consequences to Ronnie. That she had done right to hold her tongue Frankie's action in taking Freckles' story to the detective abundantly proved. It was her husband's jealousy, she knew, that had driven him to try and make trouble for Ronnie. She had made allowances for Frankie, but, she told herself, she would have to make him see that Ronnie must not be incriminated.

HE LOOKED up sharply as her shadow fell athwart the turf.

"Well," he demanded, "what did that fellow want with you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"I don't know," she replied. "But, Frankie, he's found out something . . . about the tower!"

He dropped his mallet on the grass.

"About the tower?" he repeated blankly.

"He suspects that I went there to put things straight. He wanted to know whether I found everything in its place. Oh, he didn't make any definite charge, but he kept hinting that I was deceiving him and, oh, Frankie, I'm horribly frightened. . . ."

"You didn't admit anything, I hope?" he put in anxiously.

She laughed bitterly.

"I denied everything, of course. Lies seem to come easily to me now. And then there was something about a letter. . . ."

His red eyes narrowed.

"A letter? You haven't been writing to Stanismore, I hope?"

"No, but I think Manderton believes I have. He made me type out a phrase or two—it seemed to be part of a letter—on Node House paper, something about being at Node and wanting someone to come down because it was his last chance. . . ."

Her husband glanced cautiously over the hedge.

"Did he show you this letter?" he asked.

"No. He dictated from his notebook. And then he suggested that I should help him fill in the blanks. He improvised a long rigmarole which made it look as though somebody here had invited Mr. Stanismore to come to the tower one evening. . . ." She paused and asked rather nervously: "You didn't write this letter, I suppose, Frankie?"

"I certainly did not!" he retorted promptly, "and what's more, I don't know who could have written it. It was typed, you say? Manderton wanted to get a specimen of your typing, that's clear. Does anybody use Uncle Harry's machine except you, Alix?"

"Mr. Vroque did until Uncle Harry stopped him. . . ."

"Old Vroque don't count. He barely knew Stanismore, if he knew him at all. What about Dene?"

"He's never met Mr. Stanismore in his life. In any case he's never used the machine, and I don't believe he can even type. . . ."

Her husband was looking at her thoughtfully.

"Nearly everybody can type after a fashion," he said. "I can type a bit myself. . . ."

She put her hand on his sleeve. "Look here, Frankie," she pleaded, "I want you to keep Ronnie's name out of this. . . ."

He laughed rather rudely.

"I know you do. And I bet he does too."

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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 74

HER fingers strayed to the lapel of his coat. "Listen to me!" she said and shyly smoothed out the cloth. Ronnie is nothing to me now. If he ever meant anything in my life, that's all over and done with. You have no cause for jealousy, my dear. It's one thing to make a scene such as you did in the library this afternoon. It's a very different matter when you deliberately set out to plant unfounded suspicions in this man's mind. Why did you do it, Frankie?"

"Because the story's true," he answered doggedly. "Dene admits being out of his room on Friday night. What was he up to? That's what I'd like to know. . . ."

"You heard his explanation, Frankie." She flashed an anxious glance at his face.

"I heard it all right. And I likewise heard him say that he went out by the garden stairs. Perhaps you'd kindly tell me what he meant by that?"

"Nothing more than he said. Why shouldn't he have gone out by the garden stairs?"

"Because if he had I should have seen him!"

"From half past eleven until midnight I was at the foot of the garden stairs." He laughed shortly. "Your friend Dene must think up something better than that. . . ."

He was triumphant. With eyes dimmed she stared at him.

"Why do we waste time in discussing it," he broke out nervously. "What does it matter, anyway? It's got no bearing on the case. . . ."

Frankie gave her a shrewd and searching glance.

"I'm not so sure about that!" he answered meaningly.

She looked about her like one distracted. "Frankie," she said, most earnestly, "you'll make things no better by trying to throw this man off on a false scent. Why can't you leave Ronnie alone?"

He laughed spitefully. "I thought you said just now that Dene was toting to you?"

"It's true. He isn't. . . ."

"Then why interfere? You've done your part. You leave the rest to me."

"And let you incriminate an innocent man?"

"Innocent!" he snorted. "He's the murderer. . . .!"

She stared at him blankly, then began to laugh.

"That from you, Frankie, is distinctly amusing."

An ugly look spread over his face.

"All right," he told her darkly, "you can laugh now, but wait and see. You won't laugh long. Manderton's out after Dene. And he's going to get him if he can!"

She had been striving to restrain her growing agitation, but now it carried her away. "I've put up with a good deal for your sake, Frankie. Don't drive me too far. I don't mind what it costs me, but I warn you, if they arrest Ronnie I shall speak the truth. . . ."

"And what if you don't know the truth," he asked sombrely.

"I know what you told me!" she riposted quickly.

"You think it was I who killed Stanismore?"

"You told me so, didn't you?"

"I told you only that Stanismore was dead."

She turned her back on him, clasping her hands tightly together before her breast. Ire smoldered in her eyes. His glance, anxious and inquiring now, dogged her every movement.

"I see," she said icily. "And now that you think you've found a convenient scapegoat it suits you to tell a different story. Well, my dear Frankie, it's not good enough. You must invent something more convincing!"

He gripped her arm and shook her.

"It's the truth, I say! I never killed Stanismore. He was dead when I reached him. . . ."

She wrested herself free, holding her face averted as though in horror of him.

"The truth!" she repeated. Her voice was almost a moan. "The truth!" Then she threw back her head and began to laugh. Her laughter pealed out across the silence of the sunken lawn. The thrushes, hopping about on the shining grass, cocked their bright eyes at her, then flew up, affrighted, as the man at her side flung away and strode across the ground to disappear up the steps into the rose garden.

"The truth!" she cried. "The truth!" Her voice was choked by a paroxysm of weeping. She clenched her fists against her brow, drooping her head, and sank upon the seat with the tears streaming down her face.

So the thrushes saw her when, presently, they fluttered back to the lawn where, in the evening sunshine, the croquet hoops cast tall shadows on the shaven turf.

(To be continued next month)

If I Were Rich

By V. Grace Wheeler

If I were rich, how many joys
Would be all mine today,
The cares that happiness destroys
Would vanish quite away.
The very sweetest songs I'd hear,
By singers of world-fame;
I'd see rare paintings, done by men
Who have not lived in vain.

I'd visit lands I've read about—
New friends would make me glad
In life's constant whirl of gaiety
I'd never more be sad.
I'd listen rapturous and still
In Cathedrals, dim and grey
To the deep tones of famed organs,
If wealth were mine today!

I might build stately mansions,
Bright jewels I might own;
But gems most rare could not compare
With friends I've always known.
I have good health, I am quite content,
For wealth I have no need—
For with friends I love, and Heaven above,
Ah, I am rich indeed!

If I were rich! I wonder now
If contented I would be,
To leave these old familiar scenes
That mean so much to me.
I might hear sweet voiced singers, true,
But every morn at dawn,
I hear a wondrous choir
Of birds, out on the lawn.

The fairest paintings I might see
As in distant lands I trod,
But none so fair as a sunset
That is glorified by God.
The deep tones of an organ old,
Might me enraptured leave;
But the wind plays sweeter music far,
Among the trees at eve.



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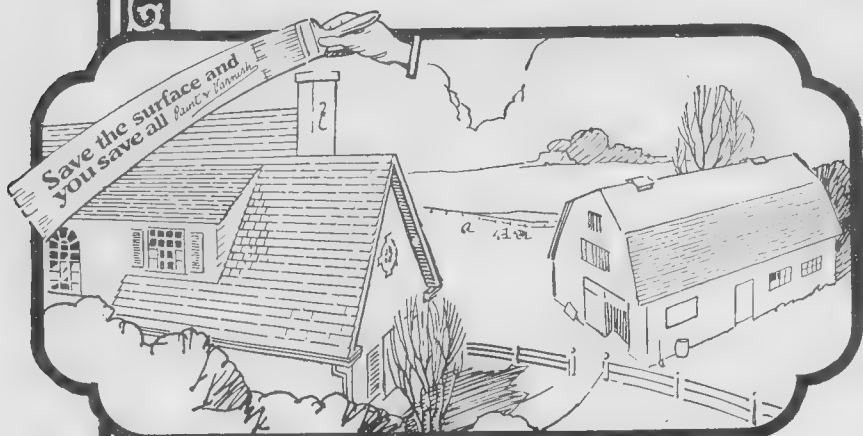
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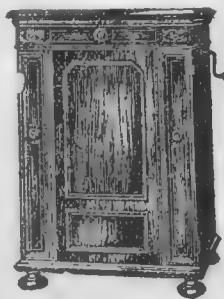
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Just About Harmony

Continued from page 28

when viewed as the temporary possessions of two little golden-haired girls. I had a great deal of sympathy with the longing for the small-scale furniture, blue-painted, that made my little friend envious of her playmate's room. I think it would be a real chore for these two youngsters to "do up" their own room every day, for they would feel no pride in it when finished; a little wholesome pride would make the task seem well worth while, and plant a few early seeds of housewifery that would never come amiss.

There are other finishes besides the painted and enamelled surfaces that are suitable to the youthful room, although these always seem dainty and appropriate, can be frequently altered with changing tastes, and need not be anything very expensive; in fact, as we all appreciate, the most unrelated pieces of furniture are often gathered together and brought into delightful kinship beneath a few coats of paint.

Very simple pieces of dark polished furniture, light and graceful in design, will work in beautifully, however; a bed with plain foot and head-boards, or a copy of one of the old short-posted beds; a three or four-drawer chest, with a mirror hung above it on heavy colored cords; quaint ladder-back or rush bot-tomed chairs, will please the older girl particularly, if nicely worked into a complete and harmonious scheme. Furniture in what we call these "cottage" styles—meaning, more than anything else, pieces of simple and good design, with an absence of much in the way of deliberate decoration—is fortunately at the height of the fashion now—after a period of indiscriminate "dressing up" of everything, of it must be admitted, doing a lot of lily-painting, a new love for beauty of line, for good finish, for a less ornate and more lovely style of furnishing, has evinced itself.

But to follow the furnishing of the young girl's room to a harmonious completion; what should accompany the painted furniture or the graceful maple or walnut pieces?

Simple dark furniture will establish the most friendly relations with calico or English print window curtains and chair-coverings in some delightful shade; as stained and waxed or a painted floor, with one or two of the pretty bedroom oval rugs in matching colors; voile glass curtains, hand-hemstitched or ruffled; a pretty bedspread of the voile, perhaps, to be used over a slip of sateen, or a sateen spread bordered with calico or chintz.

With very fine pieces, the fabrics may become finer too—taffeta or some of the sun-fast artificial silk materials at the windows and for the bedspread, a draped dressing-table, perhaps, flounced in organdy or taffeta; a rug of the French type, light and with, perhaps, a floral

border carrying out a chosen color scheme; walls with a faint tracing of green vines against a delicate background; or a pastel flower design on a white or cream ground.

PAINTED furniture is truly adaptable; you can use the most ingenious things with it—crisp muslins or sheer voile and marquisette; quaint and rather sturdy prints, chintzes, calico; or if you have been most particular about your finish, that it be satin smooth and flawless, you may bring the silken fabrics into your furnishing scheme. But here again, the underlying rule of things "suited" must apply; the lines, the weight, the design, of your furniture will all influence your color scheme, and the color scheme will serve to heighten the real character of the furniture; it is for you to decide whether that character is one that should be dressed up in silken ruffles, or whether a less sophisticated material will suit it better. Personally, I think there is nothing like organdy or a pretty muslin, for the average painted room when it is for a young girl—there is a freshness about it that is irresistibly appealing, daintily charming.

But let the furniture be painted a delicate cream, apple green, misty blue or a silvery grey with a little blue rubbed into the mouldings—and the whole key is changed at once. We want fresh, light effects, the new rayon materials, or voile over-curtains of sunfast color, over dainty white under-curtains; chintz side-curtains, if you like, small pattern on a light ground; the rug, deeper values of the prevailing colors, in suitable design or perhaps some of the small novelty bedroom rugs, very gay and Frenchy; or a hooked or crocheted or rag-rug in light tones; a pretty, small wicker chair, painted to match or in pleasing contrast, and cushioned with the chintz.

I have talked in terms of bedrooms, but it does not matter what the room may be, the same "feeling" for everything in key, must prevail if the final effect is to be good. It is far better to establish that key and then carry everything out in it, than to trust to hit-or-miss—a magnificent rug, perhaps, so much finer than all the rest of the furnishings that they are hard put to it to mean anything; costly chair coverings at the expense of the springs in the easy chairs. This does not mean that one should not build up one's treasures, a good piece at a time—but if a limited supply of money is the cause of the gradual accumulation, then there should not be too wide a margin between the latest "find" and the other furniture, the draperies and upholsteries that will consort with it, because obviously it would take too long a time to arrive at a satisfying point with the furnishing.



Natives hunting Crocodiles in Upper Egypt. The specimen shown above is 3 mtr. in length

Paris Sidelights

Continued from page 11

hens. They are wise birds. All day they walk about the narrow confines of their street. I watch them sometimes pathetically trying to dust themselves on the irregular tiny blocks of the pavement. There is nothing for them to eat, yet somehow they amuse themselves all day long till the old lady calls them in late in the afternoon. I never would have believed hens could be so intelligent and obedient. But they certainly know Paris is a dangerous place, and it is best not to wander more than fifty feet from one's own doorstep. There are thousands of people like that in Paris who seldom go beyond their own district. Time and again in making inquiries as to a certain street of small shopmen they could not tell me; yet the street was not much more than a thousand feet away. As for the old lady and her hens, I know she keeps them in a box in her ground-floor room. I know, because I walked along the Rue Clopin the other night and her curtain was drawn a little back, and I peeked in. This, too, is Paris.

I sit here at my window this Sunday morning. The sweet tones of the bell in the tower of the Church St. Etienne du Mont, which has summoned worshippers for four hundred years, rings out for ten o'clock mass. As it dies away there sounds high and clear the voice of a woman: "Marchand habit . . . chiffooon!" It is the cry of one of the hundreds of buyers of old clothes and rags who all day long parade the streets. I watch the woman approaching, pushing a small three-wheeled cart with handles like a baby-carriage. "Marchand habit . . . chiffooon!" Shrilly she voices her needs. Her cart is empty. No one comes forth with things to sell. In the next two hours no less than seven other similar merchants pass, five of them men, some young, some old, all fairly well dressed. Some push a little cart, others carry only a sack over their arm, but all yell long and loud the same words. Some give variations highly musical in tone. And as I watch and listen amazement fills me at this tremendous competition, this duplication of human effort in merely gathering old clothes and rags, which, after all, cannot be so tremendously profitable. Yet every day I see this same parade. Paris is a big city, of course, but still one has not old clothes to sell every day. And these people seem always to cover the same territory. Truly, it is one of the mysteries of Paris that Eugene Sue overlooked; how all these people exist—little more than exist they cannot do.

ON THIS particular Sunday as I sit at my window hardly has the first merchant lady of old clothes gone on her way when the suddenly quiet street is enlivened by the blowing of a deep-toned horn, the timbre denoting it comes from an actual ram's horn, or rather, a Swiss goat horn. Though I am accustomed by now to seeing every day remarkably sophisticated hens, I am not quite prepared for what now appears. Following a bearded man down the street comes walking gravely a herd of nine nanny goats, bearded, too, and wise of eyes. They are quite at their ease, the rushing street cars nearby and the taxis rushing at murderous speed do not phase them. Loudly blowing the Swiss horn the man walks up my street. From the houses people come with little jugs and pails. The man halts the goats and in the middle of the street milks one of the nine, filling the containers of his customers with liquid whose freedom from water cannot be questioned. Good cows' milk is very hard to get in Paris,

Continued on page 78

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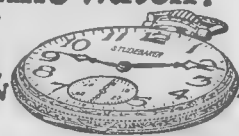
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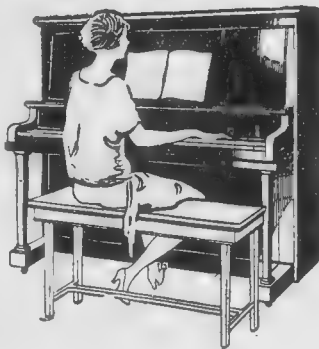
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Paris Sidetights

Continued from page 77

and goats' milk is more healthful. So the goat-tender makes his rounds daily bringing the milk on the hoof right to the doors of the people. This is the acme of service; oh, excellent idea, saving time and fussing with bottles, assuring your customers of quality, that each milk-giving beast is in the pink of perfection. Truly you need not pay money in Paris to see a worthwhile circus.

Hardly has the goat caravan continued on its rounds when an old man in a long black coat stops beneath my window. He removes his battered felt hat, raises his head a little and breaks into song; a thin, quavering voicing, but withal strangely moving, in the timbre of the man a sense of the dramatic, a still remaining hint of what once must have been a great temperament. He sings a snatch of song from the Chimes of Normandy, that famous operetta of forty years ago, the music of which is still haunting. There this old man stands and gives himself to song. What triumphs, what tears of a long life, perhaps once glorious in promise, lies behind him. Sadness in a mighty wave sweeps over me. The song ceases. He stands, sadly expectant. I open my window and in a piece of newspaper wrap a two-franc piece and throw it to him. All the other windows remain ominously closed. Paris these days is not so kind to street singers as in times gone by. He opens my paper. Evidently two-franc pieces are more than are usually given. For he bows. And, as if desirous of giving good measure, once more he sings, a magnificent melody from an opera I do not know. I listen, still enveloped in sadness. It is not nice to see old age walking the street in shabby clothes and deeming two francs (ten cents) a bounty. The song ceases. I seek hurriedly in my pocket for another piece of money, wrap it in paper, but when I reach the window the street-singer is gone. Before evening two or three more will have performed in this self-same street, all equally old, but none who sing with the finish and the fervor of this old man. Another, even older man, as he sings, or rather whines, lifts one leg of his trousers and displays his sores. The first man was artistic, this other merely sordid, so I give him less. So strangely are we human beings moved to pay homage to art, even in its humblest and fading form.

HARDLY has the artistic old man gone his way when a noise of a brass horn, a thin, trumpeting blast fills the street. Though it is the Sabbath Day commerce goes on exactly in the same manner as in the week. The man with the horn comes along leading a horse drawing a two-wheeled cart which is piled high with chairs of many kinds. The most of the chairs have rush bottoms requiring new reeds. These he collects from the various houses and apartments on his route and takes to his shop down some narrow dark street to repair. In addition he does all other kinds of repairing, and today in his cart standing grandly beside the cheap cane-bottomed chairs is a monster arm-chair to be newly upholstered. Loudly sounding his horn he proceeds through the narrow streets.

A few minutes after he has passed there shrills down the street a long, distressing cry. "Vitreeaaay, vitreeaaay!" It is the mender of windows. Upon his back is a light wooden frame lashed to his waist and shoulders with straps and cords. The frame holds half a dozen long panes of window glass. Pausing a moment between cries to look up at the different houses for a signal he is needed, the man walks through the countless maze of streets.

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Paris Sidelights

Continued from page 78

The breaking of a window is an exceptional happening. Yet every day I hear this man's raucous cry, and I am puzzled how he makes a living, just as I am about all the buyers of old clothes.

The mender of glass has scarcely moved out of sight when a queer, piping tune, like the mingled notes of a bag-pipe and a flute, squeals its notes along the street. There is a quaint charm in this droll, rollicking melody, a sort of "Pied Piper of Hamelin" effect in the thin, cutting air. An old man comes into view, playing a tiny metal whistle. On his back rides a small, square box held by a strap slung over his shoulder. He takes this off and sits upon it, a worn, tired figure. Once again he sounds his skirling whimsical unharmony. From a nearby house a maid-of-all-work brings a huge platter, for this piper is the mender of china and fixer of leaky water taps. He can do wonders in the way of repairing apparently impossible breaks in priceless china, so you would hardly know it had been injured. And what with the high cost of dishes, it pays the thrifty housekeeper to have even ordinary ones repaired, for his charges are ridiculously nominal. For instance, the platter the maid now brings he joins together for a fee of only twelve cents. I watch the old man working. He is an artist in his own little way. Presently he takes up his tool-box, and soon from farther down another street faintly comes to me his whistling melody.

But the street does not now yield to silence. The sharpener of scissors and knives with his grindstone on wheels marches by loudly ringing a large bronze hand-bell.

It is mid-afternoon when the buyer of barrels makes his appearance. After him a brief while quiet reigns, then is broken by the exhilarating strains of a brass band magnificently playing a sacred tune. I shut my eyes, and for the minute all the things I have just seen seem unreal, and I feel at the sound of the music that I am far away across the water in Winnipeg, or Vancouver, or almost any city in Canada, for the band that goes marching by is that of the Salvation Army, looking for all the world as they do in other places.

DUSK creeps down on Paris, a dusk which affects me queerly, differently from any place I know. There is a magic calm, a peacefulness in it suggestive of I know not what.

And now with the waning of the day there appears upon the street a figure as quaintly old-world and different as the Salvation Army was modern, a man in a long blue smock, carrying over his shoulder a long thin pole, at the top of which is a tiny brass affair with round holes through which glows a flickering light. It is the lamp-lighter. Just as in the days fifty years ago this man walks the same streets performing the same tasks in the identical manner. He reaches the first gas-lamp post, pushes his long pole into a hole beneath the glass globe, turns a cock, and the flame in the brass holder in the top of the pole ignites the gas. A pale radiance permeates the soft spring evening. The lamplighter passes down the street presently to halt and light a lamp on the Rue Tournefort in front of number 24, the very house which Balzac actually described as the Pension Vauguer, where dwelt that wonderful character Père Goriot.

The Rue Cardinal Lemoine leads to a labyrinth of narrow streets, streets crawling with life, one of the oldest quarters of Paris. Some of the houses

have been standing four hundred years. In the gathering dusk I go along to the Rue Mouffetard at the end of which stands the ancient church of St. Medard, built in the 16th century. In it is a marvellous painting of Christ as he lay in death. There is a magic peacefulness in the tired body after the tortures of the Cross. Strangely enough, nearly all the paintings in this church contemporary with this one are so faded as to be almost unrecognizable.

At one side of the church is a little park. To those readers familiar with Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" this little park will be of interest, for it was here that Jean Valjean, while in hiding, came out nightly for a little walk. Each night he gave alms to an old man at this spot for several nights, only to find that the beggar was the police inspector Javert in disguise.

It is only three minutes walk from here along the Rue Mouffetard to the Rue de l'Arbalette where in No. 3 Francoise Auguste Rodin, the greatest sculptor of modern times, and one of the greatest of all times, was born in 1840. On a recent evening I lingered in this dirty, dingy street, marvelling how greatness should arise from such surroundings. And then on the following day I travelled across the city to No. 77 Rue de Varennes, one of the most aristocratic parts of the city in the olden days, the stronghold of the French nobility. Here in a marvellous old mansion is collected today 5,800 various works of Rodin consisting of drawings, marquettes, and casts in plaster, marble and bronze.

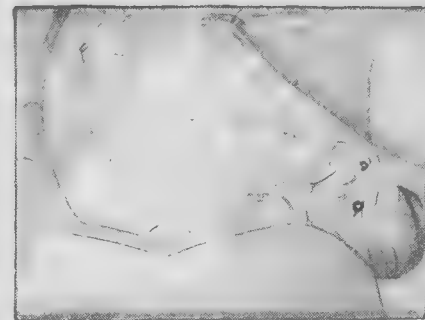
Beside the work of his own hands are many paintings and his private collection of statuary. Rodin's long and varied career is one of the most interesting in the annals of art. As a young man his statuary was so lifelike that the judges at an exhibition said the sculptures could not be genuine, but that he had moulded from life.

The mansion at 77 Rue de Varennes is redolent with history. It was built in 1730 by Abraham Peyrenc, who had come to Paris as a poor butcher's boy. By a series of amazing adventures and investments Peyrenc cleared a fortune at the time of the famous "Mississippi Bubble." With this acquired wealth he built a house to eclipse anything in the vicinity. The garden in his day was the most beautiful in Paris. The sum of \$50,000 a year was spent in tulips alone. The garden is still beautiful today.

As you wander from room to room, where stand Rodin's works, you look out on the several acres of walled ground, where lines of clipped trees and green vistas of sward seem like a dream in the very heart of busy Paris. The place was bought by the Government in 1907, and soon set aside to house Rodin's collection, which the sculptor willed to the nation. Limited words are poor and inadequate things to convey the sculptured marvels gathered there. I will tell of only one: "The Prodigal Son." You come to a room on the upper floor and halt abruptly, arrested as if by a piercing cry. There in the centre of the floor a nude figure kneels with arms wide-flung, in the straining body and anguished face all the pent-up sorrow, the tortured appeal of a soul contrite, seeking with pathetic eagerness absolution for misspent days. Tears spring to your eyes. You see and feel the story of the Prodigal with a mordant vividness as never before. In your heart is the awe and reverence that one pays to the magic of great art; art

Continued on page 80

A Super-Soft Flaky Powder



...like a healing cream
this powder-lubricant
protects your baby's skin

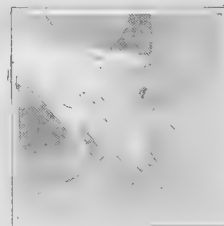
UNLESS your baby's silken skin is carefully protected, the delicate folds will rub against each other and result in painful chafing.

To prevent this condition, to shield your baby's body against itself—Johnson & Johnson have produced a super-soft, flaky powder, Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Light as a fairy veil, its effect on the skin is that of a healing cream. By covering sensitive flesh, by lubricating the skin-folds, it prevents discomfort.

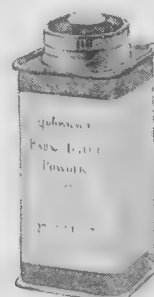
The base of Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder is pure talc, a flaky substance that breaks into soft, airy powder. Blended with boracic compound and delicate perfume, it becomes the gentlest of skin-healers. It smooths on tender skin without clogging the pores, keeps your baby fresh and sweet every hour of the day.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the skin care that will keep him always beautiful. Growing children, too, need this protection. Eminent physicians, famous hospitals, recommend Johnson's. Mothers who care for their children scientifically demand it above any other baby powder.

Make this simple hand test
Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuring warmth.

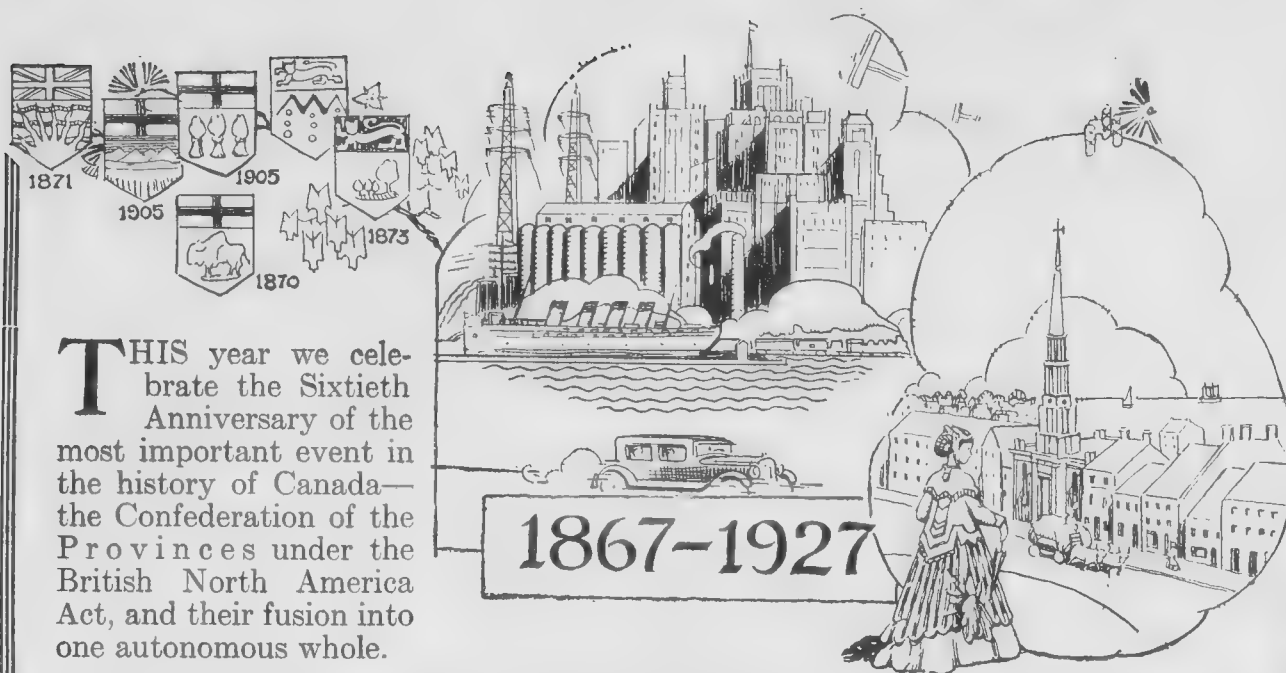


Johnson & Johnson, Ltd.
MONTREAL, CANADA



First, give your baby his daily bath with Johnson's Baby Soap. Then sprinkle his body freely with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. Finally, relieve roughness, rash or any skin disorder with Johnson's Baby Cream.

YOUR DRUGGIST
is more than a merchant



THIS year we celebrate the Sixtieth Anniversary of the most important event in the history of Canada—the Confederation of the Provinces under the British North America Act, and their fusion into one autonomous whole.

The pride we have in the strength and vision of the "Fathers of Confederation," and their far-sighted colleagues, who buried all personal and political differences for the public weal—is an inspiring one.

Foreseeing the growth and development, in every line of Canadian life and endeavor, now enjoyed by us—they were content to create the oppor-

tunity which following generations grasped and enlarged upon.

Every loyal Canadian should at this time refresh his own mind on the subject of Confederation, and give his children a staunch and true knowledge of the circumstances under which this progressive and prosperous—sturdy and loyal—Dominion came into being as such.

\$300 IN CASH PRIZES

\$100 For the most correct list of words you can make from the letters in JUBILEE YEAR

\$75.00 For the Second List. Third Best wins \$50.00

\$10.00 each for the Next Five. Each of Five More win \$5.00

All you have to do is list as many correct words as possible from the letters in "Jubilee Year."

No letter may be used in any word oftener than it appears in the Key; and letters not in the Key may not be used at all.

If you are doubtful of a word, put it in anyway—it will not disqualify your entry.

Read the Rules before you start and follow them carefully.

(You can win as easily as your neighbor)

Entries Close July 15

Those postmarked that day will be eligible—But why wait until the last moment to mail YOURS?

This Coupon properly filled in must accompany your entry

Test Campaign Editor No. 44
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
Toronto, 2, Ont.

I attach my entry in your contest for words made from the letters in the words "JUBILEE YEAR".

No. of words listed
For the enclosed \$2.00 send MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE for one year to

Name

Address

New or Renewal

Contestant's Name and Address (below)

My name is

Address

Add 50c for Postage on subscriptions to United States

1. Each entry must be addressed to the
Test Campaign Editor
McLean's Magazine,
Toronto, 2.

Entries will not be accepted through salesmen or on special offers.

2. Anyone, other than an employee of MacLean's Magazine, The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited, and members of their immediate families, is eligible to take part in this Test and compete for the prizes offered.

3. Only one of the first three prizes may be won in all MACLEANAGRAM tests by the same person or from the same home.

4. In order to compete for the prizes, contestants must send, with their entry, their own new or renewal subscription payment or a new or renewal subscription payment for a friend, of \$2.00 for one year's subscription to MacLean's Magazine.

5. The number of words you have listed must be totalled, listed on the coupon, and the lists be prepared in strictly alphabetical order.

The Judges are:

Dr. E. J. PRATT, Lecturer in English, Victoria College, Toronto University.

Miss PANSY ATKINS, Teacher, Brown School, Toronto. A well-known writer on Children's Topics.

J. HERBERT HODGINS, Special feature writer, and financial expert.

The decision of the judges will be final and absolute, and in a case of a difference of opinion, the Concise English Dictionary will be used as the final arbiter.

A dictionary will be a great help.

Here are a few samples: "bile" and "rail"—both correct; "bell" and "lien"—both wrong. Study them and you will see why in each case.

This Contest is complete in itself and there are no further qualifications demanded than complete observance of the Rules as printed.

The Judges are known before you start; and your entry must win on its merit alone.

Read these Simple Rules Carefully

Lists must be written plainly, as well as the names and addresses of Contestant and Subscriber. Unintelligible words will be disqualified, as well as words changed or corrected.

6. All answers to this Test, together with the subscription payments, must be mailed by Contestants at their post-office not later than July 15. Answers for this Test mailed after that date will not count.

7. In determining the winners, the Judges will count only printable and recognized words of the English language. Do not use obsolete words, abbreviations, contractions, or apostrophes. Do not use proper names.

8. MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any person, for any reason deemed sufficient by it and the Judges, who are the Contestants' representatives.

9. No discussion can be entered into by telephone or otherwise in reference to these tests, and all entrants are understood by the fact of their entry to agree to accept as final the Judges' decision on all matters relating to this competition.

Paris Sidelights

Continued from page 79

which in its effect transcends emotions aroused by the actual things of life.

So powerful is this creation, the on-looker feels he does not wish to go farther. But there are many masterpieces here. Even Rodin's drawings, done forty years ago, and now a little faded, hold the viewer with something of the same spell as his sculpture. There are in one of the rooms a set of studies of a man which actually seem alive. His figures of Bernard Shaw and Balzac, and the imposing and mournful "Thinker," the latter adorning the garden, are so well known from photographic reproductions as to make descriptions needless. To anyone visiting Paris, the Rodin museum should be one of the big events of his stay.

I HAD planned in this article to also tell of wide wanderings in queer streets; of meals eaten in quiet restaurants in settings three hundred years old; of taking coffee thick as soup in a cafe adjoining the Arab mosque to the tune of tom-toms beating in surroundings as dirty as they are picturesque; to tell of these things as well as a brief story of the Carnavalet museum. However, so fast do the pages fill up, that I feel it best to dwell in this article on the Carnavalet.

To anyone interested in the history of the City of Paris the Carnavalet is a most interesting place, summing up, as it does, the principal scenes, changes in building, costumes, and the outstanding events of all times. The museum opened in 1880. It embraces two floors of public galleries, framing four interior yards. It was once the residence of Madame de Sevigne. There are 79 rooms packed with interest. In the first four are gathered all the quaint signs of hotels, merchants and artisans for several hundred years. These Parisian signboards were sometimes rather wide in their symbolism. For instance a locksmith's sign was three rats climbing over a heart. There are hundreds of various signs, some carved in stone, others of bronze, iron and wood. The collection is a tribute to the faithful workers who have saved so much from the past. Rooms 13 to 38 are given over to plans of Paris, prints and paintings and, most interesting of all, actual miniatures of the city, models in wood. There are four of these on an immense table. They are wonderfully done, giving the visitor an actual view of Paris in the past few hundred years. You look upon the old wooden bridges where houses were once built on either side. Upon the walls paintings and plans help complete the vision thus conjured up of the history of Paris, which has always been a city of absorbing interest to people from many lands. Here, too, is a replica of the Bastille, that grim fortress which housed so many unfortunates guilty of no crime. The Bastille recalls how far we have advanced today in protecting the liberty of the individual. In the days previous to the Revolution persons in the King's good graces were given *lettres de cachet*, warrants made out in blank. The receiver filled in the name of someone he wanted out of the way, and the victim was spirited to this terrible place. The most noted prisoner was Latude, who was imprisoned for 36 years. He is world-famous for having tamed a spider in his solitude. In room 43, given over to relics of the Bastille, is a huge portrait of him, and in a glass case nearby the rope ladder with its sticks of wood for steps, each some six inches long, by the aid of which ladder he escaped. In room 39 is a collection of book binding exhibits

Continued on page 81

Good Cooks Know

"It-Raises-
the-Dough"
at
Lowest Cost

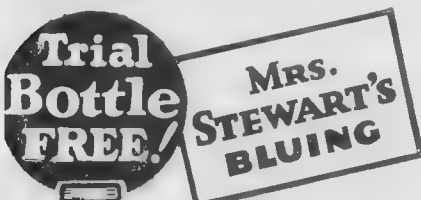


A SPRAYER THAT DELIVERS THE GOODS

Farmers, Stockmen, Dairymen, Poultrymen, Nurserymen, Truck Growers, in fact, every one who ever needs to handle liquid, under pressure, will be vitally interested in this simple device. Its double action, positive in pounds pressure, according to the strength applied to the handle. Handles Oil, Water, Whitewash, Dip Solutions, Fruit Spray Formulas, Plant Sprays, and all insect destroying liquids, from a fine mist to a solid stream and puts it any where wanted, from the furthest corner under buildings to over the top of a two story house.

FINE FOR WASHING TOO

Just the thing to wash the Automobile, give the Pigs a bath, or kill all the Mites, Blue Bugs, Fleas, and water the flowers. We guarantee this spray to do all and more than we claim for it. We are squarely behind it because it has merit. Write us for illustrated description, prices, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.** No experience required, just drive over, tell them your business and operate the pump, it does its own talking. You can handle this proposition in your community. Ladies as well as men. It takes no capital. Orders filled and collections made direct from factory. Write us today for further information.
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Money back guarantee.

Send for free trial bottle of Mrs. Stewart's. Give grocer's name when writing.

Made in Canada.

MRS. STEWART'S BLUING

Dept. 23 Box 2955 Winnipeg, Man.

Paris Sidelights

Continued from page 80

in the time of the Revolution, the most astounding being that of the Constitution of 1793 bound with human skin.

In so vast a collection of things, all so rich in historic interest, it is hard to make a selection, though select one must do, certain outstanding objects. So I will conclude with the story of the first self-propelled invalid's chair, a remarkable invention worked by the invalid turning the handles which moved cogs catching into iron points fitted on the heavy wooden wheels. It is exceedingly clumsy, of course, yet still a first step toward the finished vehicle of today.

The story surrounding it is quite as interesting as the chair. It was built in the 17th century for the Countess of Artois. Some years after her death, during the Revolution, it was brought to Paris to be used by Jean Cauthon, a famous member of the Revolutionary Council when he had become paralyzed through a most peculiar accident. He had been paying court to a young lady whose father was much opposed to him. The lovers had to make secret meetings in a courtyard. One evening the father discovered them and rushed upon Cauthon with a stick. Cauthon took to his heels, but in fleeing across a nearby courtyard he fell into a well, where he was forced to stand in water up to his waist for thirty hours before he was rescued. Nothing daunted, Cauthon continued his work as a brilliant member of the Council. To help him get about, his fellow-members had the invalid chair brought from the state furniture repository at Versailles Castle.

Paris presents so many sides; so many things, that one has tremendous difficulty in choosing what first to tell about; indeed, what is best to tell about at all amid so vast a selection. But in the months to come I will try to tell as best I can what seems to me will most greatly interest the majority of readers.

THE NIGHT-LILY

(The Night-lily blooms along the cliffs of the South Saskatchewan River between Medicine Hat and Redcliff—the only place it is found in this continent except in Mexico).

*Lily of the riverside,
Still and tall and white;
Here, methinks the waters glide
With a rare delight.*

*For they charmed thee from the land
Where thy comrades dwell,
Sending out their far command
"Thou canst cheer us well."*

*In the lonely midnight hours,
When the world is still;
And the lovely lesser flowers
Slumber on the hill."*

*In cliff-shadows I behold
As a fallen star,
Thy white beauty lined with gold
Where my foot-steps are.*

*Humble, fragrant, calm, content,
Where the cliffs rise high;
In the night thy beauty spent
For the passerby*

*Who shall of thy brightness ask
"Why this hidden spot?"
He who gave to thee thy task
Plans—and erreth not.*
—Mary M. Matheson

Angel Footprints

A contractor who professed to be fond of children became very angry because some little fellow stepped on a new pavement before it was dry.

His wife rebuked him. "I thought you loved children," she said.

"I do in the abstract, but not in the concrete," he replied.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Undersilks--

In all the Smartest Styles and
Shades



Tailored to fit undersilks that impart a Parisian jauntiness to the sports frock and slender grace to the evening gown.

Exquisitely sheer, of course. Yet woven from the strongest silken strands with seams carefully bound to resist the strain of present-day activity.

Made in the finest rayon—slips, step-ins, vests and bloomers. And for relaxation at home dainty pyjamas, mighties and kimonas. In all the season's smartest styles and shades.

12M

Watson's
SPRING NEEDLE LINGERIE

Something to Learn

"Cheer-up! Cheer-up!" says the robin,
"Buz-z-z-z!" says the bee,
"Pris-Pris-Pris-Prisbyterian!"
Sings the song-sparrow up in the tree.

"Bow-wow-wow!" barks Raffles,
And a bird like a cat calls "Meow!"
"Ker-plunk! Ker-plunk!" croaks froggie,
And "Moo!" said the Jersey cow.

"That's right! That's right!" I answer,
"I'm glad that you all agree;
I'm glad that everybody
Thinks just the same as me!"
—Edith L. Groves.

A Few Words from Bobby Burke

ONCE again that jolly month has come around when all that fills our minds and hearts is that one magic word "Holidays." It's a wonderful thing to think about, isn't it? Two months to do as we like in. No school at regular hours, not quite so early to bed, and prospects of picnics, long days outdoors, perhaps a journey on a train or boat; ripe fruit to pick and eat; days to swim and wade and paddle; days to fish, and days to go berry picking. What a lovely prospect! After the first few days though unless you have something to do it's going to be a bit dull. How many times I have heard boys and girls say, "Mother I haven't anything to do. What can I play? I'm tired doing nothing." When that time comes, that is the time to try out our summer competition and "STOP, LOOK and LISTEN." It's a good time too, to wander out to the garden and see if there aren't a lot of weeds choking the lettuce bed, or the pansies, or the sweet peas. You'll get hot weeding, but how good a bath or a dip in the lake will be afterwards. Last summer I was staying at a house where two boys had to weed the garden. During school days the weeds had got ahead of them, and the strawberry bed was so full of them you could hardly see the berries. It was hot out there on the hill pulling those prickly things, but do you know what the boys did, they put boxes on either side of the bed, then stretched boards across, and sat on the boards, their toes tucked up, and so weeded. They didn't have to whistle while they weeded, like some poor people I have heard of, and so many a fat delicious berry went into their mouths, and Bobby Burke came in for some of those warm, ripe, juicy berries too. They did whistle though and sang too, and didn't they just enjoy their nice lazy afternoons after the mornings in the strawberry patch! Well that's the holiday spirit, work a little at something you don't work at in school days, and then you have much more fun when you are through.

Those of you who go away, don't forget your most important baggage. And when I say that, I don't mean trunks full of clothes. No. I mean a pair of seeing eyes, a pair of hearing ears, and an eager brain. While you are away STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN. Don't miss anything. If you go to the Mountains learn all you can about them, watch them and see how lovely they are at different times of the day, talk to the people who live among them and learn where the glaciers are, which is the highest peak and so on. If you go to the lake, learn to love it as a picture, as well as a fishing place, a swimming-hole, or a place to row on. If you go to a city, see its fine buildings, its beautiful pictures, its parks, not just its stores and movies. If you go to the country, learn what it is like to roll in the hay, hunt warm eggs, drink new milk, climb trees, hunt for ripe strawberries in the pasture, go for long walks, listen to the bird songs.

Observe all the children of the animal world; the lambs frisking and frolics as though they also might be playing with a skipping rope—how they rush to their mothers' side at the first sign of danger and how the little wee ones stumble around on their funny little legs, just like a tiny baby. Watch the tiny chicks, their eager search for food and the worrying the old mother hen does over her brood. The verse that says

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

is true isn't it? Now see how many of these "things" you can find in your holidays, and here's a happy time to you all.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

The Pinkity Winkity Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

Pinkity Winkity Sends Her Friends On A Journey

PINKITY Winkity stood at the door of Grandfather Joel's cottage and laughed.

"It's like a circus," she said, as she watched Bright Eyes start on her wonderful journey to visit the strange doctor in the mountains—the doctor who was said to possess the magic healing touch.

"Oh—you do look funny!" she called out as she waved her hand to them again, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks:

"Oh, I do hope they'll not forget to stop and rest every few hours and take Bright Eyes out under the trees, and unharness dear Plucky, and let Little Sister out to peck at the grass, and take the bundle off Big Sister's back and let her roll in the grass, and give poor Grandfather Joel a nice rest—and all!" talked Pinkity Winkity to little Comfort—Bright Eyes gray cat, who was to be Pinkity Winkity's chief companion while they were gone.

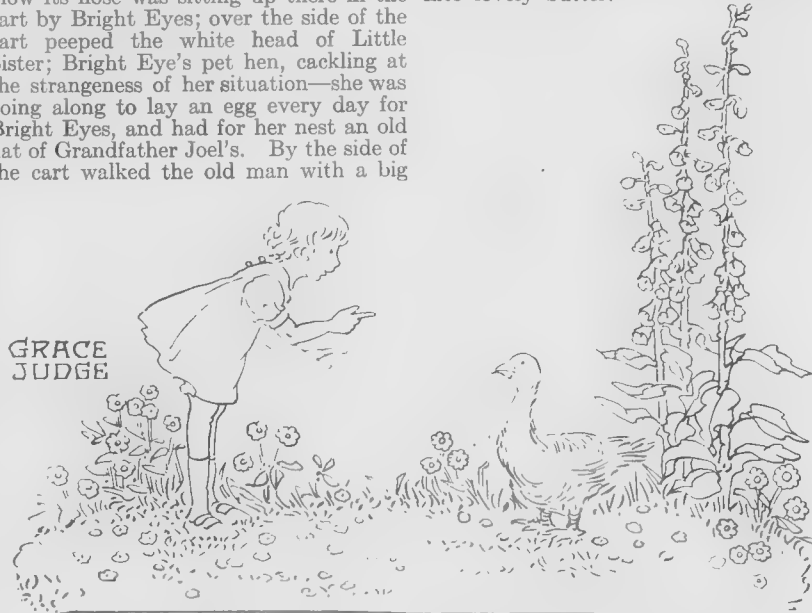


GRACE JUDGE

"It's like a Circus"—she said—as she watched them start.

And indeed they did look like some strange parade, for there in front was big Plucky, her brother's sheep dog, hauling the little red cart in which lay Bright Eyes on a mattress of lamb's wool which Pinkity Winkity's mother had sent—and the pillow of down: the doll that could blow its nose was sitting up there in the cart by Bright Eyes; over the side of the cart peeped the white head of Little Sister; Bright Eye's pet hen, cackling at the strangeness of her situation—she was going along to lay an egg every day for Bright Eyes, and had for her nest an old hat of Grandfather Joel's. By the side of the cart walked the old man with a big

PINKITY Winkity just hadn't time to be lonesome, for right away she milked and fed the goats, fed the gray goose and the hens, and then cleaned up the house. When this was done she fried some little cakes for her dinner and churned the cream from the goat's milk into lovely butter.



GRACE JUDGE

She told the good news.

staff in his hand to help him on his long walk, and on his back he carried a bundle of food: scones freshly baked the day before by Pinkity Winkity, a beautiful plum cake, nice little seed cakes, and a cheese made from goat's milk. In his left hand he held a rope by which he led Big Sister—Bright Eyes own particular goat, who was going along to supply Bright Eyes and her Grandfather with fresh milk every day of their journey; on Big Sister's back, strapped as comfortably as could be, was a good sized sack of oatmeal.

Pinkity Winkity had planned it all, and as she looked after the queer procession she could not but feel proud of her work.

When the butter was churned she ran out and told the good news to the creatures in the little field by the barn:

"Little gray goose! Your dear little Bright Eyes is going to be well and able to walk!"

"Nanny! Nanny! Little Bright Eyes is going to be well and able to walk," she told the goats.

"Chicky! Chicky! Little Bright Eyes is going to be well and able to walk," she told the hens.

And such a noise as they were making when, "Halloo!" called out someone. The big gate opened, and there drove into the yard a gay young peddler driving a mule and a fine green cart full of things to sell.

"Lonesome yet, Pinkity Winkity?" he called out laughingly. "Well. I met your folks on the way and they told me to be sure to call and tell you they were getting on all right, and to give you this letter. And I saw that wonderful doll of yours and, I tell you what—if that dwarf doctor won't take it for curing Bright Eyes, I'll buy it myself and they can use the money I give them to pay the doctor."

So Pinkity Winkity thanked the peddler invited him into the house and read the letter, which said:

"If you can keep from getting lonesome till the day after tomorrow, you'll then have a lovely surprise—it will drive all the lonesomeness away. Sell the three cheeses and all the eggs to the peddler you do not need and buy for them five pounds of sugar, and whatever you like for yourself with the rest of the money."

So she gave the peddler his supper, bought the sugar and with the rest of the money bought a book of lovely fairy stories, a bag of candy, and a bundle of beautiful bright pieces of calico.

"I'll piece a nice little quilt for Bright Eyes' bed out of these, to surprise her when she comes back," she told the peddler.

Then the peddler presented her with a little toy yellow bird that you wound up and it sang, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"

So, Pinkity Winkity had all these things to enjoy and keep her company next day.

But the day after, when it came nearly night-time and still the lovely surprise had not come, she was beginning to feel very lonesome, when—the kitchen door opened and there stood the gay young peddler.

"I'm on my way back, Pinkity Winkity, so thought I'd give you a call", and, as he said it, his eyes were all sparkling with mischief. "And I've brought your surprise"—and with this, if he didn't push Pinkity Winkity's Mother into the kitchen.

"I've come to stay till they come back," said her mother catching Pinkity Winkity up into her arms.

Canada's Jubilee

ON JULY 1st Canada celebrates her Diamond Jubilee, which means that for sixty years Canada has been a Dominion, "A Union of Provinces." I suppose sixty years seems a long time to you, and so it is in the life of a man or woman, but sixty years in the life of a country is very short indeed, and yet—wonderful things have happened in our country in those years.

In the year 1867 Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, Sir Etienne Tache, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and thirty other fine men forgot all their political quarrels and differences and joined together to unite the Provinces of Canada in union. Up to this time, Ontario had been known as Lower Canada, Quebec as Upper Canada, and out beyond the Great Lakes lay Rupertsland, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. To the East was Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and the island of Newfoundland. The first Federation was composed of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, then later came Rupertsland (afterward changed to Manitoba), British Columbia and the Northwest Territories (now known as Alberta and Saskatchewan). This Dominion instead of having many quarrelling small governments has now one government for all which is known as the Dominion Government and over which the King's special representative rules. Each province has its own government too, with lesser representatives of the King. When,



Walter Ralph Jones of Veteran, Alberta, and his dog, "Shep"



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NO-BONING
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"A Feminine Dream Come True," an intriguing 20 - page dramatization.

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FRECKLES

Don't Try to Hide These Ugly Spots;
Othine will remove them Quickly
and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine — double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

DON'T FORGET

that as a reader of "The Western Home Monthly" you are supporting a magazine published in the West for the West. Each issue is read by more than a quarter of a million of Westerners.

the first settlers came to Ontario they not only had to cut down the forests but dig out the roots of giant trees before they could plant grain and fruit trees.

Out in the West where the Indians hunted the buffalo on the great plains, the new settlers built themselves forts and log houses, killed the buffalo, and drove back the Indians; they too harnessed the river to work for them, planted great wheat fields on the plains, and when the railroad came through were ready to send out grain to all the world. Now where there were once small forts great cities lie; the mud trails have become highways, huge boats cross the lakes,

Are you not proud to belong to a land that has done such wonderful things in 60 years? This is your land—your Canada!

Something Received

Dorothy Sanderson of 13 Remington Terrace, Oxford Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, England, writes a charming and friendly little letter to the Cosy Corner, and encloses a Spring Poem a few verses of which we will print for you. She writes of an English spring, so different from ours. Dorothy tells us she enjoys all Canadian things especially stories, which seem to have a breezy tang in them that charms her. She has made a vow to come to Canada, and I hope she will, we want just such girls here.

SPRING

The dewdrops glistened on the grass,

And all the earth was still;

When blithesome spring did softly pass

O'er yonder breezy hill.

The snowdrops starred the hedgerow brown,

With blossoms snowy white;

The bare trees donned a leafy gown,

So soft, and green and bright.

Then merry spring just waved her hand,

And changed the sleeping earth

Into a twinkling fairyland,

With bright and newer birth.

We will send Dorothy a gold button for membership in the Cosy Corner, so she will feel she belongs.

Alma Butt of Arcola, Sask., writes us a nice little letter. She, like all our readers is in love with the Pinkity Winkity stories. There are still several of them to come. Aren't you glad? Alma has six brothers and three sisters, a very jolly family I should think. Her school class has joined the Junior Red Cross. I hope your class has too, they couldn't do a better thing.

Our very youngest member Walter Ralph Jones of Veteran, Alta., sent us his photograph taken with his dog Shep. The small boy writes us through his mother's hand, that this is a very wonderful dog. He runs errands, and carries notes from one house to another, knocking at the door and delivering his note carefully. He carries parcels too. Of course both notes and parcels are fastened to his neck. Isn't he looking his prettiest for the camera?

Lorne C. Thompson of 374 Esplanade E., North Vancouver, sends us a little verse. Did he make it up himself? Here it is:

I love my mamma; she's my mamma,
And I know that she loves me.

She's my mamma, rain or shine,
There's not another mother

In this world like mine.

Betty Aitken of The Mission House, Houston, B.C., is a new member of the club. She is twelve years old and has one brother and one sister, and she loves the Cosy Corner. I wouldn't be surprised if she would like some letters.

Lottie Schuman of Rosthern was delighted to get a gold button for her verses in the April number. She feels very proud of the prize winners, as we all do.

Alvin Johnson of Morden, who goes to Deer Creek school, is thirteen years old. He would like to join the C.C.C. Try one of the competitions and win a gold button Alvin, that is the way. You belong to the C.C.C. now. Do you know that we have over 120 members who have gold buttons now scattered around the world?

Doreen Assmus whose picture appeared not long ago sent in a Blottem. It's too bad Doreen, but we will not be able to print any more Blottems. Doreen likes the Pinkity Winkity stories too.

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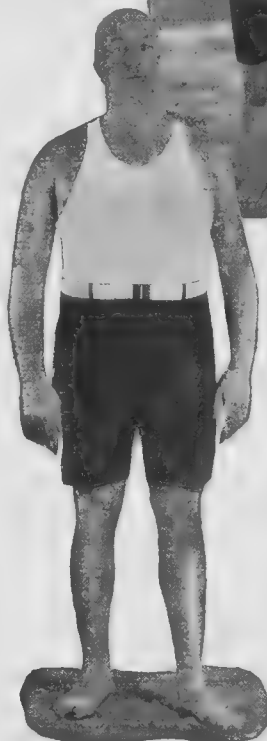
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AGENTS, sell attractive shirts made-to-order. Get our big display of large samples in book form. Beautiful selection, silks, broadcloths, flannels, percales, cambrics, etc. Easy to earn \$5 to \$20 per day working spare or full time. Shirts actually made to individual measurements. Thorough satisfaction guaranteed. We help you build up profitable made-to-order shirt business. Write for information. Stetson Shirt Company Dept. E-9, 254 Ontario St. West, Montreal. 6-27

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WRITERS

STORIES, SCENARIOS, PLAYS, POEMS. criticized, revised, typed. G. Arthur Hallam, Manuscript Man, 13 Lineham Building, Calgary. 6-27

Out of the Ashes

Continued from page 9

Out of the indistinct murmurs, he heard a voice: "Drink this old man." He felt something pressed against his lips, and a warm liquid trickled into his mouth. He gulped, the liquid flowing comfortably down and down. Partial consciousness returned, and his eyes slowly opened, to see the camp doctor and the nurse watching him gravely.

"What happened?" he said faintly. "Did I score?"

The doctor looked puzzled. "Score?" he echoed; "What d'ye mean?"

Full comprehension burst on Jack. He made an effort to rise but sank back with a moan. "Billy?" he sobbed.

"Don't worry, old chap," reassured the doctor, "the little feller's all right. You sure gave your wife a bad scare. She arrived on her pony, about an hour after Moran brought you in. How she made it in that storm, Lord only knows."

"Moran!" gasped Jack. "Moran brought me in?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "Lucky for you. He only just made it. Pretty near used up himself."

"Send him in," requested Jack.

The doctor demurred. "Don't you think you'd better see your wife first?"

"No!" Jack's voice was stronger, his tone more certain. "I can't see her till I've made my peace with Moran."

The doctor discreetly motioned to the nurse to withdraw, and leave the two together.

From that interview Moran came forth with shining eyes, and Jack was openly crying when his wife entered.

"Marie," he said quietly, "I misjudged Moran, and I guess he misjudged me. I can go back to the camp to work, as soon as my feet are healed, but somehow, I don't feel I can—played the fool too much around here. I'm off the booze for keeps, girlie; this was too close a call. I'll go back to the jungles again, if you'll let me; give me a chance to get straightened up. Not much money, but—you'll get it all, and I'll be out in time to rustle a winter's job."

He sank back exhausted, and Marie with a glad cry threw her arms around his neck. When the doctor peeped in a few minutes later, they were sleeping quietly in each others' arms.

TRUE to his promise, Jack stayed away from the booze, and went out again with the trail crew in the forest reserve. Again, the first weeks were weeks of torture; again as his muscles slowly hardened, the latent manhood in him surged forth. He became the best man in the little crew, liked the work, and earned the respect of the ranger and assistant. Quiet, methodical and reliable was Jack; clean in his habits and conversation, a good man around the camp.

In August, the assistant cut his foot badly, and had to be taken to town. Jack was put in charge of the work while the ranger was away. This seemed natural, and the men accepted it without question, working for Jack as well as ever they worked for the ranger or assistant.

When the ranger arrived, he brought the superintendent, and together they inspected the trail cut during the ranger's absence. On their return to camp, the superintendent called Jack aside. "Hot season," he said shortly; "things getting pretty dry and tinder-dry. Can you carry on while Johnson patrols?"

Jack was pleased. Secretly he felt he was a leader, not a subordinate. His little taste of responsibility had done him good.

"Yes, sir," he replied, meeting the

gaze of the superintendent fairly, "I can."

The superintendent liked that answer; liked the tone of quiet assurance with which it was given.

"Good!" he said. "Assistant's pay, and a recommend if you stack up right. Like the idea?"

Jack's boyish face flushed with pleasure. "Yes, sir." No servility was there in his tone; just the right note of discipline.

Jack carried on well and wisely, with an occasional call from Johnson, from whom he received a fund of thoughtful advice.

The fall continued dry, parching leaves and undergrowth to that tindery crispness that is dreaded by all forest rangers.

ONE September noon, from the crest of a high hill that the new trail was traversing, Jack saw a smoke curl, small but ominous, from the depth of a valley towards which they were working. Johnson, he knew, was at the other end of his district.

His decision was instantaneous. "We're going fire-fighting, boys," he said. "One of you go back to camp for some grub—it may be an all-night job."

By the time they arrived on the scene, the freshening breeze had sent the fire away to a running start. All night long they fought hard. At break of day they had the fire under control, and Jack bade his men snatch a little sleep, while he patrolled.

With the rising of the blood-red sun, there came a mighty wind. The fire burst forth again in a score of places. Jack sent one of his scanty crew back for the cook and pack outfit, while the others fought on with empty stomachs.

A ceaseless fight did that crew wage. Why? It was nothing to them personally. They owned no timber; had no responsibility. The Ridgewood Company was only a name; a ring of bloated capitalists.

Why? They fought because red-blooded men love a fight under a leader who really leads, and Jack proved himself just that. Therefore they fought, not for the timber, not for the Ridgewood Company, or the Government, but for Jack Maguire, *He-man*.

Three days later, the superintendent and Johnson rode in on a bunch of toil-worn, bleary-eyed scarecrows, who rocked as they stood, and croaked instead of talking. After a brief greeting, they traversed the outskirts of the fire, their amazement growing as they journeyed.

"Johnson," said the superintendent, "we've got a treasure here—a real honest-to-gosh born fire-fighter!"

They completed their tour at the camp. "Sonny," said the superintendent, laying his massive hands on Jack's shoulders, "you've made good; you've come back to stay. Shake!"

But Jack didn't shake; he was too far gone for that. Darting streaks of lightning blurred his vision; his head sang with the noise of rushing waters. He was tired—so tired. What was the Super. saying? He'd come back to stay? Really come back? As the superintendent released his grip, Jack reeled drunkenly, the world tossing and billowing as a stormy sea.

"Thank God!" he croaked, as he pitched forward unconscious into the superintendent's sturdy arms.

That's the story. Nothing very spectacular, as I said; but Jack is happy, Marie is happy, the kiddies are healthy and adorable, and what more can a man get out of this life?

A Penny Wedding

Continued from page 27

Forbes than the factor, so when opportunity offered he did so in fear and trembling and acknowledged that he had "na any siller". Although Sir Charles had taken no part in affairs before this he was cognizant of all that had happened. He listened to Robbie's story in silence, then pointing to a tweed suit he was wearing, asked: "Can you make me a piece of cloth like this for another suit?"

"Aye," was the prompt reply.
"Then make it and we will call it square."

Turning up the cuff of his coat, he called for scissors to clip a piece off for a sample to give Robbie.

Robbie was indignant. "A sample! What need hae I for a sample? Have'na I seen the suit?"

The cloth was made and delivered, and was probably all the taxes that was ever paid.

They had not only money problems to face but social. For years Robbie had been an outcast from his family. A brother who many years before had migrated to Brazil returned to Scotland wealthy. He searched for and finally located his brother and word was sent that he would shortly visit them.

The word was received with consternation by Meg and Robbie. What could they say? How could they explain their present circumstances? After much talk and hard thinking, they decided to make a clean breast of their misdemeanors, to tell him all and risk what he might do or say.

Evidently he was a big enough man to still look upon Robbie as a brother in spite of his early indiscretions, and although he stayed but a short time with them he left them the better off for his being there.

Over forty years after the marriage, one who had been a guest at the penny wedding, when visiting his homeland, called upon Meg and Robbie. They were then old and feeble, but proud and glad to welcome the one they had known in their early years. They were still in the same old house, happy in the thought that they had each other and a home, and proud of the fact that "tho' siller wasna ower plentiful"—they had been able to lay aside ten pounds to defray the expense of their funerals, thus being saved the disgrace of a parish funeral.

Indian Totems

Continued from page 16

animals, fish and birds, the bear and the killer-whale being most prominent, with wolves, ravens, hawks, eagles, halibut, et cetera, also shown.

The dyeing of the wool was done after spinning and for each color the weaver fasted one day in order to invoke uniformity of color.

The blanket shown in the accompanying photograph forms part of the interesting historical collection of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In 1907 it was reported that the last of the Chilkat blanket weaving was in sight, as only fifteen native weavers were then known to exist and most of these were in advanced years.

The Indian totem might be studied for all of a material lifetime and then much about it would remain unknown.

June—The Month of Marriages

Continued from page 62

the richness of the fabric for decoration. If she be plump, a more regal gown with long, straight and perfectly plain lines should be planned for her.

The Tall, Willowy Type—Will be most beautiful in soft clinging material, such as crepe de chine. She may choose a design with floating draperies or panels and dangling trimmings will follow her own graceful motions.

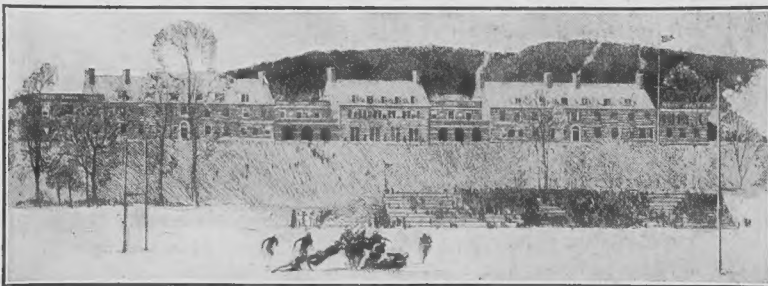
The Tall, Stately Type—Will obtain a pleasing effect in her costumes if she chooses rich soft satin or brocade that will fall in deep folds. She is often very striking if she accentuates all the long lines of her figure by the style of her dress. Trimmings of pearls add weight so that the fabric falls in a slender, clinging silhouette which accents length of line.



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The Founders of the Dominion

WORTHY of the Dominion's sixtieth birthday and memorable in our country's history will be the Jubilee celebration of this year's Dominion Day all across Canada, from coast to coast. Our thoughts turn back to the Fathers of Confederation, as they are to be seen in Robert Harris's great painting at Ottawa, which has been many times reproduced. They are mostly middle-aged, a good many of them are old, a few are young. With what hopes, with what pride in the record of Canadian achievement already made; with what strong, confident optimism in looking to the future, did they assemble for the work of planning the union of the four original Provinces and laying the foundations of the greater Dominion-to-be! Behind them were the struggles and hardships of long years of development; of pioneer work in bringing the country out of the rough. In their words there was a new fire. On their faces shone a new light. We know that their vision was true; we, the Canadians of today, living in a country whose proportions are noble, with a system of self-government of which they laid the foundations securely; a country whose future we, and the Canadians who are to come after us, must work to build up in fulfilment of Canada's great destiny as a nation within the British Empire.

The Mothers of Confederation

FROM the first of the pioneering days the women of Canada have borne their full share of the work of the making of Canada—the pioneer women of the East, where the farms had to be hewed out of the hardwood forests, and the pioneer women of the West no less, all faced hard work and privations. Their hearts were strong. In the making of Canada the staunchness of the men was sustained by the courage and devotion of the women, without which Canada would not have been made. It is right that we should hold the memory of the Fathers of Confederation in honor. But would it not be just and proper that among the things done in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee this year there should be painted by a great Canadian painter a historic picture bearing the title: "The Mothers of Confederation," to be placed in a situation of honor in the Dominion's capital?

Reservoirs of Happiness

WE ARE living now in the season of the year which brings joy to young hearts and to old hearts which have not lost all their youthfulness. Reservoirs of happiness surround us. In their totality they make up the infinite sum of Nature's bounty and beauty. Messages of hopefulness and healing come to us from them, with subtle reminders of the immemorial kinship between the Earth and humanity. But to reach our hearts, the messages of all that bounty and beauty must have channels through which to flow, and the only possible channels are made for them by our feeling for them and the love in our hearts. There is nothing more beautiful for those who

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The Western Home Monthly

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have eyes to see beauty than the delicate miracle of green which the trees have now put on, unless it is, perhaps, the fairy sickle of the new June moon hanging low in the calm of the vast sky, still rosy in the West with a prairie sunset.

New Era Coming on the Bay

SAYS the Calgary Herald in a recent issue:

"Soon after the Herald began broadcasting from its radio station a request from fur-trappers in northern British Columbia for broadcast of fur prices was received by this office. The trappers got receiving sets, and to the consternation of fur buyers entering the far north, the former knew, better than they did themselves on their arrival, the latest quotations of the fur markets."

To the fur traders of the old days what could have been more incredible than this! They would have been as ready to believe that a cow could jump over the moon. And the captains of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships in that old time would have found it no less impossible to realize that not only was steam going to supersede sails but the captains of the steamships on the Bay and in the Straits would have advanced knowledge by wireless of ice conditions and of wind and weather and would have many other aids to navigation which modern science supplies.

A Happy Possession

LORD WILLINGDON is reported to have said at Ottawa recently that the Canadian characteristic which has impressed him most since he has been on his job as Governor-General is the humorous cheerfulness he has encountered everywhere on his travels among us. Which reminds The Philosopher that he heard Lady Willingdon make a speech when she was in Winnipeg in April, an excellent speech, which she began by saying: "I am no speaker, though my husband says I am a great talker." That was a remark admirable for its humorous cheerfulness, which is surely one of the happiest of mortal possessions. It is the source of the joyous spirit of tolerance, which is necessary to happy living.

The Value of Fortitude

AMONG the wise, enlightening things said in "The Care of the Sick," written by Dr. David A. Stewart, Medical Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette, is this: "The work of the world is done by people less than one hundred per cent. well, and always has been." He tells of three men, appointed to do important public service, who found when they met and took stock of one another, that one had been operated on for cancer and was keeping tuberculosis under control; the second had a crippling disablement from X-ray burns and the third had latent tuberculosis and disabilities from a railway accident. But they were on their jobs. Truly the fight against illness is not physical only, but has a real moral quality as well. It needs fortitude, self-denial and earnestness, which are noble. Sentimentality and self-pity are ignoble. Surgeons can patch up a man's body; he must look after his moral backbone himself.

DANGER LURKS IN DARKNESS



Your Better Judgment

says "Don't do it." Never examine the tank with an open flame when the gasoline runs low miles from a filling station.

Danger lurks in darkness! That is why cars are equipped with strong headlights. But headlights do not light up the gas tank, the engine or the tire that's punctured.

To drive your car safely, never leave home without a safe, dependable Eveready Flashlight. It is portable, throws a light behind, in front, on the side or under the car; lights up road signs, too. It is the most convenient light you can have—sizes from six inches to ten inches long. Clean to handle, convenient to use, strong metal case, electric lamp protected by heavy glass lens, dry batteries easily replaced when needed.

The Eveready spotlight types light up road signs 200 to 1,000 feet distant—keep you on the right road; handy for reading maps, too.

Now, go and buy an Eveready for your car before you venture out on another night trip. If you are planning a motor tour this summer, an Eveready Flashlight is the most important article of equipment you can take.

You are not safe without one, and a supply of extra batteries and lamps.

Go to any electrical, hardware, drug, sport goods store, general store, auto supply store or garage and select the Eveready Flashlight that best suits your needs.

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—Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC (357 metres),
Toronto, on the air Monday and Thursday evenings.

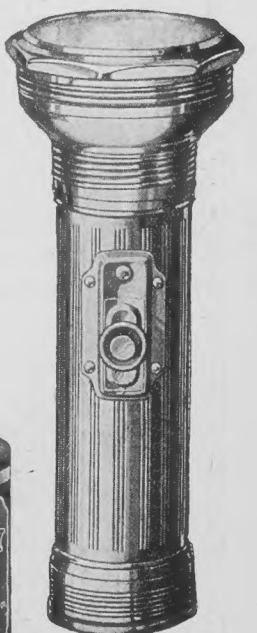
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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer





The Red Cross appeals to YOU for support

What the Red Cross is Doing

For the Veteran

Befriends 3500 soldiers still in hospital . . . relieves sickness and need in their families . . . cares for the soldier settler . . . provides sheltered employment for the disabled in three Veterans' Workshops.

For the Children

Through Junior Red Cross, has aided 5000 crippled children and has pledged over 137,000 school children to practise health habits and to serve others.

For the Pioneer

Brings nursing service to those in frontier districts through 39 Outpost Hospitals and Nursing Stations.

For the New Canadian

Welcomes and gives needed attention to immigrant mothers and children at three Seaport Nurseries.

For the Mothers and Daughters

In Home Nursing Classes, has taught principles of nursing, diet and home hygiene to over 12,000 women and girls.

For the Disaster Victim

Is organized to afford prompt relief to sufferers from fire, flood and epidemic.

Since the War, the Red Cross has disbursed over Seven Million Dollars for the Soldiers, Women, Children and Frontier Families of Canada.

About half of this has been spent for disabled soldiers—half in the other services of the Society. The Treasury is almost empty.

\$1,000,000 Needed for Red Cross Work

The Red Cross brings cheer to our disabled warriors and their families. It stimulates the children of Canada to healthy living and good citizenship. It relieves suffering, and brings skilled attention to Canada's frontier districts remote from other aid. Its work is indispensable.

It now appeals to YOU, as a patriotic and humane Canadian citizen, to contribute generously to its need for funds.

Give generously to the Canadian Red Cross Society

Send Contributions to your Provincial Red Cross Division,
or to the National Red Cross Office, 410 Sherbourne Street, Toronto 5, Ontario.

1867 JULY ISSUE. (Jubilee Number) 1927

The next number will resolve itself into a Diamond Jubilee Issue, honoring 60 year's of the Confederation of the Canadian Provinces. Among its contributors will be noted leaders from all the Provinces, dealing with our Political—Educational—Religious—Agricultural—Industrial and Railway developments, indeed, with all phases of the activities that have brought Canada into her proud state of Nationhood.

Nothing yet published will give a finer or more accurate idea of the progress of the 60 years of Confederation. A beautiful number that will convey to your friends in the Homeland, or wherever they may be, the right idea as to the greatness and beauty of our Dominion. The number will be profusely illustrated throughout in colors and the finest of art work.

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will bring it to your friend at home or abroad. Let us know your requirements as the demand will be heavy.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Stovel Building, Winnipeg

In Lighter Vein

What the Fish Said

A negro servant was sent by his master into the town to buy some fresh fish. Sam went to a shop and, picking up a fish, began to smell it.

The fishmonger, observing his action and fearing that bystanders might catch the odor, said:

"Halloa, you rascal, why are you smelling my fish?"

"Ah no smell your fish, massa," replied the negro.

"Well, what are you doing then?"

"Why, Ah talk to him, massa."

"And what did you say to the fish, might I ask?"

"Why, Ah ask him what news of the sea. Dat's all Ah ask, massa."

"And what does he say to you?" replied the fishmonger trying to humor the man.

"He say he don't know," replied Sam. "He ain't been dere dese tree weeks."

A man lay in the road surrounded by what was originally an automobile. His face was cut and his clothes were torn. The auto was a total wreck.

A passing machine stopped and a man got out. Leaning over the prostrate man he asked, "Have an accident?"

Faintly the reply reached him.

"No, thanks. Just had one."

A Fair Question

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick before the law was passed?"

His Niche

Lady: "How is your son getting on, Mrs. Biggs—the one who was such a clever ventriloquist?"

Mrs. Biggs: "'E's doin' very nicely, miss; 'e's in a bird shop sellin' parrots."

—London Tit-Bits.

This Might Happen

"Pardon me, did you drop your handkerchief during the last dance?"

"Oh, I was never so embarrassed in my life. That wasn't my handkerchief, that was my dress."—Wesleyan Wasp.

Lady (to small boy accompanied by two dogs): "Have you licenses on both those dogs?"

Small Boy: "No'm. The big one's all right, but the little one's just full of 'e'm."—Vassar Vagabond.

"It must be three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you—you have aged so!"

"Really! Well, I wouldn't have known you except for that dress!"—Judge.

Professor, How Could You?

Absent-minded Professor: "I will show you the internal structure of a frog." (Opens paper parcel disclosing two ham sandwiches). "I was sure I ate my lunch a few moments ago."

"Is your husband fond of home cooking?"

"Oh, yes, we always dine at a restaurant that makes a specialty of it."

Every man hath within himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—Stephen.

MOMENTS

Every little moment goes

Like every little wind that blows,

Willy-nilly flying.

Sixty little moments give

To us another hour to live,

With the best that's in us lying.

And just as we in youth are taught

To cherish well the penny,

So that our riches may increase—

Our dollars may be many;

So of our moments, we should try

To pack them full of gold,

That we may draw upon our wealth

When we are old, are old!

—Eleanor Hamilton